THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS OF SANTILLANE.

VOL. II.

THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS OF SANTILLANE.

VOL. II.

THE CONTENTS

Second Volume.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

GIL BLAS *not knowing how to support the vicious Manners of the Actresses, quits* Arsenia's *Service, and gets into a more creditable Family.* Page 1

CHAP. II.

THE *Reception* Aurora *gave* Gil Blas, *and the Discourse that past between them.* p. 11

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

OF the great Revolution that happen'd in Don Vincent's Family; and what a strange Project Love put into Aurora's Head. p. 18

CHAP. IV.

THE Marriage out of Revenge. A Novel. p. 27

CHAP. V.

OF Aurora's Management, when she come to Salamanca. p. 73

CHAP. VI.

WHAT Stratagems Aurora us'd to win the Love of Don Lewis Pacheco. p. 89

CHAP. VII.

GIL BLAS quits Aurora's Service, and goes into that of Don Gonzales Pacheco. p. 102

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE *Character of the Marchioness of Chaves, and the Persons that commonly visited there.* p. 120

CHAP. IX.

WHAT *Accident obliged* Gil Blas *to leave the Marchioness* de Chaves, *and the Course he took afterwards.* p. 128

CHAP. X.

THE *History of Don Alphonso, and the beautiful* Seraphina. p. 136

CHAP. XI.

WHO *the old Hermit appear'd to be; and how* Gil Blas *found that he was among his old Acquaintance.* p. 178

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

THE *Story of Don Raphael.* p. 166

CHAP.

The CONTENTS.

CHAP. II.

OF the Consolation between Don Raphael and his Auditors, and of the Adventure that befel them when they were going out of the Wood. p. 275

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

WHat Gil Blas and his Companions did, after they had left the Count Polan: Of the important Project which Ambrose form'd, and in what manner it was executed. p. 282

CHAP. II.

OF the Resolution which Don Alphonso and Gil Blas took after this Adventure. p. 298

CHAP. III.

THE disagreeable Accident, after which Don Alphonso attained to the height of his Wishes, and Gil Blas to very happy Circumstances. p. 325

THE

THE HISTORY OF GIL BLAS OF *SANTILLANE.*

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

GIL BLAS, *not knowing how to digeſt the vicious Manners of the Actreſſes, quits* Arſenia's *Service, and gets into a more creditable Family.*

A ſmall Spark of Honour and Religion, which, notwithſtanding ſo great a Corruption of Manners, was ſtill left unextinguiſh'd in me, made me reſolve not only to leave *Arſenia*, but at the ſame

time to break entirely with *Laura*, whom yet I could not help loving, tho' I very well knew how faithless she was to me. Happy the Man who can thus make a right use of the cool Moments of Reflection, which now and then break in upon the Pleasures that too much ingross him! One Morning, therefore, I pack'd up my awls, and without making up my Accounts with *Arsenia*, who indeed hardly owed me any thing, or taking leave of my dear *Laura*, I bid adieu to that House which was full of nothing but Debauchery. I had no sooner done so good an Action, than Heaven rewarded me for it. I happen'd to meet the Steward of the late Don *Matthias* my Master. I saluted him. He remember'd me, and ask'd me who I belong'd to. I told him, that I had that Instant quitted my Place; that after having stay'd almost a Month with *Arsenia*, whose Way of Living I could not approve, I had now left her of my own accord, that my Innocence might not be tainted. The Steward, as if he too had been of a mighty tender Conscience, commended me for what I had done, and told me, that since I had such Principles of Honour in me, he himself would put me into a very advantageous Service. He fulfill'd his Promise, and pla-

ced

ced me that very Day in the Family of Don *Vincent de Guſman*, whoſe *Major-domo* was one of his Acquaintance.

I could not have got into a better Family. Neither, in the end, did I repent my having ſerved in it. Don *Vincent* was a very rich old Gentleman, and had lived ſeveral Years without either Wife or Law-Suit; he was deprived of his Wife by means of the Doctors, who ſent her to the other World by the Phyſick they gave her to cure her of a Cough, of which ſhe might ſtill have been in Poſſeſſion, if ſhe had not come under their Hands. Inſtead of looking out for a Second Wife, he thought of nothing but the Education of his only Daughter *Aurora*, who was then entering into her Six and Twentieth Year, and who might really be call'd an accompliſh'd Lady. Together with no common Beauty, ſhe was Miſtreſs of a great deal of Wit, and had ſpared for no Pains to cultivate it. Her Father was a Man of no very bright Parts; But he had the happy Talent of managing his Affairs with Prudence. He had one Fault, which is pardonable enough in an old Man. He was very narrative and loved to talk, eſpecially of Wars and Battels. If any body unluckily touch'd upon this String in his Pre-

sence, he immediately clapt the Heroical Trumpet to his Mouth, and happy were the Audience if they came off for the Relation of Two Sieges and Three Battels. As he had spent two Thirds of his Life in the Service, his Memory was an inexhaustible Fountain of Exploits, which no body heard with so much Satisfaction as he related them. Add to this, that he stammer'd horridly, and was very prolix; which generally made his Stories disagreeable enough. But, taking him all together, I have known few Lords of so fair a Character. He was of an even Temper. He was neither obstinate, nor whimsical; which is pretty extraordinary in a Man of Quality. Tho' he was a good Oeconomist, yet he lived very honourably. His Servants consisted of several Footmen, and Three Women that waited upon *Aurora*. I soon found that Don *Matthias*'s Steward had put me into a good Place, and all my Care now was how to keep it. I apply'd my self to know how Squares stood; I study'd the Inclinations of every Body in the House; and by regulating my Conduct in this manner, I soon gain'd my Master's Favour, and the Love of all the Domesticks.

I had been about a Month with Don *Vincent*, when I began to fancy that his Daughter distinguish'd me from all the Servants in the House. Every time her Eyes happen'd to fix upon me, I thought I perceived in them a certain Complaisance which I could not find in the Looks she cast upon the others. If I had not lived among Fops and Players, I should never have taken it in my Head to imagine that *Aurora* had any kind Thoughts of me: But those Gentlemen had almost spoil'd me; for with them the most virtuous Lady in the World can't not expect much more Mercy than the most vicious. If we may believe some of those Buffoons, said I to my self, your Women of Quality have their Whims and their Freaks as well as other People, if a Man does but know how to make right use of them. How can I tell but my Mistress may be subject to them, as well as the rest of her Sex. But no, added I immediately, it can never be so with her. She is none of those *Messalina*'s who, forgetting the Dignity of their Birth, unworthily throw away their Regards upon a Dunghill, and without Sense of Shame bring an eternal Blot upon their Honour. She is rather one of those young Ladies who are tender-hearted, tho' strictly vir-

virtuous, and who taking the utmost Freedoms that Modesty will allow of, make no Scruple of entertaining and inspiring a delicate Passion, that may amuse them without Danger.

This was the Opinion I had of my Mistress, tho' I did not well know what to think on't. Mean time, whene'er she saw me she never fail'd to give me a Smile, or some other Token of her being pleased with me. A wiser Man than my self wou'd have been ensnared by such fair Appearances as these. I could not, for the Soul of me, help giving Credit to them. Fancy'd *Aurora* was violently smitten, and I began to take my self for one of those fortunate Domesticks, whose Servitude is by Love made easy and pleasant. That I might in some measure appear less unworthy the Happiness my good Fortune intended to procure me, I began to be more careful and nice about my Person than I used to be. I laid out all the Money I could rape and rend in Linnen, Washes, and Essences. The first thing I did in a Morning, was to prink up and perfume my self, that I might not be unprepared, if I had any Occasion to appear before my Mistress. With this, and other Airs which I gave my self, I flatter'd my self that my Happiness was not very far off. A-

Among *Aurora*'s Women, there was one called *Ortiz*. She was pretty old, and had lived above Twenty Years in Don *Vincent*'s Family. She had brought up his Daughter, and still retain'd the Quality of *Duegna*; tho' she no longer perform'd the odious Duty of one. On the contrary, instead of being a Spy upon *Aurora*'s Actions, as she was formerly, she now made it her Business to conceal them. One Evening, Dame *Ortiz*, having found an Opportunity of speaking to me in private, told me, with a low Voice, that if I were wise and secret, I should come into the Garden about Midnight, and that I should there be informed of some things which I should not be sorry to know. I squeezed the old Woman's Hand, and made answer, that I would not fail to be there; and so we parted immediately, for fear of being surprized. How tedious did the Moments seem from thence till Supper; tho' we Supp'd very early, and from Supper till my Master went to Bed! I thought every thing in the House was done ten times slower than ordinary. To plague me still more, when Don *Vincent* retired to his Chamber, instead of thinking of Sleep, he fell to fighting over again his *Portuguese* Battels, which he had before sing'd

me o'th' Ears with a hundred times. But, which he had never told me, reſerving it till that Night, was the Names of every particular Officer that had diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by any thing remarkable. Nay, he told me every Exploit they had perform'd. I had hardly Patience to liſten to him. However, at laſt he put a Stop to his Larum, and went to Bed. I flew to my little Apartment, thro' which was a Pair of Back-Stairs that led to the Garden. I rubb'd my Body all over with Eſſences. I put on a clean Shirt, which I ſoundly perfumed; and having forgot nothing that might contribute to heigthen my Miſtreſs's Affection, away I went to the Place of Aſſignation.

I did not find *Ortiz* there, as I expected to do. I ſuppoſed, that having ſtay'd for me till ſhe was quite weary of waiting any longer, ſhe was retired to her Chamber, and that ſo the Critical Minute was paſt. Upon this, I began to wiſh Don *Vincent* at the Devil; but as I was curſing his Wars and Campaigns, I heard it ſtrike Ten. I thought the Clock went wrong, and cou'd not perſuade my ſelf that it was leſs than One in the Morning. But I happen'd to be deceived on the right Side; for full a Quarter of an Hour afterwards,

I count-

I counted Ten by another Clock. Very well, quo' I to my ſelf; I have now no more nor leſs than two ſwinging Hours to dance Attendance. However, thinks I, they can't complain of me for not being punctual. What ſhall I do with my ſelf till Twelve? I'll e'en take a Walk in this Garden, and ſtudy the Part I am to play in the Scene that is approaching. 'Tis quite new to me. I have not yet been accuſtomed to the Crotchets of Women of Quality. I know well enough what is to be done with a common Wench, or an Actreſs. You accoſt them with an Air of Familiarity, and ſo come immediately to the Point: But another Conduct is to be uſed with a Woman of Faſhion. There, I ſuppoſe, the Gallant muſt be all Politeneſs, Complaiſance, Tenderneſs, and Reſpect, tho' not too timorous neither. Inſtead of going about to haſten his Happineſs by the Violence of his Tranſports, he muſt wait with Patience for the Moment of Weakneſs.

Theſe were my Arguments; and this Rule I reſolved to follow in my Converſation with *Aurora*. I comforted my ſelf as well as I could with the Hopes of ſeeing my ſelf ſhortly at the Feet of that adorable Object, and ſaying a thouſand paſſionate

things to her. I call'd to mind all those Scraps of Plays which I thought might be of Service in our Conference, and increase her good Opinion of me. I concluded, that I should certainly apply them properly; and hoped to pass for a Wit, like some Players of my Acquaintance, tho' all the Wit I had was a good Memory. In these Thoughts, which amused me more agreeably than my Master's warlike Relations, I heard the Clock strike Eleven. Upon this I took heart, and fell again to my *Reverie*, sometimes walking, and sometimes sitting down in a Green Arbour at the End of the Garden. At length, Twelve a Clock, the Hour so long expected, came to my Relief. Some Moments after it had struck, *Ortiz*, as punctual, tho' not so impatient, as my self, appear'd. Signor *Gil Blas*, cry'd she, how long have you been here? Two Hours, reply'd I. You were resolved I see, said she laughing, not to be too late. There's some Pleasure in having an Assignation with you. And indeed, continued she with a more serious Air, you can never make a sufficient Return for the good Fortune I come to bring you. My Mistress has a mind to talk with you in private. I shall say no more. The rest is a Secret that you must hear from no Mouth but her own.

Fol-

Follow me: I'll carry you to her Apartment. With this, the *Duegna* took me by the Hand, and thro' a little Door, of which she had the Key, brought me privately into her Mistress's Chamber.

CHAP. II.

The Reception Aurora *gave* Gil Blas, *and the Discourse that pass'd between them.*

I Found *Aurora* in a *Dishabillee*. I saluted her very respectfully, and with as much Grace as I was able. She received me with a smiling Air, made me sit down by her, notwithstanding all my Excuses, and bid her Ambassadress go into the next Room. After this Prelude, which had no ill Look: *Gil Blas*, said she to me, you must needs have perceived that I beheld you with more Favour and Distinction than any other Servant of my Father's. And tho' my Looks had not informed you that I have some Kindness for you, the Step I have this Night taken ought to convince you of it entirely.

I did

I did not give her time to proceed. I thought that, as a Man of Gallantry, I was obliged to exempt her Modesty from the Confusion of expressing her self more fully. I rose up transported, and throwing my self at *Aurora*'s Feet, like a Theatrical Hero that claps one Knee to Earth before his Princess, I cried out in a vehement Tone, Ah, Madam, is it then possible that *Gil Blas*, hitherto the Foot-ball of Fortune, and the Outcast of the Creation, should have had the Happiness to inspire you with Sentiments——Don't speak so loud, interrupted my Mistress laughing; you'll wake my Maids, who are asleep but in the next Room. Rise, take your Seat again, and hear me out without cutting me short any more. Yes, *Gil Blas*, continued she with a graver Countenance, I bear you a great deal of good Will; and to give you a Proof of my Esteem, I am going to intrust you with a Secret upon which depends the Repose of my whole Life. I am in love with a young Cavalier who is very handsome, very well made, and of a Noble Family. His Name is Don *Lewis Pacheco*: I see him now and then in Publick; but have never yet spoke to him. I don't know what Character he has in the World, nor what Vices he may

be

be guilty of: Now that is the thing I desire to be inform'd in. I shall want some body to enquire carefully into his Manner of Living, and to give me a faithful Account of what he discovers. I chuse you for this purpose: I am confident I may safely charge you with this Commission. I hope you will acquit your self of it with so much Address and Discretion, that I may not repent of having placed my Confidence in you.

Here my Mistress was silent, expecting what Answer I should make to what she said. I was at first a little confounded at having the Change put upon me so disagreeably; but I soon recover'd my self, and having overcome the Shame with which a Piece of Temerity that proves unsuccessful is always attended, I testify'd so much Zeal for my Lady's Interest, and devoted my self to her Service with so much Warmth, that if I did not bring her to think her self deceiv'd, when she imagined I had flatter'd my self so far as to fancy her in love with me; at least, I convinc'd her that I knew how to make amends for a foolish Action after I had committed it. I ask'd but two Days time, to give her a full Account of Don *Lewis*. After this, she call'd *Ortiz*, who led me

back into the Garden, and said to me at parting, Good-night, *Gil Blas*; I need not put you in mind of coming soon enough to the Place of Appointment: I too well know how punctual a Man you are in things of this Nature.

I return'd to my Chamber, not without some Vexation at seeing my self so baulk'd. However, I had so much Sense as to reflect, that it better agreed with my Condition to be my Mistress's Confident, than her Lover. I considered, that this might come to be of some Profit to me; that Love-Brokers are generally well rewarded for their Pains; and so I e'en went quietly to Bed with a Resolution to do whatever *Aurora* should command me. I went out about this Affair the very next Morning. The House of so Noble a Cavalier as Don *Lewis* was not hard to find. I enquired about him in the Neighbourhood; but the Persons I applied to, could not fully satisfy my Curiosity. This obliged me to renew my Search again next Day. I was then more successful. I happen'd to meet a Fellow of my Acquaintance: We stood to talk a little. At that moment there pass'd by a Friend of his, who accosted us, and told us he was just turn'd out of the Service of Don *Joseph Pacheco*, Don

Lewis's

Lewis's Father, for a Terce of Wine which he was accused of having stol'n. I did not let slip so fair an Opportunity of informing my self in every thing that I wanted to know; and I ask'd so many Questions, that I returned home hugely pleas'd at my being able to keep my Word with my Mistress. The next Night was the Time when I was to see her again at the same Hour, and in the same manner as before. I was not now so uneasy as I was then, and was so far from hearing my old Master's Stories with Impatience, that I my self brought upon the Board the Subject of his Campaigns. I waited for Twelve with the most Philosophical Tranquillity in the World; and it was not till I had heard it struck by several Clocks, that I went down into the Garden, without either Essences or Perfumes about me: That Trouble too I spared my self.

At the Place of Rendezvous I found the punctual *Duegna*, who maliciously upbraided me with having slacken'd my Diligence. I made no Reply, but follow'd her to the Apartment of *Aurora*, who immediately ask'd me if I had enquired thoroughly into Don *Lewis*'s Character. Yes, Madam, said I; and will in two Words tell you what I have heard. First and

and foremoſt, you muſt know, he is ſhortly to return to *Salamanca*, in order to finiſh his Studies. He is a Cavalier of great Honour and Probity: As for Courage, being a Gentleman and a *Caſtilian*, it is not poſſible he ſhould want it. Furthermore, he has a good deal of Wit, and is of a very engaging Behaviour: And laſtly, (which you'll go near to think the worſt Part of the Story) he is too much of the Temper of moſt of our young Noblemen; he is a deviliſh Rake. Would you think it? As young as he is, he has already had two Actreſſes in keeping. What do I hear, cry'd *Aurora*? What a Character is this! But, *Gil Blas*, are you ſure he is ſo licentious? That I do not in the leaſt doubt of, Madam, reply'd I. A Servant, whom they turn'd away this Morning, told it me; and Servants are generally pretty ſincere and plain, when they are telling their Maſter's Faults. Beſides, he herds with Don *Alexo Seguiar*, Don *Antonio Centelles*, and Don *Fernando de Gamboa*. That one thing is a plain Demonſtration of his Looſeneſs. 'Tis enough, *Gil Blas*, ſaid my Miſtreſs ſighing: I am reſolved to overcome my unworthy Affection. Tho' it has already taken root too deeply in my Heart, yet I do not deſpair of tearing it

out.

out. There, said she, putting into my Hand a Purse that you may imagine was not empty, take that for your Trouble: Have a Care of revealing this Secret; and remember that I have depended entirely upon your Silence.

I assured my Mistress, that she might be entirely at Ease, and that I was the very * *Harpocrates* of Confidents. After this Assurance, I retired; impatient to know what there was in the Purse. I found in it twenty Pistoles. Upon this, thinks I, if *Aurora* pays so well for ill News, what would she have done, had the Account I brought her been such as she desired? I began to repent that I did not imitate the Lawyers, who generally in their Verbal Processes conceal the real Matter of Fact. I was sorry I had nip'd in the Bud a Gallantry that might have proved so gainful to me: But however, I had the Consolation to see my self reimbursed the Charge I had so foolishly been at in Perfumes and Essences.

---

* *The God of Silence among the Ægyptians.*

CHAP. III.

Of the great Revolution that happen'd in Don Vincent's *Family; and what a strange Project Love put into* Aurora's *Head.*

SOME little Time after this Adventure, Signor Don *Vincent* fell sick. Had he been much younger than he was, the Symptoms of his Illness were so violent, that there was Reason to apprehend some fatal Event. The Moment it took him, the two most Famous Doctors in *Madrid* were sent for. One was call'd Dr. *Andros*, and the other Dr. *Oquetos*. They examined the Patient with great Attentiveness, and after an exact Observation, they both agreed that the Humours were in a Ferment; but they could agree in nothing else. I find it speedily necessary, said *Andros*, to purge the Humours, tho' crude and raw, while they are yet in a violent Agitation, as it were of Flux and Reflux, lest otherwise they should fix upon some of the noble Parts. *Oquetos*, on the other Hand, maintain'd, that they ought to

to stay till the Humours were concocted before they made use of Purgation. But your Method, reply'd the First, is directly contrary to that of the Prince of Physick. *Hippocrates* advises us to purge in the most violent Fever in the Beginning of it; and says, in so many Words, that we should be sure to purge speedily, when the Humours are in *Orgasm*, that is to say, while they are in a Fermentation. Ay, that's what deceives you, replied *Oquetos*: *Hippocrates*, by the Word *Orgasm*, does not mean a *Ferment*, but a Concoction of the Humours.

And now our Doctors grow warm. One quotes the *Greek* Text, and brings in all the Authors that explain it as he does; the other, relying upon a *Latin* Translation, out-bawls his Adversary. Which of these Advices should we take? Don *Vincent*, for his part, had no Skill in the Dispute. However, finding himself obliged to make choice of one, he fix'd upon him who had dispatch'd most Patients, I mean, the Oldest: And immediately *Andros*, who was the *Junior*, turn'd Tail and march'd off, not without casting some Reflections upon his *Senior* about the Word *Orgasm*. *Oquetos* then got the Day. As he follow'd the Principles of Dr. *Sangrado*,

grado, he began his Work by ſeething half the Blood out of my Maſter's Body, meaning not to purge him till the Humours were concocted; but Death, who I ſuppoſe was afraid that a Purgation ſo wiſely deferr'd would rob her of her Prey, was beforehand with the Concoction, and carry'd off the Patient. This was the End of Signor Don *Vincent*, who loſt his Life, becauſe his Doctor did not underſtand *Greek*.

Aurora having bury'd her Father in all the Pomp that his Birth and Quality required, took upon her the Adminiſtration of his Eſtate. Being now Miſtreſs of her ſelf, ſhe turn'd off ſome of her Servants, with a Reward ſuitable to their good Service, and retired to a Seat which ſhe had upon the Banks of the *Tagus*, between *Sacedon* and *Buendo*. I was one of thoſe whom ſhe retain'd, and who went with her into the Country. I had the good Fortune to become neceſſary to her. Notwithſtanding the faithful Account I had given her of Don *Lewis*, ſhe ſtill loved that Cavalier; or rather, not having been able to vanquiſh her Affection, ſhe gave her ſelf up entirely to it. She could now talk to me freely without Fear or Precaution. *Gil Blas*, ſaid ſhe to me ſighing, I

cannot

cannot forget Don *Lewis*: do what I will to drive him from my Thoughts, he continually offers himself to them, not such as you have described him to me, plunged in Vice and Disorder; but such as I could wish him, tender, passionate, and constant. In saying these Words, she could not help shedding some Tears, which had like to have set me a crying too: I was moved at seeing her weep. I could not have made my Court to her better than by appearing concern'd at her Uneasiness. My good Friend, continued she, after having wiped her charming Eyes, I see you are of a very tender Nature, and I am so well pleased with your Zeal, that I am resolved to reward it. Your Assistance, my dear *Gil Blas*, is now more necessary than ever. I'll tell you the Project I have form'd: I believe you'll think it a very whimsical one. Know then, that I design to set out as soon as possible for *Salamanca*. There I mean to disguise my self like a Cavalier, and under the feign'd Name of Don *Felix* get acquainted with *Pacheco*. I'll endeavour to win his Friendship and his Confidence: I'll talk to him often of *Aurora de Guſman*, whose Relation I will pass for. Perhaps he'll desire to see her, and that's what I drive at. We'll have

two

two Lodgings at *Salamanca*: In one, I'll be Don *Felix*; in the other, *Aurora*; and by appearing before Don *Lewis*, at one time in the Habit of a Man, and at another in my own, I hope I may by little and little draw him into my Snare. I own, added she, my Project is somewhat extravagant; but my Love runs away with my Reason, and the Innocence of my Intentions makes me quite blind to the Folly of so rash an Enterprize.

I confess I was very much of *Aurora's* Opinion, as to the Rashness of her Design; but, however unreasonable I thought it, I resolved not to play the Pedagogue. On the contrary, I fell to gilding the Pill, and undertook to prove that this wild Project was no more than a Piece of harmless Wit. This pleased my Mistress to the Heart: Lovers would have their most idle Thoughts approved and flattered. We no longer look'd upon this Undertaking as any thing else but a Comedy, which we were to play as well as we could. We chose our Actors out of our own Family, and then distributed the Parts. All this pass'd without any Clamour or Quarrelling, because we were not Actors by Trade. It was resolved that Dame *Ortiz* should act *Aurora's* Aunt, by the Name of Donna *Cle-*

Chimena de Guzman; that she should have a Man and a Maid; and that *Aurora* her-self in the Dress of a Cavalier, should have me for her *Valet de Chambre*, and one of her Women, disguised like a Page, to wait upon her in private. The Characters thus regulated, we return'd to *Madrid*, where we heard that Don *Lewis* still remain'd, but that he was very shortly to go to *Salamanca*. We got our acting Cloaths made with all the Speed we were able. When they were done, my Mistress had them neatly pack'd up, because they were only to be worn in Time and Place. At length committing the Care of her House to her *Majordomo*, she set out in a Coach drawn by Four Mules, and took the Road to the Kingdom of *Leon*, with all those Servants who had any Part to act in this Comedy.

We had now traversed all old *Castile*, when the Axel-Tree of the Coach broke: We were then between *Avila* and *Villaflor*, about three or four hundred Paces from a Castle, which we could see at the Foot of a Mountain. Night approach'd, and we were very much at a Loss what to do. But there happen'd to pass by a Countryman, who gave us some Comfort. He told us that the Castle which we saw be-

fore

fore us, belong'd to Donna *Elvira*, the Widow of Don *Pedro de Pinarez*, and he gave us so handsome a Character of that Lady, that my Mistress sent me to the Castle, to beg a Lodging for that Night. *Elvira* did not belye the Countryman's Report. She received me with a very gracious Air, and gave me the Answer we desired. We all went to the Castle, whither our Mules with a slow Pace dragg'd the Couch. At the Gate we met Don *Pedro*'s Widow, who came out to receive my Mistress. I shall pass over the Compliments they made each other upon this Occasion. I shall only say that *Elvira* was a Lady pretty well advanced in Years; but she was very well bred, and knew how to do the Devoirs of Hospitality as well as e'er a Woman in the World. She led *Aurora* into a very rich Apartment, where leaving her to take a little Repose, she came and had an Eye to see that we too had every Thing that was necessary. Afterwards, when Supper was ready, she order'd it to be served up in *Aurora*'s Chamber, where they both sate down to it. Don *Pedro*'s Widow was not one of those who think they perform the Honours of a Table to admiration, in assuming a grave thoughtful Air. Her Humour was gay and

plea-

pleasant, and her Conversation very agreeable. She express'd her self very genteely, and in choice Terms. I cou'd not help admiring her Wit, and the ingenious Turn she gave to her Thoughts. *Aurora* appear'd as much charm'd with it as I was. They contracted a Friendship with each other, and made a reciprocal Promise to hold a Correspondence by Letters. As our Coach could not be mended till next Day, so that we were likely to set out very late if we went then, it was agreed we should stay at the Castle till the Day following. We the Servants were in our Turn treated with all Manner of Profusion, and our Beds proved not a bit worse, than our Entertainment.

The next Day my Mistress found new Charms in *Elvira*'s Conversation. They dined in a great Hall adorn'd with several fine Pieces of Painting. Among the rest there was one which was drawn in an exceeding masterly Manner; but the Story of it was very Tragical. In it was described a dead Cavalier, lying upon his Back, all weltring in his Blood; but, dead as he was, he had a haughty menacing Air. Near him was a Young Lady in another Posture, tho' she too was extended upon the Ground; She had a Sword plunged into

her Breast, and was just giving up the Ghost; she fix'd her dying Looks upon a Young Man, who seem'd to be stung to the Heart with Grief at the Loss of her. The Painter had likewise brought into his Piece, another Figure, which did not escape my Attention. It represented an old Man, of a very handsome Presence, who look'd at the Bloody Sight which lay before him, with no less Concern than the Young Man. These dreadful Images seem'd to strike them both with the same Sorrow, but they received the Impressions of it each in a different Manner. The old Man was immersed in a profound Affliction, and seem'd as if he were quite overwhelm'd with it; whereas there was a sort of Fury mix'd with the Grief of the Young Man. All these Things were painted so boldly that we could have admired them for ever. My Mistress ask'd what Story this Picture represented. Madam, answer'd *Elvira*, 'tis a too true Description of the Misfortunes of my Family. This Reply was a Spur to *Aurora*'s Curiosity, and made her so desirous of being further inform'd, that Don *Pedro*'s Widow could not help promising her that Satisfaction. This Promise, which was made before *Ortiz*, her Two Companions, and my self,

kept

kept us all four in the Hall after Dinner was ended. My Mistress would have sent us out of the Room; but *Elvira*, who perceived that we long'd to know the Meaning of the Picture, was so obliging as to bid us stay, telling us, that the Story she was going to relate did not at all require Secresy. And immediately afterwards, she began in these Terms.

CHAP. IV.

The Marriage out of Revenge;

A NOVEL.

ROGERO, King of *Sicily*, had one Brother and one Sister. His Brother call'd *Manfred*, rebell'd against him, and raised a War that was very Bloody and Violent; but he had the ill Fortune, to lose Two Battels, and fall into the Hands of the King, who inflicted no other Punishment upon him, but the Loss of Liberty. This Clemency only got *Rogero* the Name of a barbarous Tyrant among one Part of his Subjects. They said that he

spared his Brother's Life, with an intent to torture him with a more slow and inhuman Revenge. All the rest, with more Grounds, imputed the hard Usage he suffer'd in Prison to his Sister *Mathilda*. That Princess had indeed always hated the Prince, and never gave over persecuting him till he died. She died soon after him, and her Death was look'd upon as a just Punishment for her unnatural Cruelty.

Manfred left Two Sons behind him. They were but yet in their Infancy. *Rogero* was somewhat tempted to rid himself of them by violent Means, lest when they were grown up, the Desire of revenging their Father shou'd excite them to assemble a Party which was not so utterly depress'd, but that it was still in a Condition to give the State new Troubles. He communicated his Design to the Senator *Leonti Siffredi*, his Prime Minister, who endeavour'd to dissuade him from it, and himself undertook to educate Prince *Henriquez*, who was the Eldest, and advised him to trust the Youngest, who was call'd Don *Fadrique*, to the Constable of *Sicily*. *Rogero*, being perswaded that these Men would instill into the Minds of his Nephews the Submission which they owed him, entrusted them to their Care, and kept his Niece *Constantia*, in his own

own Hands. She was much about the Age of *Henriques*, and was the Princess *Matilda*'s only Daughter. He allow'd her Women to attend her, and Masters to instruct her, and spared for no Care in her Education.

Lanzon Siffredi had a Castle two short Leagues from *Palermo*, in a Place call'd *Belmont*. There it was that he apply'd himself to render *Henriques* one Day fit to mount the Throne of *Sicily*. He soon observed such amiable Qualities in the Young Prince, that he was as careful of him, as if he himself had had no Children. Yet he had Two Daughters. The Eldest, call'd *Blanch*, who was younger by a Year than the Prince, was perfectly beautiful; and the Younger, named *Fortia*, who by her Birth caused her Mother's Death, was yet but in the Cradle. *Blanch* and Prince *Henriques* felt a Love for each other, and from as ever they were capable of loving; but they were not permitted to converse together in private. However, the Prince did now and then find an Opportunity to do it. He knew so well how to make the best of those precious Moments, that he prevail'd upon *Siffredi*'s Daughter to permit him to put in Execution a Project he had cast in his Mind. Just

about that Time, *Leontio* happen'd to be sent by the King into one of the remotest Provinces of the whole Island. During his Absence, *Henriques* had an Opening made in the Wall of his Apartment, which answer'd directly to *Blanch*'s Chamber. This Opening was cover'd with a sliding Pannel of Wainscot, which was so nicely fix'd in the Cieling, that no Eye could perceive the Artifice. A very able Architect, whom the Prince had engaged in his Interests, did the Work with as much Speed as Secrecy.

By this Means the Amorous *Henriques* got often into his Mistress's Apartment: But he did not abuse her Goodness. If she was so imprudent as to grant him a private Entry into her Chamber, she did it howe-ever upon the Assurances he gave her that he would never ask any Favours but what were innocent and lawful. One Night he found her very uneasy. She had heard that *Richard* was dangerously ill, and that he had sent for *Alfred*, as Chancellor of the Kingdom, to make him the Depositary of his last Will. She already represented to her own Imagination her dear *Henriques* upon a Throne, and fearing she should lose him when in so high a Rank, she was in the greatest Trouble and Confusion. When

he

he appear'd before her, her Eyes were drown'd in Tears. What, Weeping, Madam, said he to her? How am I to interpret the Sorrow in which I see you? My Lord, reply'd *Blanch*, I cannot hide my Fears from you. The King your Uncle will shortly be no more, and you must fill his Throne. When I consider how much your new Greatness will set you above me, I own it gives me some Uneasiness. A Monarch sees Things with another Eye than a Lover; and that which was the utmost of his Wishes, when he knew there was a Power Superior to his own, touches him but weakly when he sees himself placed in so high a Rank. Whether it be Instinct or Reason, I find such Storms in my Heart, as cannot be calm'd by all the Confidence which is due to your Goodness. I don't distrust your Firmness; I only distrust my own Fortune. Adorable *Blanch*, answer'd the Prince, your Fears are very obliging and justify the Love I bear you; but the Excess to which you carry your Diffidence, does not only shock my Love, but, if I may be so bold as to say it, even the Esteem you owe me. No; no; do not think that my Destiny can ever be separated from yours. Believe rather that you shall for ever be my only Joy, and my on-

ly Happiness. Dispell these vain Alarms. Why should they disturb such gentle Moments? Ah! my Lord, reply'd *Blanch*, when you are crown'd, your Subjects will perhaps demand a Queen descended from a long Race of Kings, one by whose Marriage you may add new Countries to your present Dominions; and perhaps, alas! you will answer their Expectations, even at the Expence of your own Desires. What can make you so fond of tormenting your self, answer'd *Henriques* with some Warmth, as to look into Futurity for an afflicting Thought? If Heaven takes the King my Uncle to it self, and makes me Master of *Sicily*, I here swear to give you my Hand, in my Capital *Palermo*, and in the Presence of the whole Court: And I attest whatever we esteem most Sacred to be Witnesses of my Oath.

Henriques Protestations made *Siffredi*'s Daughter take heart again. The rest of their Discourse was about the King's Illness. In this *Henriques* shew'd the Sweetness of his Temper: He grieved for his Uncle's Fate, tho' he had so little Cause to be concern'd at it; and the Force of Blood made him bewail a Prince, whose Death promised him a Crown. But *Blanch* did not yet know all the Misfortunes that threatened her.

ner. The Constable of *Scily*, who had met her at her Chamber-Door one Day when he came to the Castle about some important Affairs, was struck with her Beauty. The next Day he ask'd her in Marriage of *Siffredi*, who gave his Consent; but the King's Sickness happening much about this time, the Match was deferr'd, and *Blanch* had as yet never heard a Word of it.

One Morning, just as *Henriques* had dress'd himself, he was surprized to see *Lamito* enter his Apartment follow'd by *Blanch*. My Lord, said that Minister, the News I bring will I believe give your some Affliction; but the Consolation with which it is attended ought to moderate your Grief. The King your Uncle is dead: his Death has left you Heir of his Scepter. *Scily* is now under your Dominion. The Grandees of the Kingdom wait at *Palermo* for your Commands. They have deputed me to receive them from your own Mouth; and I come my Lord, with my Daughter, to pay you the first and sincerest Homage, which is due to you from your new Subjects. The Prince, who knew that *Rogero* had for about Two Months been seized with a Fit of Illness, which by little and little wasted him away, was not at all sur-

prized at this News. Nevertheless, being ſtruck with ſo ſudden a Change of his Condition, he found a Thouſand confuſed Motions riſing up in his Heart. He remain'd thoughtful for ſome time, and then breaking Silence, he ſpoke to *Leontio* as follows: Wiſe *Siffredi*, I have always look'd upon you as my Father. It ſhall be my Glory to conduct my ſelf by your Counſels, and you ſhall in Effect be King of *Sicily* more than my ſelf. At theſe Words, going to a Table upon which was a Standith, and taking a Blank Sheet of Paper, he writ his Name at the Bottom. What is your Meaning, my Lord, ſaid *Siffredi* to him? To give you a Proof of my Acknowledgment and Eſteem, reply'd *Henriques*, and giving the Paper to *Blanch*; Receive Madam, ſaid he, this Pledge of my Faith, and of the Power I give you over me. *Blanch* took it with a Bluſh, and made the Prince this Anſwer: My Lord, I receive theſe Favours with all the Reſpect that is due to my King; but I depend upon a Father, and therefore I beg leave to put this Paper into his Hands, that he may do with it whatever his Prudence ſhall direct.

With theſe Words ſhe gave *Henrique*'s Signature to her Father. Then *Siffredi* obſerved what till that Moment had eſcaped

his

his Penetration. He found how the Prince's Sentiments lay, and therefore said to him; Your Majesty shall have no Cause to blame me. I will not abuse the Confidence you put in me. My Dear *Leontio*, interrupted *Henriquez*, you can never abuse it. Whatever Use you make of that Paper I shall approve of it. But continued he, I would have you return to *Palermo*; prepare what is necessary for my Coronation, and tell my Subjects, that I will follow you very speedily to receive their Oaths of Fidelity, and to give them fresh Assurances of my Affection. The Minister obey'd the Orders of his new Master, and set out with his Daughter for *Palermo*.

Some Hours after their Departure, the Prince also left *Belmont*, more wrapt up in the Thoughts of his Love, than with the Throne which he was going to take Possession of. When he made his Entry into the City, nothing was to be heard but Shouts of Joy, and he went amidst the Acclamations of the People to the Palace, where every thing was already prepared for the Ceremony. He there found the Princess *Constantia* dress'd in long Robes of Mourning. She seem'd very much grieved for the Loss of *Rogero*. As they owed each other a reciprocal Compliment upon the

Death of that Monarch, they both acquitted themselves of it with a great deal of Wit, but with a little more Coldness on the side of *Henriquez* than on that of *Constantia*, who notwithstanding the Enmity between their Families, could not tell how to hate that Prince. He placed himself upon the Throne, and the Princess seated her self on one side of him, upon an Elbow Chair which stood something lower than his. The Grandees of the Kingdom took their Places, each according to his Rank. The Ceremony began; and *Leontio*, as Chancellor, and Depositary of the late King's Testament, having open'd it, read it through with an audible Voice. The Substance of this Act was, That *Rogero* seeing himself without Children, named the Eldest Son of *Manfred* for his Successor, on Condition he Marry'd the Princess *Constantia*; but that if he refused her his Hand, he should be set aside, and the Crown go to his Brother, the Infant Don Pedro, upon the same Condition. *Henriquez* was strangely surprized at these Words: They gave him an inexpressible Uneasiness; and this Uneasiness was made still greater, when *Leontio*, after having made an end of reading the Will, said aloud to the whole Assembly: My Lords, having made known

to

to the present King his late Majesty's Intentions, this generous Prince consents to honour his Cousin the Princess *Constantia* with his Hand. At these Words, *Henriquez* interrupted the Chancellor. *Leontio*, says he, remember the Writing which *Blanch*——— My Lord, interrupted *Siffredi*, without giving the King time to proceed, here it is. The Grandees of the Kingdom, continued he, shewing the Note to the whole Assembly, will see by this Writing the Esteem your Majesty has for the Princess, and the Defiance you shew to the late King your Uncle? Having said these Words, he read over the Writing in the Terms with which he himself had fill'd it up. By it the new King did in the most Authentick manner, make a Promise of Marriage to *Constantia*, conformable to *Rogero*'s Intentions. The Hall resounded with Shouts of Joy; Long live our noble King *Henriquez*, cry'd every body there present. As the Aversion which the Prince had always shewn for the Princess, was commonly known to the whole Kingdom, they were justly afraid that he would oppose the Condition of the Will, and so set the Nation in a Flame. But the reading of the Note dispelling all those Fears, caused those general Acclamations, which in se-

cret gave a Thousand Wounds to the King's Heart.

Constantia, who both by her Love and Honour was more concern'd in this Joy than any body else, took this time to pay the King her Acknowledgments. The King, notwithstanding his utmost Efforts, could not help receiving the Princess's Compliment with Uneasiness; his Disorder was so great, that he could not so much as give her such an Answer, as even in common Civility he ought to have done. At length, not being able to contain himself any longer, he drew near to *Siffredi*, who by the Duty of his Office was obliged to be by him, and said to him in a low Voice: What are you doing *Leontio*? The Paper which I gave to your Daughter was not intended for this Purpose. You betray——. My Lord, interrupted *Siffredi* once again, with a bold Voice, consider your own Glory. If you refuse to obey the Will of the King your Uncle, you lose the Crown of Sicily. He had no sooner said this, than he went away farther from the King, to avoid an Answer. *Henriques* remain'd in an inexpressible Disorder. He found himself torn with a thousand contrary Thoughts. He was enraged at *Siffredi*. He could not resolve to give up *Blanch*; and being divi-

ded

ded between his Love and his Honour, he ſtood a great while in ſuſpence what to do. At laſt he came to a final Determination, and reckon'd he had found a way to preſerve *Sefredi*'s Daughter, without renouncing the Throne. He pretended to ſubmit entirely to *Rogero*'s Will, intending whilſt a Diſpenſation for his Marriage with his Couſin was ſolliciting at *Rome*, to win over the Grandees of the Kingdom, and fortify his Power ſo ſtrongly, as to be in a Condition abſolutely to refuſe to obey the Conditions that were impoſed upon him.

So ſoon as he had form'd this Deſign, he grew more calm, and turning towards *Conſtantia*, confirm'd what the Chancellor had before read to the whole Aſſembly. But in the very Moment that he was betraying his own Thoughts ſo far as to promiſe her his Faith, *Blanch* enter'd the Hall. She came by her Father's Command to pay her Devoirs to the Princeſs; and the firſt thing that ſtruck her Ears, was the Words with which *Henriques* promiſed *Conſtantia* his Hand. To add to all this, *Laurio*, that ſhe might not doubt her Misfortune, preſented her to *Conſtantia*, ſaying, Child, pay your Homage to your Queen. Wiſh her the Joys of a flouriſhing Reign, and a happy Marriage. This dreadful Blow quite overwhelm'd

whelm'd the unfortunate *Blanch*. In vain she endeavour'd to hide her Concern. Her Colour went away and return'd several Times successively, and all her Body trembled. Yet the Princess did not suspect any Thing. She ascribed the Confusedness of her Compliment to the Perplexity of a young Person educated in a Desart, and not used to a Court. But it was not so with the young King. The Sight of *Blanch* made him change Countenance, and the Despair which he observed in her Eyes put him beside himself. He did not doubt but she judged by Appearances, and so concluded him faithless. He would have been less uneasy, could he have found an Opportunity of speaking to her; but how was that possible, when all *Sicily* had their Eyes fix'd upon him? Besides, the cruel *Siffrai* deprived him of all Hopes of doing it. That Minister, who could read the Sentiments of those two Lovers in their Faces, and was desirous to prevent the Mischiefs which the Violence of their Passion might bring upon the State, had the Cunning to take his Daughter out of the Assembly, and carry her with him to *Belmont*, in a Resolution to hasten her Marriage as fast as possible, for several Reasons.

When

When they were come thither, he acquainted her with all the Honour of her Destiny. He declared to her, that he had promised her to the Constable. Just Heaven, cry'd she in a Transport of Grief which even her Father's Presence could not restrain, To what unheard-of Wretchedness do you reserve the unfortunate *Blanch*? This Transport was so violent, that all the Faculties of her Soul were suspended by it: Her Body seem'd to be frozen; and becoming as pale as Death, she dropt down in a Swoon in her Father's Arms. He was amazed with the Condition in which he saw her: But, tho' he was very sorry at her being so uneasy, he stuck first to his Resolutions. *Blanch* at length return'd to herself, more by means of the Sharpness of her Grief, than by the Water which *Sylvestra* sprinkled in her Face; and when at the opening her Eyes in a languishing manner, she beheld his Care to assist her: My Lord, said she in a Voice that could hardly be heard for Sighs, I am ashamed to let you see my Weakness; but Death, which must certainly come in a short time to end all my Torments, will soon deliver you of an unhappy Daughter, who has been so bold as to dispose of her Heart without your Consent. No, my dear *Blanch*, reply'd

ply'd *Leontio*; there's no fear of your dying; your Virtue will soon reassume its Empire over you. The Constable's Alliance is an Honour to you. He is the most considerable Match in the Kingdom——I have a very great Esteem for his Person and Merit, interrupted *Blanch*; but, my Lord, the King had given me hopes——Daughter, interrupted *Siffredi* in his turn, I know as much of that Matter as you can tell me. I am not unacquainted with your Tenderness for that Prince, nor should I disapprove of it in other Conjunctures. I should even be zealous to procure you *Henrique* for a Husband, if his own Honour, and that of the Nation, did not oblige him to marry *Constantia*. But upon this Condition alone it is, that the late King made him his Successor. Would you have him prefer you to the Crown of *Sicily*? I my self am not a little grieved to see this Misfortune fall upon you; but since there is no resisting our Destiny, I'd have you once for all make a generous Effort. What a Stain would it be to your Glory, to let the whole Kingdom observe that you have flatter'd your self with vain Expectations! Your Passion for the King would set malicious Tongues a prating; and the only way to hinder it, is to marry the Con-

Constable. In short, *Blanch*, you have no Time left you to deliberate. The King gives you up for a Throne: He marries *Constantia*. The Constable has my Promise: I beg you would disengage it; and if to prevail upon you, there is a Necessity for me to make use of my Authority, I command you to do it.

Concluding with these Words, he left her to reflect upon what he had said. He hoped that when she had duly weigh'd the Arguments he had made use of to help her Virtue to get the better of her Passion, she would of her self resolve to take the Constable for a Husband. He was not deceived: But what did it cost the miserable *Blanch* before she could take this Resolution? She was in a Condition that would have drawn Pity from the hardest Heart. The Affliction of finding her Fears of Don *Henriquez*'s Infidelity turn'd into Certainties, and of being forced not only to give over all Thoughts of him, but also to marry a Man whom she cou'd not love, caused in her Heart such violent Pangs of Grief, that every Moment brought new Torments along with it: If my Misery is certain, cry'd she, how can I resist it and live? Pitiless Destiny, why did you feed me with such soothing Hopes, if you still meant to

preci-

precipitate me into an Abyss of Misfortunes? And thou, perfidious Lover, how darest thou give thy Hand to another, when thou hadst promised me eternal Fidelity? Hast thou so soon forgot the Faith you have sworn to me? But, to punish thy Deceit, grant Heaven that the Conjugal Bed which thou art about to stain with thy Treachery, may give thee nothing but Remorse, instead of Pleasure! May *Constantia*'s Embraces fill thy false Heart with Mortal Poison! May thy Marriage become as gloomy and dismal as mine! Yes, Traytor, I will marry the Constable, whom I hate, to be revenged upon my self: To punish my self for having chosen Thee for the Object of my foolish Passion. Since my Religion forbids me touching my Life, the Days that I have yet to live shall be but one unhappy Chain of Trouble and Sorrow. If thou still preservest for me some small Particle of Love, I shall be revenged by throwing my self into the Arms of another before thy perfidious Face; and if thou hast entirely forgot me, *Sicily* may at least boast that she has produced one Woman, who had the Courage to punish her self for having too carelessly disposed of her Heart.

In

In such a Condition, this melancholy Victim of Love and Duty spent the Night which preceded her Marriage with the Constable. *Safronia* finding her next Day resolved to obey his Commands, made what haste he could to take her while she was in this Temper. He sent for the Constable to *Belmont* that very Day, and married him secretly to his Daughter in the Chappel of the Castle. What a Day was this to *Blanch*! She was not only obliged to renounce a Crown, to lose a darling Lover, and marry one she abhorr'd; but she was also forced to put a Constraint upon her Thoughts before a Husband who was naturally jealous, and who loved her above all Things. The Constable, overjoy'd at his Happiness, was always at her Feet. He did not so much as give her the poor Consolation of bewailing her Misfortunes in Secret. When Night came, *Leonilla*'s Daughter found her Affection increase every Moment more and more. What was it then, when her Women, having undressed her, left her alone with the Constable? He ask'd her kindly what was the Cause of the Dejection she seem'd to be in. This Question perplex'd *Blanch*, who pretended she was ill. Her Husband at first believed her, but he soon had other

Thoughts.

Thoughts. As he was really uneasy at the Condition in which he saw her, and press'd her to go to Bed, his Instances, which she construed to his Disadvantage, presented to her Mind so distracting an Image, that not being able to restrain her self any longer, she gave a free Course to her Sighs and Tears. What a Sight was this for a Man who thought himself now at the Top of his Wishes? He no longer doubted but his Wife's Affliction concealed some fatal Secret. However, tho' his Thoughts reduced him almost to as deplorable a State as *Blanch* her self, he had Strength enough to hide his Suspicions. He redoubled his Assiduities, and press'd her more and more to go to Bed, assuring her that he would suffer her to take all the Rest she had Occasion for. Nay, he offer'd to call her Women to her, if she thought their Assistance would alleviate her Illness. *Blanch*, taking Courage upon this Promise, told him, that Sleep was all she wanted in her present Weakness. He pretended to believe her. They both went to Bed, and spent the Night very differently, from what two Lovers that are join'd in Affection, as well as Marriage, are used to do.

Whilst *Siffredi*'s Daughter gave herself up to Grief, the Constable was studying what could

could be the Cauſe of his being ſo Unhappy. He eaſily imagined, that he had a Rival; but when he endeavour'd to gueſs who it ſhould be, he loſt himſelf in the Multitude of his own Ideas. He only knew, that he was the moſt unfortunate of Mankind. He ſpent two parts in three of the Night in theſe Agitations, when a hollow Noiſe ſtruck his Ear. He was very much ſurprized to hear ſomebody Tread ſlowly along the Room. He fancied he muſt be miſtaken: for he remember'd he himſelf had ſhut the Door, after *Blanch*'s Women were gone out of the Chamber. He drew the Curtains, that his Eyes might be Witneſs of the Cauſe of the Noiſe he heard; but the Light which was left in the Chimney was gone out. Soon afterwards he heard a Voice call *Blanch* ſeveral times in a feeble and languiſhing Tone. Then his jealous Suſpicions made him almoſt mad with Fury; and his Honour obliging him to riſe, in order to prevent an Injury, or be revenged for it; he took his Sword, and went towards the Place whence the Voice ſeem'd to come. He found a naked Sword claſh with his own. He advances: The other retired. He purſues: The other gets away from his Purſuit. He ſearches him who ſeem'd to fly from him, in every Corner

ner of the Room, as well as he could in the Dark; but can find no more of him. He stands still, He listens a-while, but can hear nothing. What an Inconvenience to him! He goes to the Door, fancying that the secret Enemy of his Honour might have escaped that Way; but that was shut and bolted as before. Not knowing what to make of all this, he call'd some of his Servants that lay nearest him, and as he opened the Door to make them hear him the better, he stood in the midst of it upon his Guard, for fear the Person he look'd for should escape him. At his Call, some of the Servants run to him with Candles in their Hands; he takes a Light and makes a new Search in the Chamber, his Sword drawn. Yet, notwithstanding all his Diligence, he could find no body, nor no Sign of any body's having been there. He could discover no private Door, nor any other Passage for a Man to get in at. Yet he was well assured, that his Ears had not been deceived. He still remain'd in a strange Confusion of Thoughts. To have recourse to *Blanch*, would have been in vain; it was too much her Interest to disguise the Truth, for him to expect the least Information from her. He therefore chose rather to open his Heart to *Lambe*,

and

and so sent away the Servants, telling them he thought he had heard [illegible] Room, but found he was [illegible] meet his Father-in-Law [illegible] Apartment at the Duke's [illegible] and made him a Relation of what [illegible] pen'd, with all the Diligence [illegible] that it is possible to imagine.

Siffredi was amazed at [illegible] Tho' he did not [illegible] natural, yet he believed it [illegible] judging the King's Love [illegible] any thing, he whisper'd [illegible] however, as was to [illegible] jealous suspicions of [illegible] telling him his own, [illegible] to him, with an Air of Confidence, [illegible] the Voice he imagined he had heard, [illegible] the Sword which he thought he had [illegible] with, could be nothing but the [illegible] of an Imagination [illegible] That it was impossible any body [illegible] have been in his Daughter's Chamber; That as for the Melancholy which he observed in her, it might be really caused by some little Indisposition: That her Honour ought not to be condemned for the Weakness of her Constitution: That Change of Condition to one who had always lived a retired Life, [illegible] herself suddenly de-

liv'd unto a Man whom she had not had Time enough to know and to Love, might occasion those Tears, those Sighs, and that Affliction of which he complain'd. That in two Days Time and Assiduity must kindle Love in the Heart of a Woman of Birth. That he would have him calm his Uneasiness, and redouble his Tenderness, in order to make *Blanch* give Ear to his Affection; and therefore he advised him to return to her, and believe, that her Vertue was such as would not admit of any Suspicion.

The Constable made no Answer to these Arguments, and either did indeed begin to fancy, that in the Disorder of his Mind he might be mistaken, or else thought it better to dissemble, than vainly to endeavour to convince the old Man of an Accident so void of Probability. He return'd to his Wife's Apartment, went to Bed again to her, and endeavoured to get some Respite from his Cares, in the Arms of Sleep. *Blanch*, on her Side, the sorrowful *Blanch*, was not a whit more at Ease. She had but too plainly heard the same Things that her Husband did, and could not ascribe to her Imagination an Adventure of which she knew the Secret and the Motives. She was surprized that *Henriques* should come into her Chamber, after having

having so solemnly given his Faith to the Princess *Constantia*. Instead of being pleased with this Attempt, or receiving any Satisfaction from it, she look'd upon it as an Additional Affront, and was but the more enraged.

Whilst *Siffredi*'s Daughter was prejudiced against the young King, and thought him the most guilty Traytor upon Earth; that unhappy Prince, still more entangled in her Charms than ever, was impatient to speak with her, that he might convince her how unjust she was in judging of him by Appearances. He would have come sooner to *Belmont* for this Purpose, if his Affairs would have permitted: but he could not, till that Night, get away from Court. He too well knew every Corner of the Place in which he had been brought up, to find any Difficulty in stealing privately into *Siffredi*'s Castle: besides, he had still the Key of a Back-door that let into the Garden. This Way he past into his old Apartment, and so into *Blanche*'s Chamber. You may easily imagine how much he was amazed to find a Man there, and to feel a Sword clash with his. He had much ado to contain himself from punishing that moment the audacious Wretch, who durst lift his Sacrilegious Hand against his

his King: But the Complaisance he owed to *Leonella*'s Daughter, suspended his Resentment. He went out in the same manner he came in, and took his Way to *Paris*, in greater Trouble than ever. He arrived there some Moments before Day, and shut himself up in his Apartment. He was too much disturbed to think of Repose. He thought of nothing but returning once more to *Bellaria*. His Safety, his Honour, and, above all, his Love, would not suffer him to defer an *Eclaircissement* of the Circumstances of such an Accident.

As soon as it was Day, he commanded his Hunting Equipage to be got ready, and in the presence of that Diversion, rode deep into the Forest of *Belmont* with his Gentlemen, and some of his Courtiers. For some time he follow'd the Sport close, the better to conceal his Design: and when he saw every-body in earnest Pursuit of the Game, he turned back by himself, and rode to the Castle of *Belmont* with such Speed and Impatience, that he had in a moment run over all the Space of Ground which parted him from the Person he adored. He was studying for some plausible Pretence, to speak with *Siffredi*'s Daughter in private, when crossing a little narrow Road which led to one of the Gates of the Park,

Park, he perceived sitting near the Place where he was, two Women, in Discourse with each other, at the Foot of a Tree. He did not doubt but these Persons belong'd to the Castle, and was therefore in some Emotion at the Sight of them; but he was in a much greater Disorder, when one of the Women turning her Head, at the Noise of a Horse's Tread, he beheld his Dear *Blanch*. She was retired a little Way from the Castle with *Nisa*, the Maid in whom she placed the greatest Confidence, and came thither to have, at least, the Pleasure of bewailing her Misfortunes at Freedom.

He ran, he flew to her Feet, and was very much griev'd to see in her Eyes all the Signs of a deep Affliction. Adorable *Blanch*, said he, suspend your Sorrow, till you have heard what I have to say. I own, Appearances make me seem guilty; but when you know the Design I have form'd for your Sake, what you think a Crime, will appear to be a Proof of my Innocence and the Excess of my Love. These Words, which *Fabrique* thought were sufficient to moderate *Blanch*'s Affliction, made it on the contrary more violent than ever. She would have answer'd, but her Sobs rose so fast, that they stopp'd up the Organs of her

Noise. The Prince, surprized at this Excess of Grief, said to her; What, Madam, will nothing calm your Uneasiness? What have I done to forfeit your Confidence, when I hazard my Crown and Life to keep my self yours? At length *Leonio*'s Daughter, with the utmost Difficulty, made Answer; My Lord, your Promises are at present unseasonable: Nothing now can joyn my Destiny to yours. Ah, *Blanch*, cry'd *Henriques*, what do I hear? Who can sever you from me? Who dares stand up against the Fury of a King, who would rather set the whole Nation in a Flame, than see himself deprived of all his Hopes? Your whole Power, my Lord, reply'd *Siffredi*'s Daughter in a languishing Voice, is not able to remove the Obstacles that part us. I am the Constable's Wife.

The Constable's Wife, cry'd the Prince, starting back: He was so struck with this Blow, that he could say no more. His Speech left him, he drop'd down at the foot of a Tree which was behind him. He trembled, and turn'd Pale, and had no Motion at Liberty, but that of his Eyes, which he fix'd upon *Blanch* in such a manner as shew'd but too plainly the Sense he had of this irreparable Misfortune. She, on her Side, look'd upon him, with an Aspect

ceive the Homages of your new Subjects, in Quality of *your* Wife, and *their* Queen? Now, were my Eyes deceived? Say, say rather, faithless as you are, that you did not think *Blanch* fit to be put in the Scale against a Crown; and without debasing your self so far, as to pretend to a Passion which is now dead, or perhaps was never alive in you, confess that you thought the *Sicilian* Throne more secure with *Constantia*, than with *Leontio's* Daughter. You are in the Right, my Lord: I no more deserved a Crown, than I did the Heart of so great a Prince as you. I was too vain to dare to pretend to either; but then you ought not to have kept me in that Error of mine. You know the Alarms I had of your Ruin, which I thought infallible, if you adhered to my Interests. Why did you argue against them? Why was you so cruel as to dissipate my Fears? I should else have accused my own Fate, instead of you; and, however, you wou'd, at least, have still preserved my Heart, and hinder'd me from disposing of my Hand, which no other should ever have obtain'd of me. But it is now too late to justify your self. I am the Constable's Wife, and sure this Conversation with another Man, may be a Blot on my Honour, I beg your Majesty's

Pardon,

Pardon, if I take Leave to withdraw from one whom I am not any longer at Liberty to hear.

With these Words she went from *Florinda*, with all the Haste she was capable of in the Condition she was in. Stay, Madam, cry'd he; afflict not thus a Prince, who would sooner overturn the Throne, which you upbraid him for having render'd to your Love, than answer his Subjects Expectations. This Sacrifice, reply'd *Blanca*, will now do no Good. I must be parted from the Constable, before these Testimonies of Generosity will be of Use. Since I am no longer Mistress of my self, it matters not what Disorders you create in *Sicily*, or to whom you give your Hand. If I have been so weak as to suffer my Heart to be surprised and caught, I shall at least have Strength enough to stifle its Motions, and to shew the new King of *Sicily*, that the Constable's Wife is no longer Prince *Florinda*'s Lover. Saying these Words, she enter'd suddenly with *Nise* into the Park, which she was now come up to, and shutting to the Door, left the Prince overwhelm'd with Grief. He could not overcome the Sorrow that *Blanca* had given him by the News of her Marriage. Perfidious Woman, cry'd he, I see you have quite lost the

Remembrance of our Engagement. Spite of my Oaths and yours, we are separated for ever. The Idea I had form'd of possessing your Charms, was then but a vain Illusion? Ah, cruel *Blanch*, how dear do I pay for the Advantage of having persuaded you to receive my Addresses!

Then the Image of his Rival's Happiness offer'd itself to his Mind, with all the Horrors of Jealousy; which curst Passion got such an Ascendant over him for some Moments, that he was ready to Sacrifice to his Fury, the Constable, and *Siffroid* himself. But Reason, by little and little, again calm'd the Violence of these Thoughts. Yet the Impossibility wherein he saw himself, of convincing *Blanch* of his Fidelity, almost drove him to Despair. He flatter'd himself that he should soon efface those evil Impressions, if he could but Discourse with her Ladyship. To bring that about, he judged it necessary to remove the Constable out of the Way, and therefore resolved to have him Seized as a suspicious Person, in the present Conjuncture of Affairs. He gave Orders about it to the Captain of his Guard, who repair'd immediately to *Bertrons*, took him into Custody about Evening, and brought him to the Castle of *Tilleruse*.

This

This Incident put all the Family at *Bal-mond* into great Consternation. *Siffredi* went away that moment to be Security to the King for his Son-in-Law's Innocence, and to represent to him the fatal Consequences of such an unjust Imprisonment. The King, who indeed expected that *Leontia* would soon be with him, but was willing to have a fair Interview with *Blanch*, before he released the Constable, had expressly commanded that no-body should be admitted to him till next Morning; but *Leontia*, notwithstanding this Order, managed it so well, as to get into his Presence: My Lord, said he, the sad-mint he entered, if a Loyal Subject dare complain of his Master, I come to complain of you to your self. What Crime has my Son-in-Law committed? Has your Majesty duly consider'd the eternal Shame with which you cover my Family, and the Consequences of an Action, which may alienate from your Interests, the Heroes of those who enjoy the highest Places in the Kingdom? I have certain Advice, reply'd the King, that the Constable holds a Criminal Correspondence with the Infant Don *Pedro*. A Criminal Correspondence! interrupted *Leontia* Surprized. Ah, my Lord, believe it not. No Treachery was

ever

ever known in the Family of the *Sisfredi*: The Constable's being my Son-in-Law, might be enough of itself, to clear him from all suspicion? The Constable is innocent; but it was some private View for which you had him Seized.

Since you speak so plain, reply'd the King, I'll do so too. How can you condemn me for your Son's Imprisonment? Have not I ten times more Reason to condemn you for your Cruelty? You it is, barbarous *Sisfredi*, that have robb'd me of my Quiet, and reduced me to a Condition more miserable than that of the vilest Wretch upon Earth. For do not flatter your self that I have taken the Resolutions you imagine. My Marriage with *Constantia* is all a Fiction——— How, my Lord, interrupted *Amatis*, can you intend not to Marry the Princess, after having made her a Solemn Promise, in the Face of the Publication? If I do hereby this Fine Resolution, answered the King, you can blame no body but your self. Why did you drive me to the Necessity of making that Promise, since I can never performe it? Why did you fall on with *Constantia*'s Name, the Writing Upon your Daughter? You know very well what I mean by it. Why did you play the Tyrant over *Blanche*

Heart,

Hearts, in forcing her to Marry a Man she could not Love? And what Right had you over mine, to dispose of it to a Princess I abhor? Have you forgot she is the Daughter of *Matilda*, that cruel *Matilda*, who trampling upon all the Laws of Humanity and Blood, was the Cause of my Father's ending his Days in a rigorous Captivity? And shall I Marry her? No, *Eustrate*, lay aside these Hopes. Before *Hymen* lights his Torch for such a Match, you shall first behold all *Sicily* in Flames, and its Fields o'erflow'd with Blood.

Do not my Ears deceive me, cry'd *Lanutia*? Ah, Sir, what a Prospect do you shew me? What Resolves do I hear? But I am alarm'd in vain, continued he in another Tone. You have too great a Love for your Subjects, to bring [illegible] Misfortune upon them. You will never [illegible] to be overcome by this [illegible] Passion. You will not vanish all your [illegible] by falling into the Weaknesses of the [illegible] Sort of Mankind. If I gave my Daughter to the Constable, it was to gain to your Majesty's Interests a valiant Subject, who, by his Personal Bravery and Power in the Army, might defend your Cause against Don Sabo. I thought, that by binding his Family to Mine, [illegible] close a Chain [illegible]

'Tis that Chain, cry'd the King, that fatal Chain, which has ruin'd me. Thou cruel Friend, to give me a Wound so Incurable! But you think I shou'd be obliged to you for strengthning my Power, at the Expence of every Thing that is dear to me? Why could not you leave me to defend my own Care? Have I not Courage enough to quell those who dare rise against me? The Constable himself should have found I [illegible], if he had disobey'd me. I well know that Kings ought not to be Tyrants; that their People's Happiness should be their first Care: But are they, therefore, to be their Subjects Slaves? And when Heaven has once made Choice of them to Govern, do they forfeit the Right which every Man has, of disposing of their own Affections? If they have not Power to enjoy them, [illegible] poorest Subject has, take back, [illegible] the Sovereignty which you [illegible] of securing, at the Expence of my Repose.

[illegible] know, my Lord, reply'd [illegible], [illegible] your Marriage with the [illegible] [illegible] by the King, made the Condition of [illegible] to the Crown. And what [illegible] had he to [illegible] [illegible]? Did he [illegible] the Succession from his Brother, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

same unworthy Conditions? How could you be so weak, as to agree to such a piece of Injustice? For a Chancellor, you are very little acquainted with our Constitution. In a word, when I promised *Constantia* my Hand, I did it against my Will, and am resolved not to stand to the Engagement. If Don *Pedro*, upon this Refusal, endeavours to pull me from my Throne, our Swords alone, without engaging the People in our Quarrel, may decide the Contest, and shew which is most worthy to Reign. *Leontio* durst not press him any further; but contented himself with begging upon his Knees, his Son-in-Law's Liberty, which he obtain'd. Go, said the King, return to *Belmont*. The Constable shall follow you presently. *Sigismond* went back directly to *Belmont*, confident that his Son-in-Law would be there almost as soon as himself; but he [illegible] *Henriquez* was resolved to see [illegible] Night, and therefore defer'd letting the Constable at Liberty [illegible] Day.

Mean Time, the Constable had very Melancholy Reflections. This Disappointment made him guess at the true Cause why his Marriage was unfortunate. He abandon'd himself, therefore, entirely to his Jealousy, and, contrary to the Loyalty

which

which had hitherto been so conspicuous in him, breathed forth nothing but Revenge and Fury. As he rightly imagined that the King would not fail to be with *Blanch* that Night, he begg'd the Governor of the Castle to let him out of Prison, upon an Affair of the utmost Importance, and promised to render himself up again into his Hands the very next Morning, before 'twas Light. The Governor, who was one of his Creatures, consented the more readily, because he knew that *Siffredi* had already obtain'd his Liberty; and, to add to the Obligation, he lent him a Horse to go to *Belmont*. The Constable being arrived there, tied his Horse to a Tree; enter'd into the Park by a little Door, which he kept a Key of, and was so lucky as to get into the Castle without meeting any body. He went directly to his Wife's Apartment, and hid himself in the Anti-chamber, behind a Screen that stood there. From thence he thought he might see every Thing that passed, and repair suddenly to *Blanch's* Chamber, if he heard the least Noise there. Since afterwards he saw *Nisa* come out from thence, and go into the little Room where she lay.

Siffredi's Daughter, who presently guess'd at the Motive of her Husband's Imprison-

ment,

ment, imagined he would hardly come that Night to *Eahnout*, though her Father told her that the King had assured him the Constable should set out soon after him. She did not doubt but *Henriques* would make Use of such an Opportunity, to see and talk with her in private. In this Thought, she waited for that Prince, to blame him for an Action which might have terrible Consequences, with respect to her. And, indeed, soon after *Nisa* was gone, the private Door open'd, and the King threw himself at *Blanch's* Feet. For Heaven's Sake, Madam, cry'd he, do not condemn me, till you have heard what I have to say in my Defence. If I Imprison'd the Constable, consider it was the only Means I had left, to obtain an Opportunity of justifying my self. This Artifice is to be laid wholly to your own Charge. Why did you refuse to hear me this Morning? Alas, to Morrow your Husband will be at Liberty, and I must then talk with you no more. Hear me, therefore, this last Time. Since the Loss of you will make me eternally Miserable; grant me, at least, the Melancholy Consolation of informing you, that I have not drawn this Misfortune upon myself by my Infidelity. If I made Conscience a Promise of my Hand, it was because I

could not possibly avoid it in the Circumstances to which your Father had reduced me. I was obliged to deceive the Princess, both for your Interest and my own, in order to secure to you the Crown and Person of your Lover. I flatter'd my self so far, as to believe I shou'd succeed in my Design. I had already concerted Measures to break this Engagement. But you have destroy'd my Labour, and by disposing of your self upon too slight Grounds, have prepared irreparable Misery for two Hearts, which otherwise might have enjoy'd the greatest Content in the Reciprocal Love they bore each other.

He ended these Words with such unfeigned Marks of the deepest Despair, that Mirtich began to be moved at it. She now no longer doubted his Innocence. At first she was a little rejoiced at it, but afterwards it made the Sense of her Misfortunes more intolerable than ever. Ah, my Lord, said she to the King, when I consider how Fate has disposed of me, the finding you guilty increases my Torment! Wretch that I am! What have I done? My Anger has ruined me. I thought my self deserved, and in my Resentment, I have accepted of the Commerce, whose my Father presumed to me. Tis I that am the Criminal, tis I

am

am the sole Cause of our Misery. Alas, then, at the very Time when I accused you of Treachery, 'twas I, too credulous Fool, that broke all the Ties which I had sworn should be Eternal! Do you revenge your self, my Lord, in your Turn: Hate, hate the ungrateful *Blanch*. Forget —— Is it possible, Madam, for me to hate you, interrupted *Henriques*, mournfully? Can I tear from my Heart a Passion, which even your Injustice cou'd not extinguish? There is now, my Lord, reply'd *Siffredi*'s Daughter, Sighing, a Necessity you shou'd make that Effort —— Shall you your self be capable of such an Effort, answer'd the King? I am not certain I shall quite conquer my Affection, reply'd she, but I will spare no Pains to bring it about. Ah cruel! said the Prince, if once you form such a Design, you will easily blot from your Remembrance, the forsaken *Henriques*. What Opinion do you then entertain of me, reply'd *Blanch*, in a more resolute Tone? Do you imagine me capable of permitting you now to continue your Addresses? Nay, my Lord, those Hopes are vain. If I was not born to be a Queen; neither, on the other Hand, did Heaven make me of a Temper to give Ear to an unlawful Passion. My Husband is, as you are, of the Noble Fa-

mily

mily of *Anjou*: And tho' my Duty to him were no Obstacle to your Love, my Honour would oblige me to reject it. I beg you wou'd retire. I must see you no more. What Barbarity is this, cry'd the King? Ah, *Blanch*, Is it possible you shou'd use me with so much Rigour? Did you think the seeing you in the Constable's Arms, too little to destroy me, that you forbid me your Sight, the only Comfort I have left? Fly, rather, answer'd *Siffredi*'s Daughter, shedding some Tears. The Sight of a Thing we have tenderly loved, is no longer a Happiness, when it is impossible we should possess it. Farewel, my, Lord, avoid me as much as you are able. That Violence, at least, is due to your own Honour, and my Reputation. I implore it too, for the sake of my Repose; For tho' my Virtue is not at all alarm'd at the Resistance of my Heart, yet the Memory of your Love raises such violent Conflicts in me, that they are too great to be endured.

These Words she pronounced with so much Emotion, that she threw down a Taper which stood behind her upon a Table. The Fall put it out. *Blanch* took it up, and open'd the Door of the Anti-chamber to go to *Nisa*, who was not yet a-Bed, to get it lighted; and, having done it, she

return'd

return'd with the Light. She was no sooner return'd, than the King, who waited for her, began anew to press her to hearken to his Addresses. At hearing the King's Voice, the Constable enter'd furiously into the Chamber, almost at the back of his Wife, with his Sword in his Hand, and advancing towards *Henriquez*, with all the Fury that Resentment could inspire: This is too much to be born, thou Tyrant, (cry'd he); think not I am so base, as to endure with Patience, the Affront you have given my Honour. Ah, Traytor, reply'd the King, defending himself, neither do you imagine you shall execute your Design with Impunity. At these Words they began a Fight, which was too hot to last long. The Constable, fearing least *Henriquez* and his Servants should run in at *Blanch*'s Cries, and oppose his Vengeance, took no Care of guarding himself. His Rage deprived him of all his Judgment. He fought like a Madman, that he run himself upon his Enemy's Sword, which went quite through his Body, up to the Hilt. He fell, and the King immediately fetch'd his Hand.

Leonora's Daughter was very much griev'd to see her Husband in that Condition. She surmounted the natural Indifference she had

had for him, and threw herself down by him to give him Assistance. But the unfortunate Husband was too much prejudiced against her, to be at all moved by the Testimonies she gave him of her Sorrow, and her Compassion. Death itself, which he found approaching, was not able to calm the Transports of his Jealousy. He thought of nothing, in his last Moments, but his Rival's Happiness; and this Idea was so tormenting to him, that calling together all the Strength he had left, he lifted up his Sword, which he still had in his Hand, and bury'd it in *Blanch*'s Bosom: Die, said he, stabbing her; die, thou perfidious Woman, since not even the Bonds of Marriage could secure me a Faith which you had promised me at the Altar. And thou *Henriques*, continued he, shalt not now exult in thy Destiny. Thou canst not enjoy the Fruits of my Destruction. I die contented. Having spoke thus, he expired; and his Countenance, tho all overspread with the Shadows of Death, had still in it something haughty and fierce. That of *Blanch* exhibited a quite different Object. The Wound she had received was Mortal. She dropt down upon the dying Corpse of her Husband, and the Blood of this innocent Victim ran in one and the same

same Stream with that of her Murtherer, who had so suddenly executed his cruel Resolution, that the King was not able to prevent him.

The unfortunate Prince gave a loud Cry, when he saw *Blanch* fall to the Ground; and being more sensible of the Pain she felt, than she her self, was for giving her Succour; but in a dying Voice she said to him, my Lord, you give your self unnecessary Trouble. I am the Victim which unrelenting Fate was all this while procuring. May this appease its Wrath, and make the rest of your Reign peaceful and happy. As she was saying these Words, *Leontio*, drawn by the Cries she gave, when her Husband and the King were Fighting, came into the Room; and, struck with the Object he beheld, stood Motionless. *Blanch*, without perceiving him, continued speaking to the King. Adieu, my Prince, said she; preserve my Memory with Kindness: My Tenderness and Misfortunes deserve it. Do not shew your Resentment against my Father. Have Pity on his Age and Affliction, and forgive his Zeal. But particularly, let him know my Innocence: This is what I beseech you to perform, above all Things. Adieu, my dear *Henriques*, I die —— receive my last Breath.

This

This said, she expired. The King continued for some Time, in a thoughtful Silence. At last he said to *Siffredi*, who appear'd to be in the deepest Affliction: *Leontio*, behold your Work. This Tragical Event is the Fruit of your officious Care and Zeal for me. The Old Man was so o'erwhelm'd with Grief, that he made no Reply. But why shou'd I endeavour to describe Things which no Words can express? I shall only add, that when their Sorrow permitted them to break out into Exclamations of Despair, they made such Complaints, as would have pierced a Heart of Brass.

The King, as long as he lived, preserved a tender Remembrance of his Mistress. He could not be prevailed upon to Marry *Constantia*. The Infant, Don *Pedro*, joyn'd with that Princess, and they conjointly endeavour'd, by all the Means that could be thought of, to force the Execution of *Roger*'s Will, but they were, at length, obliged to yield to the superior Power of *Henrico*, who quell'd all his Enemies. As for *Siffredi*, his Disturbance, upon having been sole Cause of so many Mischiefs, gave him an Aversion to the World, and made his own Country odious to him. He left *Sicily*, and Sailing into *Spain*, with *Porcia*, his

his other Daughter, purchased this Castle. He lived here very near Fifteen Years after *Blanch*'s Death, and had the Consolation, before he died, to see *Porcia* Marry'd. She Marry'd Don *Jerome de Silva*, and I am the only Fruit of that Bed. This, continued Don *Pedro*'s Widow, is the History of my Family, and a faithful Relation of the Misfortunes described in that Picture, which my Grandfather *Leonta* caused to be Painted, that he might leave to his Posterity a Monument of his fatal Adventure.

CHAP. V.

Of Aurora's *Management*, when she came to Salamanca.

ORTIZ, her Companions, and my self, when we had heard this Relation, went out of the Hall, and left *Aurora* and *Elvira* by themselves. They spent the rest of the Day in Discourse together. They thought they cou'd never have enough of each other's Company; and next Day, when we set forwards upon our Journey, they parted with as much Concern, as

Two Friends that have contracted an habituated Intimacy.

At length we reach'd *Salamanca*, without meeting with any other Accident in our Way. There we immediately hired a House ready furnish'd, and Dame *Ortiz*, as we had before agreed, took upon her the Name of *Donna Clemencia de Guzman*. She had been a Duegna too long, not to be a good Actress. One Morning we went out with *Aurora*, a Chambermaid, and a Valet, and came to a House where we were inform'd *Pacheco* commonly lodged. She ask'd if they had any Rooms to Let. They answer'd Yes, and shew'd her a very neat one, which she hired. She gave the Landlady Earnest, telling her it was for a Nephew of hers, who was coming from *Toledo* to study at *Salamanca*, and that she expected him that very Day.

The Duegna and my Mistress, after having made sure of this Lodging, return'd to their other House, and the beautiful *Aurora*, without losing any Time, transform'd herself into a Cavalier. She cover'd her own black Hair with a false Head of white Hair. Painted her Eye-brows of the same Colour, and bedaub'd her self in such a Manner, that she might very well pass for a young Gentleman. Her Men was

free

free and easie; and, but that her Face was a little too handsome for a Man, nothing cou'd possibly betray her Disguise. The Maid, who was to wait upon her in Quality of a Page, disguised herself too, and we did not at all suspect she wou'd play her Part amiss: For besides that she was not over-handsome, she had a pert, (not to say impudent) Air, which agreed perfectly well with the Character she was to perform. In the Afternoon these Two Actresses being confident they could safely now appear upon the Stage, *abas*, their new Lodging, set out thither in the Company of my Worship. We all Three went in a Coach, and carry'd with us all the Things we reckon'd we shou'd stand in need of.

The Landlady, whose Name was *Bernarda Ramirez*, received us with abundance of Civility, and led us to our Apartment, where we began to talk with her. We agreed with her for our Board by the Month. We afterwards ask'd her if she had many Lodgers besides us. I have none at present, reply'd she: But I need not want for them, if I were willing to take in all Sorts of People. For my Part, I care for none but young Noblemen. This very Evening I expect one that comes hither

from *Madrid*, to finish his Studies. 'Tis Don *Lewis Pacheco*: Perhaps you may have heard of him. No, reply'd *Aurora*, I have no manner of Knowledge of him; and I shou'd take it kindly if you wou'd give me some Account of him, since we are to lodge in the same House. Sir, reply'd the Landlady, looking stedfastly upon our pretended Cavalier, he's a very fine Gentleman, I assure you; I think he's something like your self. Ah! you'll be rare Company for one another! By St. *Jago*, I may now boast that I have the Two prettiest Gentlemen in my House, of any in all *Spain*. This Don *Lewis* then, reply'd my Mistress, is without doubt, a mighty happy Man among the Ladies here? Ay, that he is, answer'd the old Woman; he's a Gallant every Inch of him. He need but shew himself, and Conquests drop in upon him thick and threefold. Among the rest, he has charm'd a Lady here, who has both Youth and Beauty. Her Name is *Isabella*. She's the Daughter of an old musty Doctor in Law. She is almost mad for him. Pray Mother, interrupted *Aurora* earnestly, is he on his side as fond of her? He loved her very passionately, answer'd *Bernarda Ramirez*, before his Departure for *Madrid*: But I don't

don't know whether he still continues in the same Mind; for he is a little apt to waver. He runs from one Woman to another, as your young Noblemen generally do.

The good Widow had hardly done speaking, when we heard a Noise in the Court. We presently look'd out of the Window, and saw two Men lighting from their Horses. It was Don *Lewis Pacheco*, who was just arrived from *Madrid*, with a *Valet de Chambre*. The old Woman left us to go to receive him; and my Mistress prepared her self, not without some Timorousness, to Act the Part of Don *Felix*. Don *Lewis*, soon afterwards, came into our Apartment Booted and Spurred, as he was. I am inform'd, says he, saluting *Aurora*, that there is a young Nobleman of *Toledo* lodges here. He will give me leave to express my Joy, in being under the same Roof with him. While my Mistress made a Return to this Compliment, *Pacheco* seem'd surprized to see so lovely a Cavalier. He could not help telling her he had never seen so handsome a Gentleman. After a great many other Compliments, Don *Lewis* retired into his Apartment.

Whilst he was there pulling off his Boots, and changing his Cloaths and Linnen, a sort of Page, who wanted to deliver him a Letter, happen'd to meet *Aurora* upon the Staircase. He took her for Don *Lewis*, and giving her his Billet: There, Signior Cavalier, said he; tho' I never saw Don *Pacheco*, I don't think I need ask you if you are he. I dare say I am not mistaken. No, no, reply'd my Mistress, with an admirable Presence of Mind: You are very right. You acquit your self of your Commission to a Miracle. I will take Care to send my Answer. With this the Page disappear'd, and *Aurora*, shutting her self up with her Maid and my self, open'd the Letter, and read these Words: *I was just now told that you are at* Salamanca. *With how much Pleasure did I hear this agreeable News! I thought I should have lost my Wits with Joy. But do you still love* Isabella? *Come quickly, and assure her Personally that you are still the same you was when you parted from her. I'm afraid she'll die with Rapture, if she finds you constant.*

A very passionate Billet, says *Aurora*; it shews a Heart that's deeply in Love, o' my Word. This Lady is a Rival not to be despised. I must leave no Stone unturn'd,

turn'd to take off Don *Lewis*'s Affection from her, and so hinder him from visiting her any more. The Undertaking I own is somewhat difficult: But I don's despair of accomplishing my Design. With this my Mistress began to study; and a Moment afterwards she added: If they are not divided in less than Four and Twenty Hours, I'll forfeit my Head. In Effect, *Lucretia*, having taken a little Repose in his own Apartment, came to ours, and fell again into Conversation with *Aurelia* before Supper. Signior Cavalier, says he, in a jesting Way, I believe the Husbands and Lovers will have no Cause to rejoice at your coming to *Salamanca*. You look as if you'd give them some Disturbance. For my Part, I tremble for fear of losing all my Conquests. Your Fear, answer'd my Mistress, in the same rallying Tone, is not very ill grounded. Don *Felix de Miranda* is somewhat formidable, I can tell you that. Besides, I have a little Knowledge of the Ground here. The Women are not over-much To about a Month since I made through this Town. I stay'd here Eight Days; and, under the Rose be it spoken, inflamed the Daughter of an old Doctor in Law

I perceived that Don *Lewis* was a little uneasie at these Words: Might one ask the Lady's Name, says he, without being too presuming? What do you talk of Presuming, answer'd the pretended Don *Felix*? Why shou'd I make a Secret of such an Affair? Do you think I am more reserved than other Gentlemen of my Age? Don't have so unjust a Thought of me. Besides, between our selves, the Woman does not deserve so much Regard. 'Tis only a poor Cit. A Man of Quality is never seriously in Love with such Creatures; he thinks he does them Honour enough, in condescending to dishonour them. Be inform'd, then, without any further Ceremony, that the Doctor's Daughter is call'd *Isabella*. And the Doctor's Name, interrupted *Pathecco*, impatiently, is *Murcia de Llanna*, is it not? The same, reply'd my Mistress. Here's a Letter she just now sent me. Read it, and then you'll see whether my Princess is fond of me or no. Don *Lewis* cast his Eyes upon the Billet, and knowing the Hand, was in the utmost Confusion and Disturbance. What do I see, continued *Antonio*, in a Surprize? You change Colour: I'm afraid you have some Interest in the Lady! if so, I am very sorry I have spoken with so much Freedom.

I am

I am rather obliged to you for it, reply'd Don *Lewis*, with Indignation and Resentment: Base Woman! Don *Felix*, I am eternally indebted to you. You have deliver'd me from an Error, in which I might still have remain'd a great while. I imagined that I was beloved, nay, adored by *Isabella*. I had some Esteem for that Wretch; but I find she is a meer Coquet, and deserves nothing but Contempt. I can't help approving your Resentment, answers *Aurora*, testifying in her Turn, a Sort of Indignation. Sure a Creature of her mean Birth, might have been contented with one Nobleman at a Time, especially, one so agreeable as you are! Her Inconstancy will admit of no Excuse: and I am so far from being pleased with her sacrificing your Love to mine, that, to punish her, I am resolved to contemn her Favours. For my Part, answer'd *Pacheco*, I will never see her again. That's all the Revenge I mean to take. You are very much in the Right, cry'd the false *Mendocia*. Yet, to shew her how little we both care for her, if you'd take my Advice, we'd each of us write her an insulting Letter. I'll Seal them up both together, and send them as an Answer to her Billet. But before we proceed to these Extremities,

do you consult your own Heart; perhaps you may e'er long repent having broken with *Isabella*. No, no, interrupted Don *Louis*, I shall never be so weak: I'll do what you propose, in order to mortify the ungrateful Woman.

Upon this I went for Ink and Paper, and they sat down to write each of them an obliging Letter to the Daugher of Dr. *Marcia de la Llanna*. *Pacheco* cou'd not think of Words home enough to express his Mind, and he tore Five of Six Letters that he had begun, because they seem'd to him to be too civil. However, at last he finish'd one, with which he was well enough satisfy'd, as he had very good reason to be. It ran thus. *I wonder how you learn'd, my Princess, to know your self better; and not to be so vain as to fancy I love you. It must be another-guess Sort of Merit than yours, to engage My Affections. Your Charms are not powerful enough to amuse a Gentleman for a moment. The veriest Scab of a Scholar in the whole University, is too good a Morsel for such a one as you.* This was the gracious Billet-doux he resolved to send: And *Aurora*, having finish'd hers, which was of the same Strain, Seal'd them both up, put them in a Case, and giving it to me; *Gil Blas*, says

save she, be sure you deliver this Packet to *Isabella* this very Evening; you understand me, adds she, tipping me a Wink which I knew very well how to construe. Yes, Sir, reply'd I, you shall be obey'd to your Satisfaction, I'll warrant you.

I went about my Business that very Moment, and being got into the Street: So, Signor *Gil Blas*, says I to my self; you act the *Valet* in this Comedy, do you? Well then, Friend; give a Proof that you have Wit enough to perform so considerable a Part with Applause. Signior Don *Felix* thought it was enough to tip you the Wink. You see he depends upon your Contrivance for the rest. Is he in the Wrong in so doing? No: I guess his Meaning. He would have me deliver only Don *Lewis*'s Billet. That's the Interpretation of the Wink he gave me. Nothing can be more plain. I immediately therefore unseal'd the Packet. I took out *Pacheco*'s Letter, and carry'd it to the Daughter of Dr. *Murcia*, whose House I soon found out. At the Door I met the little Page, who was sent to our Lodging. Brother, says I to him, are not you a sort of an Attendant upon Doctor *Murcia*'s Daughter? Yes, replies he. You have so officious a Physiognomy, answers I, that I make

make bold to desire you to give this Billet-doux to your Mistress.

The Page ask'd me who it came from, and I had no sooner told him from Don *Lewis Pacheco*, than he bid me follow him, for he had Orders to bring me to *Isabella* her self. I follow'd him into a little Chamber, in which was the Lady. I was surprized at her Beauty. I never saw more regular Features. She had a Smiling Chilldish Way with her; but for all that, I'll engage she had walk'd without Leading-Strings for Thirty good Years at least. Friend, said she, with an obliging Countenance, do you belong to Don *Lewis Pacheco*? I answer'd, that I had been his *Valet de Chambre* for about Three Weeks. And then I deliver'd her the fatal Epistle. She read it over two or three Times. She cou'd hardly believe what she saw. And, indeed, she cou'd never have expected such an Answer. She lifted up her Eyes to Heaven, bit her Lips, and shew'd in her Face the Uneasiness she felt in her Heart. Afterwards, addressing her self to me: Friend, says he, is Don *Lewis* run Mad? Tell me, if you are able, why he writes to me in so genteel a manner. What Demon is he possess'd with? If he has a Mind to break with me, could not he do it without affronting me so grossly? Madam, says I, my Master is certainly

tainly in the Wrong; But he was in a manner forced to do what he did. If you give me your Promiſe that you will be ſecret, I'll tell you the whole Myſtery. I promiſe you to be as ſecret as you can deſire, reply'd ſhe haſtily. I'll never betray you: Speak boldly. Well then, anſwer'd I, the Caſe, in Two Words, is this: A moment after he had received your Letter, there enter'd our Lodgings a Woman cover'd with a Veil to her very Feet. She aſk'd for Signor *Patheco*, talk'd to him in private for ſome Time, and at laſt I heard her ſay to him; You Swear you will never ſee her again; but that won't ſatisfy me: Let me ſee you write her a Letter this moment, as I ſhall dictate it. This I expect you will do. Don *Lewis* did as ſhe deſired, and, giving me the Letter, Enquire out the Houſe of Dr. *Murcia de la Llana*, ſays he, and contrive to get this Note into the Hands of his Daughter *Iſabella*.

You ſee, Madam, continued I, this diſobliging Letter is the Work of a Rival, and conſequently my Maſter is not ſo guilty. O Heaven, cry'd ſhe, this is ſtill worſe than t'other. His Infidelity offends me more than the ſhocking Words he writes to me. Ah Faithleſs! ——— But, immediately, adds ſhe, with a more haughty Air,

Air, let him follow his new Mistress without Constraint. I don't intend to disturb him in the least. Tell him I thought I gave left my Rival a clear Stage, without his insulting me in this Manner; and that I despise to waver ing a Lover too much to endeavour to keep him mine. With these Words she sent me away, and retired very much enraged against Don *Lewis*.

I, for my Part, departed hugely well satisfied with what I had done, and I fancy'd that I might come to be a very able Trickster, if I would but apply my Talents that Way. I return'd to our Lodgings, where I found *Mendoza* and *Pacheco* at Supper together, conversing with as much Freedom and Familiarity as if they had been long acquainted. *Aurora* saw by my Looks, that I had acquitted my self of my Commission with Success. Well, *Gil Blas*, says she; give us an Account of your Errand. Here again my Wit was to be pumpt for a proper Answer. I said I had deliver'd the Packet with my own Hands, and that *Isabella*, having read the Two *Billet-doux* contain'd in it, instead of seeming at all disturb'd, fell into such a Fit of Laughter, that I took her for a Madwoman, and that when her Mirth was a little abated, she cry'd out: On my Word,

A the

the young Gentlemen have a very pretty Stile. I have hardly known any-body write half so agreeably as these Cavaliers. She carries it off then triumphantly, cry'd my Mistress! This is a Coquet with a Vengeance! For my Part, says Don *Lewis*, I am amazed at *Isabella*'s acting in this manner. She is certainly very much alter'd, during my Absence, from what she was. I own, reply'd *Aurora*, I cou'd never have believed this of her, no more than you. But there are some Women that know how to assume all manner of Shapes. I my self have formerly been in Love with one of those Creatures, and she made a Cully of me for a long while. *Gil Blas* can tell you what a demure Air she had. 'Tis very true, says I, putting in my Oar, she had a Look would have cozen'd the wisest Man in the World. I my self shou'd have been caught with it.

Pacheco, and the false *Mendocia*, laugh'd heartily at hearing me talk thus; the one laugh'd at the Testimony I bore against an imaginary Damsel, and the other at the Terms I made use of. The Discourse continued to turn upon those Women that know how to Disguise both their Thoughts and Looks, and the Result of our Conference was, that *Isabella* was plainly convicted

victed of being a Jilt. Don *Lewis* renew'd his Protestations of never seeing her again; and Don *Felix*, after his Example, swore he would always hold her in the utmost Contempt. In Consequence of these Protestations, they contracted a Friendship together, and made a mutual Promise of keeping nothing Secret from each other. After a great many other Compliments, which pass'd after Supper, each retired to his Apartment to take Repose. I follow'd *Aurora* into hers, and gave her an exact Account of the Discourse I had with *Isabella*. I did not omit the least Circumstance. I thought my Mistress would have kiss'd me for Joy. Dear *Gil Blas*, says she, I am charm'd with thy Wit. When one is unfortunately engaged in a Passion that obliges us to have Recourse to Stratagems and Artifices, what an Advantage is it to have so exact an Assistant as thou art? Cheer up, Lad. We have defeated one Rival that might have given us some Trouble. So far, so Good. But as we Lovers are liable to strange Turns of Fortune, I am for making short Work on't, and bringing *Aurora de Guzman* upon the Stage immediately to Morrow. I approved her Resolution, and so leaving Signior Don *Felix* with his Page, retired,

retired into a little Closet, where my Bed stood.

CHAP. VI.

What Stratagems Aurora used to win the Love of Don Lewis Pacheco.

THE two new Friends got together again next Morning. They began the Day with Embraces which *Aurora* was obliged to give and receive, in order to play the Part of Don *Fedor* the more naturally. They went out to walk about the Town, and I attended upon them together with *Melendez*, Don *Lewis*'s Valet. We stopt near the University, to look upon some Titles of Books which were stuck upon the Gate. Several others were amusing themselves with reading them, and among the rest, I spied a little Man that was giving his Opinion on the several Books there Advertised. The People listen'd to him with a great deal of Attention, and he seem'd to think he richly deserved it. He took it to be extreamly vain, and was

very

very positive, as your little Men generally are. That *New Translation of Horace*, says he, which is Advertised there in such large Letters, is a poor Prose Piece of Business, written by an old College Pedant. The Book, indeed, is mightily esteem'd among the Scholars, who have already bought up Four Editions of it: But there is not one Man of Sense that will so much as look into it. He gave no better a Character of the other Books. He damn'd them all, without Mercy or Charity. I fancy it was some Author. I cou'd have been contented to hear him a little longer: But I was obliged to wait upon Don *Lewis* and Don *Felix*, who having no more Gust to his Prate, than Interest in the Books he Criticised, e'en match'd off from him and the University too.

We return'd to our Lodging about Dinner-time. My Mistress sat down to Table with *Pacheco*, and cummingly turn'd the Conversation upon her own Family. My Father, says she, is a younger Brother of the Family of *Mendoccia*, which is settled at *Toledo*: and my Mother is Sister to *Donna Clemencia de Guzman*, who is lately come to *Salamanca* about an important Affair, with her Niece *Aurora*, the only Daughter of Don *Vincent de Guzman*, whom

whom perhaps you may know. No, reply'd Don *Lewis*, but I have often heard speak of him, as also of your Cousin *Aurora*. May I believe what is said of her? 'Tis reported that nothing can equal her Wit and Beauty. As for Wit, answer'd Don *Felix*, 'tis true she does not want for it. Her Education too, has given it no small Addition. But she is not so very handsome. They say we Two are very like one another. If so, cry'd *Pacheco*, she does not come short of her Character. Your Features are very regular: Your Cousin therefore must needs be charming. I wish I cou'd see and talk with her a little. I'll satisfy that Curiosity, reply'd the false *Mendocia*, and this very Day too. I'll carry you to my Aunt's some Time this Afternoon.

After this my Mistress turn'd the Discourse another Way, and talk'd of indifferent Matters. In the Afternoon, while they were preparing themselves to pay a Visit to *Donna Chimena*, I slipt out before, and ran to bid the *Duegna* make ready to receive them. I then return'd to wait upon Don *Felix*, who carry'd Don *Lewis* to his Aunt's House. They were favourably entertain'd there, when they met Madam *Chimena*, who beckon'd to them not to make

a Noise: Softly, softly, says she, in a low Voice, you will wake my Niece. Ever since Yesterday she has had a terrible Fit of the Head-ake, which has but just now quitted her, and so the poor Girl is laid down a little. I am very sorry for this Disappointment, said *Mendoza*. I was in hopes we should have seen my Cousin. I brought my Friend *Pacheco* along with me purely for that Purpose. There's no such mighty Haste, reply'd *Ortiz*, smiling; you may as well put it off till to Morrow. The Two Cavaliers having had a little further Talk with the old Woman, took their Leave and retired.

Don *Lewis* carry'd us to see a young Gentleman of his Acquaintance, call'd Don *Gabriel de Pedros*. There we pass'd the rest of the Day; we supt there too, and did not get away till Two o'Clock in the Morning. We were about half way Home, when we found Two Men stretch'd out at their full Lengths upon the Ground. We supposed they were some unfortunate Wretches murther'd by Villains, and therefore we stopt to give them Assistance, if it was not too late. As we were feeling if they had any Life remaining in them, the Watch came. At first they took us for the Murtherers, and surrounded us; but

they

they had a better Opinion of us when they had heard us ſpeak, and with the help of their dark Lanthorns, diſcover'd the Features of *Mendoza* and *Pacheco*. Afterwards they examined the Faces of the Two Men they imagined we had kill'd, and found them to be an unweildy Rogue of a Licenciate, with his Footman, both overtaken with Wine; or, to ſpeak plain *English*, dead Drunk. Gentlemen, cry'd one of the Watch, I know this great fat Fellow. 'Tis the Licentiate *Guyomar*, Rector of our Univerſity. For all he looks thus, I can tell you he's one of the greateſt Scholars at *Salamanca*. There's ne'er a Philoſopher of them all, but what he lays as flat as a Flounder in a Diſpute. His Tongue is never tired. 'Tis a pity he's a little too much given to Wine, Women, and Law-Suits. He is juſt now come from his *Iſabella*, and by ill Fortune, his Guide is got as Drunk as himſelf. They are both tumbled into the Kinnel. But this often happen'd to him before the good Man was Rector. Honour, you ſee, does not always change Men's Manners. We left the Two Sots in the Hands of the Watch, who took Care to carry them Home. We went ſtrait to our Lodgings, and thought of nothing but taking our Repoſe.

About

About Noon Don *Felix* and Don *Lewis* arole, and *Aurora de Guzman* was the first Thing they talk'd of. *Gil Blas*, says my Mistress to me, go to my Aunt *Donna Chimena*, and ask her if Signor *Pacheco* and I can see my Cousin to day. I went out about my Errand, or rather to consult with the *Duegna* what we should do. When we had concerted Measures together, I return'd to the false *Mendocia*. Sir, says I, your Cousin *Aurora* is quite recover'd of her Illness. She her self order'd me to tell you that your Visit will be very agreeable, and *Donna Chimena* bid me assure Signior *Pacheco*, that for your Sake he shou'd always be extremely welcome to her House.

I perceived that Don *Lewis* was very much pleased with these last Words. My Mistress observ'd the same, and took it as a happy Omen. Just before Dinner, *Chimena*'s Footman appear'd, and said to Don *Felix*: Sir, a Man from *Toleda* came to ask for you at my Lady your Aunt's, and left this Note for you. The false *Mendocia* open'd it, and read these Words: *If you are willing to hear News of your Father, and other important Matters, repair to the Black Horse near the* University, *immediately upon the Receipt of this*

Note.

Nate. I'm so impatient to hear the News, says he, that I'm resolved to be gone this Moment. Signior *Pachco*, continued he, if I am not back in Two Hours, you may go to my Aunt's by your self. I'll be with you there in the Afternoon. The Message *Gil Blas* brought you from *Donna Chimena*, gives you a very good Pretence to visit there. Saying these Words he went out, and order'd me to follow him.

You may easily imagine, that instead of going to the *Black-Horse*, we went directly to *Ortiz*'s House. The Moment we were got thither, *Aurora* pull'd off her false Hair, wash'd her Eye-brows, put on a Woman's Habit, and became a handsome brown Lady, as she naturally was. Her Disguise alter'd her to such a Degree, that no body wou'd ever have taken *Aurora* and Don *Felix* for the same Person. Besides, she seem'd taller in a Woman's Dress, than in a Man's. Her high-heel Shoes contributed very much to make her so. When she had added to her Charms all the Assistance that Art could lend them, she waited for Don *Lewis*, in an Emotion mixt with Fear and Hope. Sometimes she thought she might confide in her Wit and Beauty; and at others, she trembled for fear she shou'd prove unsuccessful in

this

this her first Attempt. *Ortiz*, on her Side, prepared to do her best to back my Mistress. For my Part, as I was not to be seen by *Pacheco* in that House, and like those Actors, who do not come upon the Stage till the latter End of the Play, was to appear only at the End of the Visit, I went my Ways as soon as ever I had Dined.

At length every Thing being in a Readiness, in comes Don *Lewis*. He was received with great Complaisance by *Donna Chimena*, and had Two or Three Hours Talk with *Aurora*; at the end of which I enter the Chamber where they sat, and addressing my self to the Cavalier; Signior, says I, my Master Don *Felix* can't wait upon you here to Day. He begs you to excuse him. He is with Three *Toledans*, from whom he can't possibly get away. Ah, the Debauchee, cry'd *Donna Chimena*; he is fuddling, I dare lay my Life. No, Madam, reply'd I, they are talking about very serious Affairs. He's extremely sorry that he can't come hither as he promised. He charg'd me to tell this, both to you and to *Donna Aurora*. Indeed, says my Mistress, I shan't accept of this Excuse; he knows I have been ill: He ought to be more tender of his Relations than this comes to. But, to punish him,

him, he ſhan't ſee me again this Fortnight. Oh, Madam, cry'd Don *Lewis*, do not form ſo cruel a Reſolution: Don *Felix* has Puniſhment enough already in loſing the Pleaſure of your Converſation this once.

They continued to talk in this manner upon the ſame Subject, for ſome Time. Afterwards *Pacheco* retired. The charming *Aurora* immediately changed her Dreſs, and reaſſumed her Cavalier's Habit. She returns to our Lodging as ſoon as poſſible: I beg your Pardon, my dear Friend, ſaid ſhe to Don *Lewis*, for not coming to you at my Aunt's; I did not know how to get rid of the Company I was in. But, however, you have had the Satisfaction to gratify your Curioſity. What do you think of my Couſin? She has bewitch'd me, reply'd *Pacheco*. You ſpoke Truth when you ſaid ſhe was like you. I never ſaw Features more reſembling: The very ſame Turn of the Face, the ſame Eyes, the ſame Mouth, the ſame Voice. Yet there is ſome little Difference: *Aurora* is taller than you: She is brown and you are fair: you are gay; ſhe, ſerious. This is all there is to diſtinguiſh you one from the other. As for Wit, continued he, I don't believe a Celeſtial Subſtance it ſelf can have more

than your Cousin. In a word, she's the most compleat Woman that ever my Eyes beheld.

Signior *Pacheco* pronounced these last Words in so serious a Tone, that Don *Felix* said to him smiling: Friend, go no more to *Donna Clemenia*'s: I give you this Advice for your Repose. *Aurora* de Guzman must inspire you with a Passion—I need not see her again, interrupted he, to be in love with her. That Work is done already. I'm very sorry to hear that, reply'd the pretended *Mendocia*, for you are not a Man that will settle, and my Cousin is no *Isabella*. I can tell you, *Aurora* wou'd hardly receive a Lover, whose Views were not Honourable. Honourable, reply'd Don *Lewis*! Can any-body think of any other, to a Lady of her Birth? Alas, I shou'd look upon my self as the happiest of Mankind, if she approved of my Addresses so far, as to tie her Destiny to mine.

If you are thereabouts, reply'd Don *Felix*, I offer you my Assistance. I'll do you all the good Offices with *Aurora*, that I am able. And I will engage to bring over my Aunt to your Interests even by To-Morrow, and she has a very great Influence upon my Cousin. *Pacheco* return'd a Thousand Thanks to a Cavalier, who fed

him

him with such pleasing Hopes, and we perceived with Joy, that our Plot took as we cou'd wish. The next Day, we encreased Don *Lewis*'s Passion by a new Invention. My Mistress, after having been to visit upon *Donna Chimena*, under Pretence of proposing him to her, return'd to their Lodging: I have talk'd with my Aunt, says she, and had no small Trouble to make her your Friend. She was violently prejudiced against you. I can't imagine who cou'd have given her such an ill Character of you: But I took your Part boldly, and have at length wiped away the ill Impressions she had received of your Manners.

But this is not all, continued *Aurora*; I have a Mind you shou'd have some Conversation with my Aunt in my Presence; for by that Means we may secure her to our Interests. *Pacheco* seem'd very impatient to talk with *Donna Chimena*, and that Satisfaction was granted him next Morning. The false *Mendoza* carry'd him to Dame *Ortiz*, and they Three had a Conversation together, wherein Don *Lewis* shew'd that he had suffer'd himself to be very much inflamed in a short Time. The crafty *Chimena* pretended to be moved at his Tenderness, and promised to do all she

court to perswade her Niece to accept of him for a Husband. *Pacheco* threw himself at the Feet of so Kind an Aunt, and thank'd her for all her Favours. Upon this Don *Felix* ask'd if his Cousin was up. No, reply'd the *Duegna*; you can't see her now; but come again in the Afternoon, and you shall talk with her as long as you please. This Answer of *Chimena*, as you may easily imagine, gave very great Joy to Don *Lewis*, who thought that Morning very tedious. He went back to his Lodgings with *Mendocia*, who took no small Pleasure in observing him, and finding in him all the Appearances of a real Love.

They talk'd of nothing but *Aurora*, and when they had Dined, Don *Felix* said to *Pacheco*; I have a sudden Thought come into my Head. I have a Mind to go to my Aunt's a little while before you. I'll talk with my Cousin in private, and try to discover how her Heart is disposed towards you. Don *Lewis* liked the Design. He let his Friend go first, and did not set out till an Hour after him. My Mistress made such good Use of this Time, that she was quite dress'd in her Woman's Cloaths, when her Lover came in. I thought, said that Cavalier, after having saluted *Aurora*

and

and the *Duegna*, I shou'd have met Don *Felix* here. You'll see him presently, reply'd *Donna Chimena*; he is now writing in my Closet. *Pacheco* seem'd satisfy'd with this Excuse, and fell into Conversation with the Two Ladies. Yet, notwithstanding the Presence of his Mistress, he found the Hours run away, and no *Mendocia* appear'd. He shew'd some Surprize at this Disappointment, upon which *Aurora*, suddenly changing her Countenance, said laughing to Don *Lewis*: Is it possible that you shou'd never in the least suspect the Trick we have put upon you? Can a false Head of Hair, and whiten'd Eyebrows, make me so different from my self, as to deceive any-body so far as this? Be at length disabused, *Pacheco*, continued she, resuming a serious Tone; know that Don *Felix de Mendocia* and *Aurora de Guzman* are one and the same Person.

She was not contented with having informed him of his Error. She confess'd the Weakness she had for him, and all the Steps she had taken to bring Things to the Condition they were now in. Don *Lewis* was no less charm'd than surprized at what he heard: he threw himself at my Mistress's Feet, and said to her passionately: Ah, beautiful *Aurora*, may I indeed

indeed believe that I am the happy Mortal for whom you have so much Goodness? What can I do to shew my Acknowledgment? An eternal Love is not enough to repay it. These Words were follow'd by a Thousand other tender Sayings, after which the Lovers concerted the Measures they should take to accomplish their Desires. It was resolved that we should instantly set out for *Madrid*, where we should put a Catastrophe to our Play by a Wedding. This Design was almost as soon executed as conceived: Don *Lewis* about a Fortnight afterwards, Marry'd my Mistress, and their Nuptials were celebrated with inexpressible Magnificence and Joy.

CHAP. VII.

Gil Blas quits Aurora's Service, and goes into that of Don Gonzales Pacheco.

THREE Weeks after this Marriage, my Mistress was pleased to reward the Services I had done her. She made me a Present

Present of a Hundred Pistoles, and said to me; My good Friend *Gil Blas*, I don't turn you away; you may stay with me as long as you think fit; but Don *Gonzales Pacheco*, an Uncle of my Husband's, desires to have you for his *Valet de Chambre*. I have given him so good a Character of you, that he begg'd me to make over to him the Right I had in you. He's an old Gentleman, added she, of a very easy Temper, and I believe you'll live very happy in his Service.

I thank'd *Aurora* for her kindness to me; and since she had no further need of me, I accepted of the Place which she offer'd; and I did it the more willingly, because I should not go out of the Family. One Morning, therefore, I went from the new-marry'd Bride to wait upon Signior Don *Gonzales*. I found him a-bed, tho' it was almost Noon. When I enter'd his Chamber, he was eating some Soop, which a Page had just brought him in. The old Man's *Mustachio's* were paper'd up to keep them in Curl; his Eyes look'd like an extinguish'd Candle; and his Face was as lean and pale as a Ghost. He was one of those old batter'd *Blanes*, who having been very loose in their younger Days, do still retain some of their former Fully. He

received me very graciously, and told me, that if I wou'd serve him with as much Zeal as I had served my Niece, he wou'd make my Life very easy. I promised to do so, and from that Moment he made me his *Valet de Chambre*.

And now I have a new Master, but sure such a one as never was seen before. When he got up, I thought I beheld the Resurrection of *Lazarus*. His Body was so macerated, that by only seeing him naked, one might easily have learnt Anatomy. He had such spindle Shanks, that they look'd but very thin, even after he had pull'd on Three or Four Pair of Stockins one over another. Besides, this living Mummy was very Ptisicky, and cough'd at every Word that came out of his Mouth. When he was up, he drank some Chocolate. Afterwards he call'd for Paper and Ink, wrote a Billet, which he Seal'd, and sent away by the Page who had given him his Soup, and then turning to me: Friend, says he, I intend for the future to send you of my Errands, especially of those to *Donna Eufrasia*, who is a young Lady that I love, and who loves me tenderly.

Good Lord! Says I to my self, why shou'd we wonder that the Young Men shou'd fancy themselves Adored, when this

Old Dotard believes himself belov'd? *Gil Blas*, continues he, you shall go with me to see her: I sup there almost every Night; You will be charm'd with her Modest, Discreet Carriage. Far from being like those giddy Jilflirts, who are all for Youth, and are won wholly by Appearances, she is Sage and Judicious; she values a Man for nothing but his Sense; and prefers a Lover that knows how to love indeed, before all the Beaus and Fops in the World. Don *Gonzales* did not end his Mistress's Eulogium here; he described her as a Compendium of all Perfections; but he had an Auditor that was not so easy of Belief upon this Subject. After the Tricks which I knew the Actresses practis'd, I could not think that any old Gentleman was ever happy in his Amours. However, out of complaisance to my Master, I pretended to give credit to all he said. I did more; I cry'd up *Eufrasia*'s good Taste. I was even so impudent as to aver that she cou'd not have fix'd her Choice upon a more amiable Gallant. The good Man did not perceive how I cajoled him; on the contrary, my Words made him vainer than ever, so true it is, that Flattery, tho' never so gross, will go down with the Great.

The old Man, after he had writ his Letter, pull'd some Hairs out of his Beard with a little pair of Pincers: Then he wash'd his Eyes to clear away a thick Gum of which they were full. He also wash'd his Ears, afterwards his Hands, and having finish'd his Ablutions, he black'd over his Mustachios, his Eye-brows and his Hair. He was longer at his Toilet than an Old Woman that is labouring to conceal the Havock which Father Time has made on her. He had hardly done dressing himself out, when there enter'd an old Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who was call'd the Count *de Alvarez*. This Man freely shew'd the Greyness of his Hair, lean'd upon a Stick, and seem'd to do honour to his Age, instead of trying to appear Young. Signior *Pacheco*, said he at his Entrance, I am come to take a Dinner with you. You are extremely welcome, Count, reply'd my Master. At the same time they embraced each other, and being sat down fell to chat till Dinner.

Their Conversation at first turn'd upon a Bull-Feast which there had been a few Days before. They talk'd of the Cavaliers who had distinguish'd themselves in it either by Skill or Strength; and upon this the old Count, like *Nestor*, who took occasion

from

from every thing to praise the Times past, said sighing, Alas! I can now a days see no Men comparable to those I have seen formerly, neither are Tournoys held with so much Magnificence as they were when I was a young Fellow. I cou'd not help laughing to my self at the good Man's Prejudice against a thing he was past. I remember when the Fruit was brought in, and he saw among it some very fine Peaches, he said, In my Memory, Peaches used to be much bigger than they are at present. Nature grows weaker and weaker every Day. At that rate, answers Don *Gonzales* smiling, The Peaches of *Adam*'s Days must have been of a prodigious Bigness.

The Count *de Asumar* stay'd almost till Night with my Master, who was no sooner rid of him than he himself went out, bidding me follow him. We went to *Eufrasia's*, who lodged about a Hundred Paces from our House, and we found her in an Apartment which indeed was extremely Neat. She was very well dress'd, and had an Air of Youthfulness which made me take her for a mere Girl, tho' she had full Thirty good Years over her Head. She might really be call'd handsome, and I soon admired her Wit. She was none of those stirting Coquets, whose Talk is made up of

nothing

nothing but Noise, which they accompany with a loose forward Air; there was abundance of Modesty in her Action as well as in her Discourse, and she talk'd with a great deal of Wit, without seeming to value her self over-much upon it. O Heavens! said I to my self, is it possible, that one who seems so reserved, shou'd be a Kept Mistress. For my part, I used to think that all your Misses must certainly be impudent. I was surprized at seeing one so modest in Appearance, without considering that those Ladies know how to take any Shape that is conformable to the Humour of the Cully that falls into their Clutches. Do their Keepers love Spirit and Life? They are Brisk and Petulant: Do they love Reservedness? They adorn themselves with a Shew of Modesty. They are arrant Cameleons, and change Colour according to the Humour and Genius of the Men that visit them.

Don *Gonzales* was not one of those Gentlemen that love a high-spirited Mistress. He could not endure a haughty Beauty; a Woman to catch him must have the Look of a Vestal. This Temper of his, *Eufrasia* govern'd her self by, and gave a Proof that there are good Actresses besides those that make Acting their Profession. I left my

Master

Master with his Nymph, and went down into a Hall, where I found an old Chamber-Maid, whom I knew again for one that had been a Waiter to an Actress. She on her side remember'd me too. Are you here Signior *Gil Blas*, says she? You have left *Arsenia* then, as I have *Constantia*? Left her, reply'd I! Ay, a great while ago. I have since that served a Woman of Quality. The Life of those Actors does not at all hit my Taste. I quitted *Arsenia* of my own Accord, without condescending to have the least Eclaircisement with her. You did well, reply'd the Chambermaid, whose Name was *Beatrice*; I left *Constantia* much after the same Manner. One Morning I gave her in my Accounts with a great deal of Coldness and Indifference: She receiv'd them without saying one single Syllable, and so we parted very genteely.

I am overjoy'd, says I, to find that we are both now got into creditable Families. *Donna Eufrasia* seems to be a sort of a Woman of Quality, and is, I believe of a very good Character. You are not in the least deceived, reply'd the old Trot: She comes of a very good Family, and her Humour is, I can tell you, extremely even and sweet. She is none of those passionate difficult

ficult Mistresses, who find fault with every thing, are everlastingly scolding and tormenting their Servants, and whole Service is Hell upon Earth. She has not yet given me one angry Word. When I happen to do any thing not exactly to her Mind, she reproves me without Passion, and never gives any of those Epithets, of which some violent Ladies are so over-liberal. My Master too, reply'd I, is of a very quiet Disposition, he is the even-temper'd Man in the World. You and I are in much better Places than when we serv'd the Actresses. Better a thousand times, answer'd *Beatrice*. Then I led a Life full of Noise and Tumult, whereas at present I live in a perfect Retreat. Nothing of Mankind comes hither besides Signior Don *Gonzales*. I shall see no body but you in my Solitude, and I am very glad of it. I have long had a Kindness for you, and have more than once envy'd *Laura* the Happiness of having you for her Lover, but now I hope I shall be as fortunate as she was. If I have not her Youth and Beauty to make amends, I have Coquetry, and for Fidelity, I am a perfect Turtle-Dove.

As the kind-hearted *Beatrice* was one of those Females, who are obliged to offer their

Favours

Favours, because no body thinks it worth while to beg them, I was not in the least tempted to catch at her Advances. However, I was not willing she shou'd perceive my Contempt of her, and therefore I was so complaisant as to talk to her in such a manner as not to deprive her of all Hopes of engaging me to love her. I imagined, I had made a Conquest of this old Waiting-Maid; but I was deceived again on this Occasion. She did not caress me so much for any extraordinary Beauty that was in me; her Design was to inspire me with Love, in order to bring me into her Mistress's Interests, for which she was so zealous that she did not care what it cost her, so she could but serve them. I found my Error the very next Morning, when I carry'd a *Billet-doux* from my Master to *Eufrasia*. Her Ladyship gave me a mighty gracious Reception, said a Thousand obliging Things to me, and the Maid joyn'd in with the Mistress in praising me. One admired my Face, the other my Wisdom and Prudence. Believe them, and Signior Don *Gonzales* possess'd a Treasure in his Valet *de Chambre*; in a word, they gave me such extravagant Commendations, that I began to suspect there was something more in it than ordinary. I soon guess'd the Motive, but

I received

I received all they said with the simplicity of an Idiot, and by that means turn'd the Jest upon themselves: At length they pull'd off the Mask and shew'd themselves in their true Colours.

Take my Advice, *Gil Blas*, says *Eufrasia*, and it shall be your own Fault if you don't make your Fortune. Let us all act in concert. Don *Gonzales* is Old, and of so crazy a State of Health, that the least Fit of Illness, with the Assistance of a good Doctor will carry him off. Let us make good use of the few Moments he has to live, and work him up to leave me the Bulk of his Estate. I will give you good part of it. I promise you to do it, and you may depend upon this Promise as firmly as if it were made in the presence of all the Notaries in *Madrid*. Madam, answer'd I, dispose of your Servant as you please. Do but let me know what you would have me do, and I'll engage to satisfy you. Well, then, reply'd she, watch your Master narrowly, and give me an Account of every thing he does. Whenever you talk with him, be sure to turn the Conversation upon Women, and from thence take occasion artfully to commend me. Cry up *Eufrasia* to him as much as you are able: Then I would have you attentively mind

every

every Thing that passes in the Family of the *Pachecos*. If you find that any Kinsman of Don *Gonsales* is very assiduous about him, and has an Eye to his Estate, let me know it immediately. I desire no more. I'll soon do his Business for him. I know the Characters of all your Master's Relations, and how to make them ridiculous to him: And I have already put all his Nephews and Cousins quite out of his Favour.

By these Instructions, and others which *Eufrasia* added, I guess'd that this Lady was one of those who traded in old Cullies. She had not long since prevail'd upon Don *Gonsales* to sell an Estate, the Purchase Money whereof she swept into her own Pocket. She every Day got something valuable from him; and hoped, besides, that he would not forget her in his Will. I pretended my self very willing to do any Thing she desired of me, and, not to lye for the Matter, was in some Doubt, as I went Home, whether I should help to cozen my Master, or try to undeceive him about his Mistress: The latter seem'd the honester Resolution, and I found my self more inclined to do my Duty than betray it. Besides, *Eufrasia* had promised me nothing certainly, and that perhaps was the

Rea-

Reason my Fidelity was not corrupted. I resolved therefore to serve Don *Gonzales* zealously, and was persuaded that if I cou'd bring him off from his Idol, I shou'd be better rewarded for so good an Action, than for the ill ones which it was in my Power to do.

To compass this Design I feign'd my self entirely devoted to Donna *Eufrasia*'s Service. I made her believe I was always talking of her to my Master, and thereupon told her a Thousand Lies, which she greedily swallow'd. I so well insinuated my self into her good Opinion, that she thought me wholly in her Interests. That better to impose upon her, I pretended I love to *Beatrice*, who, overjoy'd to have a Young Man in her Chains at her Age, never in the least suspected that I put upon her. When my Master and I were with our Princesses, you might have seen two very different Pictures, tho' both of the same Kind. Don *Gonzales*, pale and shrivel'd as I have described him, when he took Sheeps Eyes at his Mistress, look'd just like a Man that was giving up the Ghost: And my sweet Creature, whenever I grew passionate, assumed a childish Air, and run over all the Grimaces of an old Cloquet: And indeed she was Forty Years old the

least

least Penny. She had improved mightily in the Service of some of those Heroines of Gallantry, who know how to please even in their old Age, and who dye, laden with the Spoils of Two or Three Generations. I was not contented with going to *Eufrasia*'s every Night with my Master, I went sometimes in the day-time by my self. But go to her House at what Hour I would, I cou'd never see any Thing of a Man there, nor even a Woman that look'd suspiciously. I cou'd not discover the least Footsteps of Infidelity in her: Which surprized me not a little; for I cou'd not believe that so handsome a Woman was strictly constant to Don *Gonzales*. I was not deceived in my Opinion; and the beautiful *Eufrasia*, as you shall soon be inform'd, that she might wait for my Master's Death with the more Patience, had provided her self of a Lover whose Age was more suitable to her own.

One Morning I carried a Note to her as usual. While I was in her Chamber, I spied the Feet of a Man hidden behind the Hangings. I went out again without letting her see that I had minded it: But tho' it was no more than I ought to have expected, and was besides no Bread and Butter of mine, I could not help being disturb'd at it. Ah,

perfi-

perfidious, said I to my self, wicked *Eufrasia*! Not contented to impose upon a good old Man, by pretending to love him, must you also entertain another, to compleat your Treachery! What a Fool was I to argue in this Manner? I shou'd rather have laugh'd at the Adventure, and look'd upon it as a Compensation for the Loathsomeness there was in the Embraces of my Master. At least, I had better have said nothing of the Matter, than taken this Opportunity to shew my self an honest Servant. But instead of moderating my Zeal, I enter'd warmly into Don *Gonzales*'s Interests, and made him a faithful Relation of what I had seen. To this I added the Temptations *Eufrasia* had offer'd, in order to seduce me. I conceal'd nothing from him that she had said to me; and it was entirely his own Fault that he did not see thoroughly into his Mistress's Character. He was astonish'd with what he heard, and a little Transport of Anger made me fancy that her Ladyship wou'd not escape unpunish'd for her Infidelity. 'Tis enough *Gil Blas*, says he to me; I am very sensible of the Zeal with which you serve me, and I highly approve of it. I will go this Moment to *Eufrasia*. I will not spare her in the least, but break with her for ever. At

these

these Words, he went to her indeed, and gave me leave to stay behind, that I might avoid the scurvy Figure I must infallibly have made in the Scene of their Expostulation.

I waited for my Master's Return with the greatest Impatience in the World. I did not doubt but he wou'd now be entirely freed from the Power of his Nymph's Attractions, having such just Reason to be provoked with her. In this Thought, I rejoiced mightily at what I had done. I represented to my self the Satisfaction it wou'd be to the Lawful Heirs of Don *Gonzales*, when they shou'd be inform'd that their Kinsman was no longer a Slave to a Passion so contrary to their Interests. I flatter'd my self how much they wou'd be obliged to me for this Service, and I fancy'd I should be distinguished far above all other Valets, who are generally more willing to keep their Masters in Debauchery than to work them out of it. I was mighty fond of Honour, and imagined with great Pleasure that I shou'd be reckon'd the very *Coryphæus* of Servants: But all these agreeable Ideas vanish'd away in Smoke a few Hours afterwards. My Master return'd. My good *Gil Blas*, says he, I have had a sharp Conflict with *Eufrasia*.

She

She avers that what you have told me is all false. If I would believe her, you are an Impostor, and devoted entirely to my Relations, for whose Sake you are resolved to try all Means to set me at Variance with her. I say her shed unfeigned Tears. She swore to me by every Thing sacred, that she never made you any Proposals, and that she admits of no Man's Visits but my own. *Beatrice*, who seems a very honest Woman, protested the same Thing to me; so that my Anger is appeased, do all I can.

How, Sir, interrupted I, very much dejected, do you doubt my Sincerity? Do you distrust——— No, my good Lad, interrupted he in his Turn, I must needs do you Justice. I don't think you are in League with my Nephews. I am persuaded you are concern'd only for my Interests, and I am therefore very much obliged to you; but Appearances are deceitful; perhaps you did not really see what you fancy'd you saw, and in that Case consider how displeasing your Accusation must be to me. But——— Be it as it will, she is a Woman I can't possibly help Loving. I must unavoidably make her the Sacrifice she demands of me, and that Sacrifice is parting with you. I am very sorry for it, *Gil Blas*, continu'd he, and I assure you I did not consent to do it with-

without a great deal of Regret: But I can't tell how to help it. You need not, however, be very uneasy at it, for I don't mean to turn you off unrewarded. Besides, I will place you with a Lady of my Acquaintance, where you will live very agreeably.

I was very much mortified to see the Tables turn'd upon me in this Manner. I curs'd *Eufrasia*, and pity'd Don *Gonzales*'s Weakness. The good old Gentleman was very sensible that in turning me away only to please his Mistress, he perform'd no very manly Action; and therefore, to make amends for his Folly, and sweeten the Pill a little, he gave me Fifty Ducats, and carry'd me next Day to the Marchioness of *Chaves*. He told that Lady in my Presence, that I was a young Fellow of very good Qualities; that he lov'd me very much, and being obliged to part with me for some Family Reasons, begg'd her to take me into her Service. From that Moment she received me into the Number of her Domesticks: So that I presently saw a new House over my Head.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Character of the Marchioness of Chaves, *and the Persons that commonly visited there.*

THE Marchioness of *Chaves* was a Widow about Five and Thirty Years old, Handsome, Tall and Well-shaped. She had an Estate of Ten Thousand Ducats *per Ann.* and had no Children. I never saw a Woman more serious, or that talk'd less. Yet she was accounted one of the wittiest Ladies in all *Madrid*. The great Concourse of Persons of Quality, and Men of Letters, that flock'd thither every Day, contributed, perhaps more than her own Conversation, to gain her that Repute. However, I shan't presume to decide what it was. I shall only say, that her very Name carried along with it the Notion of a Superior Genius, and that her House was call'd, by way of Distinction, The Court of Judicature for Productions of Wit.

And indeed, there was either a Play, or some other Poem, read there every Day. But none besides serious Pieces cou'd get Au-

Audience here. Comick Writings were look'd upon with Contempt. The best Comedy, or the most diverting Romance, was thought but a very weak Performance, not worthy of any Praise; whereas the least Work if Serious, an Ode, an Eclogue, a Sonnet, was judged as the greatest Effort of Humane Wit. It often happen'd that the Publick did not confirm the Decrees of the Court, and impolitely hiss'd the Pieces which had been there cry'd up to the Skies.

I was Chamber-Keeper in this House, I mean it was my Business to prepare every Thing in my Mistress's Apartment for the Reception of the Company, to set Chairs for the Men, and Stools for the Women: After which I stood at the Door of the Chamber to tell my Mistress who enquired for her, and to introduce the Visitants. The first Day I was in my Post, the Governor of the Pages, who by chance was then in the Antichamber with me, agreeably gave me the Character of every Body that came. His Name was *Andrew Molina*. He was naturally Flegmatick, a mighty Rallier, and did not want for Wit. A Bishop was the first that made his Entry. When he was gone in; This Prelate, says the Governor, is of a very odd Character. He

has ſome little Intereſt at Court; but he wou'd fain have you believe he has a vaſt deal. He makes Offers of Service to all the World, and ſerves no Body. One Day he met a Gentleman at Court, who ſaluted him: He ſtops him, loads him with Compliments, and ſhaking him by the Hand: I am, Sir, ſays he, entirely devoted to you. I beg you wou'd but try me. I ſhall not dye contented, if I have not ſome Opportunity of obliging you. The Gentleman thank'd him in a very grateful Manner; and when his Back was turn'd, the Prelate ſaid to one of her Servants; I think I know that Man. I have a confuſed Idea of having ſeen him ſomewhere before.

A Moment after the Biſhop, the Son of a Grandee appear'd; and when I had introduced him into my Miſtreſs's Chamber; This Gentleman, ſays *Molina*, is another Original. He often goes into a Houſe in order to talk with the Maſter of it about ſome important Affair, and comes out again without remembering to ſay a Word concerning it. But added the Governor, ſeeing two Women coming in, here comes Donna *Angela de Penaſiel*, and Donna *Margarita de Montalvan*. Theſe Two Ladies are not at all like one another. Donna *Mar-*

Margarita ſets up for a Philoſopher. She'll hold you a Diſpute with the learned'ſt Doctor in *Salamanca*, and never recede an Inch from her Argument let him puſh her never ſo Home. As for Donna *Angela*, ſhe does not pretend to Scholarſhip, tho' ſhe is extremely well educated. She talks juſtly, her Thoughts are ingenious, her Expreſſions delicate, choice and natural. This laſt Character is very amiable, ſays I to *Molina*; but the other does not in my Opinion agree in the leaſt with the Nature of the Fair Sex. 'Tis true, ſays he ſmiling, but there are ſome of ours whoſe Philoſophy ſits full as ill upon them. Our Miſtreſs, continued he, is a little given to Philoſophy; What Diſputations ſhall we have here by and by! Pray Heaven, Religion do not come into the Scrape.

As he ended theſe Words, there comes in a little thin Man, with a mighty grave crabbed Look. My Governor gave him no more Quarter than the reſt. This, ſays he, is one of thoſe ſerious Gentlemen, who by means of a few Sentences out of *Seneca*, wou'd fain paſs for prodigious Genius's, but who are no better than Sots and Pedants, if you look farther into them. Afterwards came a Cavalier very genteel, and of a *Greek* Mein, that is, one who ſeem'd to be

mighty well pleaſed with himſelf. I aſk'd who it was. This, ſays *Molina*, is a Dramatick Poet: he has in his Life-time made a Hundred Thouſand Verſes that have not got him a Groat; but, to make amends for that, he has lately with ſix Lines of Proſe, made his Fortune at one Clap.

As I was about to deſire him to explain this Riddle, we heard a great Noiſe upon the Stair-caſe. Oh, cry's the Governor, here comes the Licentiate *Campanario*. You may know him by the Buſtle he makes before he appears. He begins to talk the Moment he enters the Doors, and never gives over till he goes out again. Indeed, we were almoſt ſtunn'd with the eternal Larum of the Licentiate, who enter'd the Antichamber with a Batchelor of Arts of his Acquaintance; and never gave his Tongue the leaſt Intermiſſion till the Viſit was ended. Signior *Campanario*, ſays I to *Molina*, is, I ſuppoſe, a very great Wit. Ay, replies my Governor, he has ſometimes very Brillant Thoughts, and out-of-the-way Expreſſions. He is good Company enough. But then, beſides his being an everlaſting Talker, he is often forced to repeat what he has ſaid before, or elſe he'd be ſometimes at a loſs for Prate; to tell you my Mind,

Mind, I fancy the Comical Look with which he seasons every Thing, is the greatest Part of his Merit. There are very few of his Sayings wou'd do well in a Jest Book.

There afterwards came several other Persons, whom *Molina* described to me in the same Manner. He did not forget to give me the Marchioness's Picture among the rest. Our Mistress, says he, has a good deal of Sense, notwithstanding her Philosophy. She is not very hard to please, which makes her Service agreeable and easy. She is one of the most reasonable Women of Quality that I know. She has no Manner of Passion. She loves Play no more than she does Gallantry: Her whole Pleasure is in Conversation. Few Ladies wou'd like to live as she does. This *Elogium* gave me a mighty good Opinion of my Mistress. Yet, a few Days afterwards I cou'd not help suspecting that she was not quite so averse to Love as he described her to be; and the Cause of my Suspicion was this.

One Morning, while she was at her Toilet, there comes to me a little Man about Forty Years Old; he was the most disagreeable Figure I ever saw in my Life; more greasy than *Pedro de Moya* the Au-

thor, and extremely hump-back'd into the bargain. He told me he wanted to ſpeak with her Ladiſhip. I aſk'd him who he came from. From no body, reply'd he ſternly. Tell her I am the Cavalier about whom ſhe talk'd with Donna *Anna de Velaſco* Yeſterday. I deſired him to walk in, and then went to tell my Miſtreſs Who was there. The Marchioneſs burſt out immediately into an Exclamation, and in a Tranſport of Joy, bid me bring him in. She not only received him favourably, but obliged all her Women to leave the Room; ſo that my Lord Crump, more happy than a Man of Merit, remain'd with her alone. The Maids and I cou'd not help laughing at this Adventure: He ſtay'd with her almoſt an Hour, after which my Miſtreſs waited upon him out with ſuch Civility and Compliment as ſhew'd ſhe was wondrouſly pleas'd with him.

And indeed ſhe had taken ſuch a liking to his Converſation, that at Night ſhe ſaid to me in private: *Gil Blas*, when the Hump-back'd Gentleman comes again, bring him up to my Apartment as privately as ever you can. I obey'd. When the little Cavalier came next, which was the very Morning following, I carry'd him into my Lady's Chamber by a back Pair of Stairs.

I ve-

I very piously did the same Thing two or three Times, without imagining there cou'd be any Gallantry between them Two. But the Malignity so natural to Mankind, soon gave me strange Fancies, and I concluded that the Marchioness had either very odd Inclinations, or else this Spark was a Sort of a Go-between.

In this Opinion I often said to my self: If my Mistress is in love with any handsome Gentleman, I forgive her: But if she can like such a nasty Baboon as this Fellow, her Depravation of Taste is unpardonable. How much I was out in my Conjecture! The little Man it seems was a Pretender to Magick, and having been mightily cry'd up to the Marchioness, who was easily bubbled by such sort of Quacks, she was extreamly desirous of talking with him in private. He shew'd Things in a Glass, and for Money reveal'd all the Mysteries of the *Cabala*; or, to speak more truly, he was a Juggler that maintain'd himself at the Expence of credulous People, and by the Contributions of several foolish Women of Quality.

CHAP. IX.

What Accident obliged Gil Blas *to leave the Marchioness* de Chaves, *and the Course he took afterwards.*

I Had now lived Six Months with the Marchioness *de Chaves*, and I own I was very well satisfy'd with my Condition. But Fate, which must be obey'd, would not suffer me to stay any longer in the Family of that Lady, nor even at *Madrid*. The Adventure which obliged me to leave both was as follows.

Among my Mistress's Women there was one whose Name was *Porcia*. She was not only young and handsome, but of so good a Character, that I was resolved to make my Addresses to her, not knowing her Heart was to be disputed for before it was won. The *Marchioness*'s Secretary, a proud jealous-pated Coxcomb, was in love with my Goddess. He no sooner discover'd my Passion, than without trying to find out how *Porcia* received it, he resolved to fight me. With this Intent he challenged

longed me to meet him one Morning in a very private Place. As he was a short Man, and hardly reach'd up to my Shoulder, I did not look upon him as an Adversary at all to be fear'd: I repair'd boldly therefore to the Field of Battle. I was confident of gaining the Victory, and hoped it wou'd make me more agreeable in the Eyes of *Porcia*: But the Event did not answer my Expectations. The little Secretary, who had been three Years at the Fencing-School, disarm'd me in a Moment, as if I had been a mere Infant, and putting his Sword to my Throat: Prepare your self, says he, to die this Instant, or give me your Word of Honour, never to think any more of *Porcia*, and to leave the *Marchioness*'s House this very Day. I made him the Promise he demanded, and kept it without Regret. I was ashamed to appear again before my Fellow-Servants, after having been so shamefully defeated, and particularly before the beautiful *Helen*, who had been the Subject of our Dispute. I went Home to fetch my Money and Cloaths, and directed my Steps towards *Toledo* that very Day; my Purse very well furnish'd, and my Back laden with a Bundle, consisting of what few Things I had. Tho' I was not under any Obligation to

leave *Madrid*, yet I thought 'twou'd be best to do so, at least for a few Years. I form'd a Resolution of travelling over all *Spain*, and staying a little while at every Town. The Money I am Master of, says I to my self, will go a great way. I won't lay it out profusely. And when 'tis gone, I can but return to Service. A Man of my Capacity need not fear getting Places enow, whenever he thinks fit to look out for them.

I had a particular Desire to see *Toledo*. I arrived there in Three Days. I took a Lodging in a very good Inn, where I pass'd for a Cavalier of Figure, by means of the fine Cloaths I wore, and the Airs I gave my self. I might, if I pleased, have had Affairs with several handsome Women that lived in the Neighbourhood; but knowing that such Things were very chargeable, I put a Bridle upon my Desires; and having always an itch for rambling, after I had seen every Thing in *Toledo*, that is worth the Sight, I left it one Day very early in the Morning, and took the Road to *Cuenca*, with a Design to go to *Arragon*. On the second Day, I went into an Inn which I saw on the Road, and while I was refreshing my self, there came in a Company of *Alguazils*.

These

These Gentlemen call'd for Wine, and fell to Drinking. Whilst they were at this agreeable Diversion, I heard them describe a young Man whom they had Orders to Arrest. The Cavalier, says one of them, is not above Three and Twenty. He has long Black Hair, a *Roman* Nose, is well-shaped, and rides upon a Bay Horse.

I heard them, without seeming at all to mind what they said, and indeed, it was none of my Business. I left them in the Inn, and continued my Journey. I was hardly got half a Mile further, when I met a young Cavalier very genteel, and mounted upon a Chestnut-Colour Horse. I'll be hang'd, says I to my self, if this is not the Man the *Alguazils* are in quest of. He has long Black Hair, and a *Roman* Nose. Perhaps I may do him a good Office. Sir, says I, give me leave to ask you if you have not upon your Hands some Affair of Honour. The young Man look'd at me without making any Reply, and seem'd very much surprized at my Question. I assured him it was not Curiosity only, that made me so impertinent. He was thoroughly convinced it was not, when I had told him what I heard in the Inn. Generous Stranger, says he, I can't help owning to you that I have Cause to

believe

believe it is me the *Alguazils* are searching for. Therefore I'll immediately take some other Road to avoid them. 'Tis my Advice, reply'd I, that we seek out some Place where you may be in Safety, and which may shelter us both from a Storm of Rain which I see in the Air, and which looks as if it wou'd soon fall. At the same Time we reach'd a Row of thick-spreading Trees, which led us to the Foot of a Mountain, where we found a Hermitage.

It was a large deep *Grotto*, which Time had made in the Mountain, and to which the Hand of Man had added a sort of a Front, made of Stones and Shells, and cover'd all over with Turf. The Ground all about it was embroider'd with a Thousand sorts of Flowers, which Perfumed the Air, and near the *Grotto* there was a little Opening, out of which gush'd a Spring of Water that ran in Streams all along a Meadow. At the Entry of this solitary Lodging, stood a Holy Hermit, who seem'd depress'd with extreme old Age. With one Hand he lean'd upon a Stick, and in the other he held a Rosary, of at least Twenty Strings of large Beads. His Head was bury'd in a Cap of brown Cloth with long Ears to it, and his Beard, which was whiter than Snow, fell down to his

his Girdle. We went up to him: Father, says I, permit us to beg a Shelter of you against the Storm which threatens us. Come in, my Children, reply'd the *Anchoret*, after having look'd wistly upon me: This Hermitage is open to you, and you may stay in it as long as you please. As for your Horse, added he, shewing us the Out-front of the Cell, it will stand there very dry. The Cavalier who was with me, put his Horse where he was directed, and we follow'd the Hermit into the *Grotto*.

We were no sooner got in, than there fell a great Shower of Rain, mix'd with a terrible Storm of Lightning and Thunder. The Hermit fell upon his Knees before an Image of St. *Pacome*, which was fasten'd to the Wall, and we, following his Example, did the same. The Thunder soon gave over. We got up; but as the Rain continued, and Night was not very far off, the old Man said to us: Children, I would not advise you to continue your Journey through so much Rain, unless your Affairs are very pressing. We answer'd, that we had none to hinder us from staying there, and that if we did not incommode him, we should be glad to pass the Night in his

Hermi-

Hermitage. You won't in the leaſt incommode me, reply'd the Hermit. You will be the Perſons moſt uneaſy. You will have but an ill Lodging, and I have no better than an Anchoret's Repaſt to offer you.

After having ſaid this, the holy Man made us ſit down at a little Table, and preſenting us ſome Onions, with a Morſel of Bread, and a Jug of Water: My Sons, ſays he, you ſee my Ordinary Suſtenance; but for your ſake I will indulge my ſelf a little to Day. With this he fetch'd out a Slice of Cheeſe, and two Handful of Nuts, which he ſpread upon the Table. The Young Gentleman, who had no great Appetite, did not praiſe this Food much by his eating. I ſee, ſays the Hermit, you have been uſed to far better Tables than mine; or, to ſpeak more properly, Senſuality has corrupted your natural Taſte. I have lived in the World, as you do now. The moſt delicious Meats, the moſt exquiſite Ragouts were hardly good enough for me; but ſince I have lived in this ſolitary Courſe of Life, I have reſtored my Taſte to its original Purity. I have no *guſto* now for any Thing but Roots, Milk, and the Fruits of the Earth; in a word, for

nothing

nothing but what our first Fathers lived upon.

While he was thus speaking, the young Gentleman fell into a deep musing. The Hermit perceived it: My Son, says he, you have something lies heavy upon your Mind, May not I know what it is? Unbosom your self to me. It is not Curiosity that induces me to press you thus. I do it out of pure Charity. My Age enables me to give Advice, and perhaps your Circumstances stand in need of it. Yes, Father, reply'd the Cavalier sighing, I have too surely need of it, and since you are so kind as to offer me yours, I will take it. I dare say I may safely venture to discover my self to so Holy a Man as you are. You may do it, my Son, said the old Man, without any Apprehension. I am not used to reveal any Secrets that are intrusted to me. With this Assurance the Cavalier begun in these Words.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The History of Don Alphonso, *and the beautiful* Seraphina.

I shall hide nothing from you, Father, nor from this Gentleman. After the Generosity he has shew'd me, I shou'd be the most ungrateful Man upon Earth to distrust him. I'll relate to you all my Misfortunes. I am of *Madrid*, and my Origin is this: An Officer of the *German* Guard, call'd the *Baron de Steinbach*, as he was going into his own House one Night, perceived at the Foot of the Staircase a Bundle of white Linnen. He took it up and carry'd it into his Wife's Apartment, where he found it to be a new-born Child, wrapt up in a very neat Toilet, with a Note, which declared that it belong'd to Persons of Quality, who wou'd some time or other make themselves known, adding, that it had been Baptized, and was named *Alphonso*. I am that unhappy Child, and that is all I know of my Birth. I know not but that my Mother may have exposed me to conceal her unlawful Amours; or else, being seduced by a per-

perjured Lover, was fatally engaged in the cruel neceſſity of diſowning me.

However it be, the Baron and his Wife were moved at my Fortune, and having no Children, reſolved to bring me up by the Name of Don *Alphonſo*. In proportion as I advanced in Years their Kindneſs for me increaſed. My innocent endearing Actions made them be every Moment careſſing me. In ſhort, I was ſo happy as to gain their Love. They had me taught by all ſorts of Maſters. My Education became their only Study; and far from being impatient to have my Parents diſcover themſelves, they ſeem'd rather to wiſh that my Birth might always remain a Secret. As ſoon as the Baron ſaw me of an Age fit to bear Arms, he put me into the Service. He obtain'd a Colours for me, gave me a ſuitable Equipage, and to encourage me to ſearch out Opportunities of acquiring Glory, he repreſented to me that the Race of Honour was free to all the World, and that I might gain in War a Name ſo much the more glorious, as I ſhou'd owe it to nothing but my own Merit. At the ſame time he reveal'd to me the Secret of my Birth, which till then he had kept hid from me. As I paſs'd in *Madrid* for his Son, and did really take my ſelf to be ſuch, this Diſcovery gave me a great

great deal of Uneasiness. I cannot think of it even yet without Shame. The more my Sentiments assure me that I am of a noble Descent, the more Confusion it gives me to reflect, that I am abandon'd by my Parents.

I went to serve in *Flanders*, but a Peace was concluded soon afterwards; and *Spain* having no more Enemies to deal with, I return'd to *Madrid*, where the Baron and his Lady gave me fresh Marks of Tenderness. I had been return'd about Two Months, when one Morning a little Page came into my Chamber, and deliver'd me a Letter, written, if I forget not, in these Words: *I am neither ugly nor ill-shaped, and yet you often see me at my Window without taking any Notice of me. This Proceeding suits ill with the Gallantry of your Looks, and I am so vex'd at it, that to be revenged I should be glad to make you in love with me.*

When I had read this Billet, I did not doubt but it came from a Widow named *Leonora*, who lodged over against our House, and who had the Reputation of being a very great Coquet. I ask'd the little Page whether I had guess'd right? At first he acted the Reserved, but for a Ducat which I clapt into his Hand he satisfy'd

my

my Curiosity. He even undertook to give her my Answer, in which I told his Mistress that I acknowledged my Crime, and that I found she was already half revenged.

I own I was a little taken with this sort of Courtship. I did not go out all Day, but was very careful to stand at my Window to watch the Lady, who did not fail to be at her's. I express'd my self to her by Gestures. She answer'd them, and the very next Day sent me Word by her little Page, that if I wou'd be in the Street that Night between Eleven and Twelve I might talk with her at her Parlour Window. Tho' I was not mightily smitten with so forward a Widow, yet I returned her a very passionate Answer, and waited for Night with as much impatience as if I had been really in Love. When it came, I went to walk in the *Prado* till the Hour of Appointment. I was no sooner got thither, than a Man, mounted upon a fine Horse, alighted by me, and accosting me very roughly: Cavalier, says he, are not you the Son of Baron *Steinbach*? I am, answer'd I. You are he then, that are to talk with *Leonora* to Night at her Window? I have seen her Letters and your Answers. Her Page shew'd them me all, and I have follow'd you from your House hither, to teach you

that

that you have a Rival who scorns to have you dispute a Heart with him. I need say no more. We are here private enough. Draw, unless to avoid your Punishment you promise to break entirely with *Leonora*. Sacrifice to my Demands the Hopes you have conceived, or you dye this Moment. You shou'd have begg'd this Sacrifice, said I, and not have demanded it in so haughty a manner. I might have granted it to your Request; but to your Threats I refuse it flatly.

Well then, said he, having tyed up his Horse, the Sword must decide it. It does not become a Person of my Quality to descend so low as to beg any thing of one of yours. Some of my Equals, if they were in my Place, would be revenged of you in a less honourable Manner. These last Words mock'd me very much; and seeing that he had already drawn his Sword, I drew mine too. We fought with so much rage that the Controversy was soon decided. Whether he engaged me with too much Fury, or I had most Skill, I soon gave him a mortal Wound: I saw him stagger and fall. After this, thinking of nothing but how to make my Escape, I took the Horse he came upon, and turn'd into the Road that leads to *Toledo*. I durst

durſt not go back to the Baron *de Steinbach*, becauſe I knew this Accident wou'd only afflict him; and when I conſider'd the Danger I was in, I thought I cou'd not get from *Madrid* ſoon enough.

With theſe, and other melancholy Reflections, I travell'd all the reſt of the Night and next Morning. But about Noon I was forced to ſtop to give my Horſe ſome Reſt, and to avoid the Heat which grew inſupportable. I ſtaid in a Village till Sun ſet. After which having a mind to get to *Toledo* without baiting any more, I continued my Journey. I was come Two Leagues beyond *Illeſcas*, when about Midnight a Storm, like this to day, caught me in the Middle of a Field. I rode up to the Walls of a Garden which I ſpy'd at ſome diſtance, and not finding any better ſhelter, ſtood with my Horſe as cloſe as ever I cou'd to the Door of a Summer-houſe which was at the End of a Wall, and over which was a Balcony. As I lean'd againſt the Door I found that it was open, which I aſcribed to the Negligence of the Servants. I alighted, and leſs out of Curioſity than to be out of the Rain, (which was very troubleſome notwithſtanding the Balcony that was over my Head) I enter'd into the Sum-

mer-

mer-house with my Horse which I led by the Bridle.

During the Storm I took notice of the Place where I was; and tho' I cou'd see nothing of it but by the help of the Lightning, yet I found that the House must certainly belong to no mean Person. I waited till the Rain should give over, that I might be moving forward; but a great Light which I perceived a pretty way farther, made me take other Resolutions. I left my Horse in the Summer-House, and to secure him shut the Door. I advanced towards the Light, hoping to find somebody up in the House, that I might beg a Lodging there for that Night. Having gone thro' several Allees of Trees, I came to a Hall, the Door of which was likewise open. I went in, and having by means of a noble Crystal Branch, lighted up, which hung in the midst, observed that this House was very magnificent, I did not doubt but it belong'd to some Person of Quality. The Pavement was of Marble; the Wainscot admirably well wrought and artfully gilt, and the Cieling seem'd to be the work of the skilfullest Painters. But what I observed most particularly, was a great Number of Busts of *Spanish* Heroes, which stood all round the Hall upon little Pedestals of *Jasper.*

ſper. I had full time to take particular notice of all theſe things, for tho' I liſten'd very attentively, I cou'd not hear any body ſtirring.

On one ſide of the Hall there was a Door which ſtood upon the Jar. I puſh'd it open and ſaw a long Row of Chambers which had not the leaſt Light in any but the laſt. What ſhall I do now, ſaid I to my ſelf? Shall I go back to my Horſe, or be ſo bold as to venture quite to that Room? I thought indeed that the wiſeſt thing I cou'd do was to go back; but I could not reſiſt my Curioſity, or rather the Force of my Stars, which hurried me along in ſpite of my Reaſon. I advance: I go through all the Rooms, and at length come to that in which there was a Candle burning upon a Marble Table in a Silver Candleſtick gilt. The Furniture was all extremely Noble and Elegant; but my Eyes were ſoon drawn off from that, when looking upon a Bed that had the Curtains half open becauſe of the Heat, I ſaw a young Lady, who notwithſtanding the Noiſe of the Thunder, which was very dreadful, was bury'd in a profound Sleep. I ſtept ſoftly towards her, and by the Light which was in the Room, diſcover'd ſuch Features, and ſuch a Complexion as ſurprized me with Wonder. My

Spirits

Spirits were all diſorder'd at the Sight of ſo much Beauty. I ſoon found how deeply I was ſmitten; but whatever Conſtraint I put upon my ſelf, the Opinion I had of the Nobleneſs of her Blood hinder'd me from forming a raſh Thought; and my Reſpect got the better of my Paſſion. While I was indulging in the Pleaſure of viewing her, ſhe awaked.

You may eaſily imagine how much ſhe was ſurprized at ſeeing a ſtrange Man in her Chamber in the Dead of Night. She gave a loud Cry the Moment ſhe ſaw me. I endeavour'd to appeaſe her, and ſetting one Knee to Earth: Madam, ſaid I, be not afraid. I do not come hither to injure you. I was going on; but ſhe was in ſuch a Fright, that ſhe did not hear me. She call'd her Women, and no body anſwering her, took a Night-Gown which lay upon her Bed, jumps out and runs thro' all the Apartments which I had come in by, calling to her Maids and a younger Siſter who was under her Care. I every moment expected to ſee all the Servants upon me, and to be puniſh'd without ſo much as being heard; but by good Fortune, no body came, at all her Calling, but an old Man, who cou'd have given her no great Aſſiſtance if there had been any Danger. However,

However, being somewhat encouraged by his Presence, she ask'd me sternly who I was, and how I durst break into her House. Upon this I began to justify my self: but I had no sooner told her that I found the Summer-house Door open, than she cry'd out: Good Heavens! What a Misfortune do I suspect?

Saying this, she took the Candle off the Table and ran over every Room in the House, but could find neither her Sister nor any of her Women. She observ'd too that they had carry'd off all their Things. Then her Suspicions appear'd but too certain: She came to me with a great deal of Anger: Traytor, says she, don't add Hypocrisy to your Villany. It was not by chance you got into the House. You belong to Don *Fernando de Leyva*, and have a Hand in his Treachery. But don't hope to escape, I have still People enow left to seize you. Madam, answer'd I, do not confound me among your Enemies. I don't so much as know Don *Fernando*, neither did I ever see you before this Accident. I am an unhappy Wretch driven from *Madrid* by an Affair of Honour; and I swear by all that's Sacred, that had I not been catcht in the Rain, I shou'd never have set foot into your House. Instead of thinking me an

Accomplice in offending you, believe me rather desirous to revenge your Cause. These last Words, and the manner in which I pronounced them, appeased the Lady, who no longer look'd upon me as an Enemy; but if she dismist her Anger, it was only to give the greater vent to her Grief. She wept bitterly. I was moved with her Tears, and was no less afflicted than her self, tho' I did not yet know the Cause of her Sorrow. I was not contented with only joyning with her in her Grief; impatient to revenge her Injuries, I was seized with a sort of Fury: Madam, cryed I, what wrong have you received? Speak. I espouse your Cause. Wou'd you have me pursue Don *Fernando*, and pierce him to the Heart? Name me all those you wou'd sacrifice to your Resentment. Give me your Commands. Whatever Dangers, whatever Misfortunes lye in the way, this Stranger, whom you suspect for an Accomplice of your Enemies, will gladly run thro' them all for your sake.

This Transport surprized the Lady, and stop'd the Course of her Tears. Ah, Sir, cry'd she, ascribe that Suspicion to the Condition I am in. These generous Offers have undeceived *Seraphina*. They even hinder me from being ashamed of having a Stranger

ger witneſs to the Affront which is done my Family. Yes, Sir, I own my Fault, and do not refuſe your Aſſiſtance. But the Death of Don *Fernando* is not what I ask. Well then, Madam, reply'd I, what other Service can I do you? Sir, reply'd *Seraphina*, the Injury I have received is this: Don *Fernando de Leyva* is in Love with my Siſter *Julia*, whom he ſaw by chance at *Toledo*, where we generally reſide. About Three Months ago, he ask'd her in Marriage of the Count *de Polan* my Father, who refuſed his Conſent, becauſe of an ancient Enmity which has been between our Families. My Siſter is not yet Fifteen. She has certainly been ſo weak as to follow the pernicious Advice of my Women, whom Don *Fernando* has corrupted; and that Cavalier, being inform'd that we were by our ſelves in this Country-houſe, has taken the Opportunity to run away with *Julia*. I wou'd at leaſt know whither he has carry'd her, that my Father and Brother, who have been Two Months at *Madrid*, may take their Meaſures accordingly. For Heaven's ſake, added ſhe, take the pains to ſearch all the Country about *Toledo*. Let my Family be indebted to you for this Piece of Service.

The Lady did not consider that the Employment she allotted me was by no means proper for one who could not get out of *Castile* too fast; But how shou'd she think of that when I my self forgot it? Charm'd with the Happiness of being necessary to the most amiable Woman in the World, I gladly accepted of the Commission, and promised to acquit my self of it with as much Zeal as Dispatch. And in effect, I did not defer the Execution of my Promise even so long as till 'twas Day. I that Moment left *Seraphina*, begging her to forgive the Fright I had put her into, and assuring her she should quickly hear from me. I went out the same way I came in, but with my Thoughts so full of the Lady, that it was but too plain I was deeply in Love. I perceived it too by the Joy with which I served her, and the amorous Chimæras I form'd in my Mind. I fancy'd that *Seraphina*, tho' plung'd in Grief, might have observed my growing Love, and perhaps observed it with some little Pleasure: And I imagined, that if I cou'd bring her certain News of her Sister, and this Affair shou'd come to a happy Conclusion, the whole Honour of it would be mine.

Here Don *Alphonso* interrupted the Thread of his Story, and said to the old Hermit:

Hermit: I beg you wou'd pardon me, Father, if my Passion makes me dwell upon Circumstances, which without doubt seem tedious to You. No, no, Son, reply'd the Anchoret, not at all. I am rather glad I know how far you are taken with this young Lady, because I shall the better know how to give you Advice.

With my Head full of these vain Imaginations, continued the young Gentleman, I was Two Days together upon the hunt after *Julia*'s Ravisher; but notwithstanding all my Diligence I could not find the least Footstep of him. Very much mortify'd to see all my Care so fruitless, I return'd to *Seraphina*, whom I fear'd I should find in the greatest Uneasiness. But she was more calm than I could hope. She told me she had been more successful than I; that she knew what was become of her Sister; that she had received a Letter from Don *Fernando* himself, wherein he told her, that after having been privately Marry'd to *Julia*, he had placed her in a Convent at *Toledo*. I have sent his Letter to my Father, added *Seraphina*, I hope this Business will be concluded to our Wishes, and a solemn Marriage put an end to the Hatred which has so long divided our Families.

When she had told me this, she spoke of the Trouble she had given me, and the Danger she had imprudently exposed me to, in desiring me to pursue a Ravisher, without considering I had told her that an Affair of Honour obliged me to fly my Country. She made Excuses for this Fault in the most obliging Terms. As I wanted some Repose, she carry'd me into a Parlour, where we both sate down. She had on a Night-gown of white Taffety striped with Black, with a little Hat of the same Silk adorn'd with black Feathers, which made me suppose she was a Widow. But she seem'd so young, that I hardly knew how to think her so. If I was desirous to be inform'd about her Condition, she was no less curious to know who I was. She begg'd me to tell her my Name; because, she said, my Noble Mien, and especially the generous Pity I had shewn for her Concerns, made her almost sure that I was of some considerable Family. The Question perplex'd me, I blush'd and was confounded; but thinking it less shameful to lye than to own the Truth, I answer'd that I was the Son of the Baron *de Sternbach*, an Officer in the *German* Guard. And what is the Affair which obliges you to leave *Madrid*, said she? I may venture to promise

miſe you what Intereſt either my Father or Brother Don *Gaſpard* have at Court. This is the leaſt I can do for a Gentleman, who to ſerve me has neglected even the care of his own Life. I did not at all ſcruple to relate to her the whole Circumſtances of my Duel. She blamed very much the Man I had kill'd, and promiſed me the Interceſſion of all her Family.

When I had ſatisfy'd her Curioſity, I deſired her to do the ſame by mine. I ask'd her if her Faith were engaged or free. 'Tis now Three Years, reply'd ſhe, ſince my Father obliged me to Marry Don *Diego de Lara*, and I have been a Widow Fifteen Months. Madam, ſaid I, what Misfortune deprived you of your Husband ſo ſoon? I will tell you, Sir, anſwer'd the Lady, in return of the Confidence you have repoſed in me.

Don *Diego de Lara*, continued ſhe, was a very fine Gentleman; but tho' he had a violent Paſſion for me, and put in practiſe to pleaſe me, all the Arts which the moſt tender Lover can think of to make himſelf agreeable to the Woman he loves; in ſhort, tho' he had a Thouſand good Qualities he could not touch my Heart. Love is not always the Effect of long Aſſiduity or well-known Merit; but

alas! added she, one that we do not know often enchants us at the first sight. I cou'd not therefore love him. I was more confounded than charm'd with the Marks of his Passion; and if I sometimes in secret accused my self of Ingratitude, I cou'd not help thinking that I too was very much to be pity'd. To his Torment and my own, his Delicacy exceeded his Love. From the minutest Words or Actions he construed my most private Thoughts. He was every moment complaining of my Indifference; and thought himself the more unhappy in not being able to win my Heart, because he knew that no Rival had prevented him in the Conquest; for I was hardly yet Sixteen, and before he made his Addresses to me, he had been in fee with all my Women, who assured him that no body else had been beforehand with him in my Affection. Yes, *Seraphina*, wou'd he often say to me, I cou'd wish you were prepossess'd in favour of some other, provided that were the only Cause of your Coldness to me. My Tenderness and your Virtue wou'd triumph over such a Passion; but I now despair of winning your Heart, since all the Love I have shew'd you has had no manner of Effect upon it. Being weary of hearing the same things so often repeated,

I told

I told him that instead of troubling his own Repose and mine by too much Delicacy, he had better leave it to time. And indeed, at my Age I was not very capable of tasting the Refinements of so delicate a Passion, and Don *Diego* would have done very well to have taken my Advice; but at a whole Year's End, finding himself just where he was at first, he lost all Patience or rather all Reason; and pretending to have an important Affair at Court, he went to *Flanders* a Volunteer, and soon obtain'd what he desir'd, namely, the End of his Life and Miseries.

After the Lady had made me this Relation, our Discourse turn'd upon the singular Character of her Husband. We were interrupted by the Arrival of a Messenger who delivered to *Serafina* a Letter from the Count *de Polan*. She begg'd leave of me to read it, and I observ'd that as she read it she trembled and grew pale. After having finish'd it, she lifted up her Eyes to Heaven, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and in a Moment her Cheeks were drown'd in Tears. I could not see her Grief without Uneasiness. I began to be troubled, and as if I had foreseen the Misfortune which was approaching, a deadly Ice ran froze up all my Spirits. What is it, Madam, said I with a great deal

of Emotion, may I ask what new Calamity that Note acquaints you with? There, Sir, answer'd *Seraphina* mournfully, and giving me the Letter; do you your self read what my Father says to me. Alas! you are but too nearly concerned in it.

I took the Letter trembling, and read these Words in it.

YOur Brother, Don Gaspard, *fought a Duel Yesterday in the* Prado. *He received a mortal Wound, of which he died this Day; and he declared at his Death that the Gentleman who kill'd him is Son to the Baron de* Steinbach, *an Officer in the* German *Guard. To add to my Sorrow, the Murtherer is escaped me. He is fled; but let him hide himself where he will, I don't doubt discovering him. I am now writing to some Governors who won't fail to seize him, if he passes through any Town in their Jurisdiction, and by this means I hope to stop up all the Roads he can possibly take.*

Count de PODAN.

I leave you to judge what Disorder this Letter threw me into. I remain'd for some Moments without either Sense or Motion. I consider'd what an irreparable Blow the Death of her Brother gave to all my Hopes.

This

This Thought run me to Deſpair. I threw my ſelf at *Seraphina*'s Feet, and offering her my naked Sword: Madam, ſaid I, ſave your Father the Trouble of purſuing a Man, who may elſe eſcape his ſtricteſt Search. Do you your ſelf revenge your Brother. Sacrifice to him his Murtherer with your own Hand. Strike. Let this very Sword which deprived him of Life, become fatal to his wretched Enemy. Sir, reply'd *Seraphina* ſomething moved at this Action, I loved Don *Gaſpard*. Tho' you kill'd him fairly, and he pull'd his Death upon himſelf, yet you muſt needs believe I join with my Father in his Reſentment. Yes, Don *Alphonſo*, I am your Enemy, and will perform every thing that the Friendſhip I owed my Brother requires of me. But I will not take Advantage of your ill Fortune, notwithſtanding it delivers you into my Hands. If Honour arms me againſt you, it at the ſame time forbids me revenging my ſelf baſely. The Rights of Hoſpitality ought to be inviolable, and I will not repay the Services you have done me, with taking away your Life. Fly, and if poſſible eſcape our Purſuit and the Rigour of the Laws, and ſave your Head from the Danger that threatens it.

What,

What, Madam, reply'd I, have it you in your Power to revenge your self, and do you appeal to the Laws which perhaps will deceive your Resentment? Ah! Pierce a Wretch that does not deserve your Pity. No, Madam, do not observe so noble and generous a Proceeding towards me. Do you know who I am? All *Madrid* believes me the Son of the Baron *de Steinbach*, and I am only a Creature he has brought up out of Compassion. Nay, I do not so much as know who are my Parents. No Matter interrupted *Seraphina* with Precipitation, as if these last Words had given her fresh Uneasiness, were you the very Out-cast of Mankind, I wou'd do what Honour commands me. Well then, Madam, said I, since not even a Brother's Death will provoke you to shed my Blood, I will stir up your Hatred by a new Crime, the Boldness of which I hope you will never excuse. I adore you. I cou'd not behold your Charms without being struck with them, and spite of the Obscurity of my Birth I entertain'd Hopes of seeing you mine. I was so far in Love, or rather besotted, as to flatter my self that Heaven, which perhaps does me a Kindness in concealing my Family from me, wou'd one Day reveal it, and that I might without

Blush-

Blushing discover my Name to you. After so bold a Confession as this, will you still scruple to punish me?

This Presumption, answer'd the Lady, wou'd certainly have offended me at any other time; but now I ascribe it to the Disorder you are in. Once more therefore, Don *Alphonso*, added she, shedding some Tears, be gone. Fly from a House which you fill with Mourning: Every Moment you stay here increases my Disturbance. I no longer disobey, Madam, reply'd I rising. I must avoid your Sight. But do not imagine I shall be so careful of a Life which you abhor, as to endeavour to find a Place where I may lye conceal'd. No, I am wholly devoted to your Resentment. I will go to *Toledo* and impatiently wait there for the Destiny you shall please to allott me, and by delivering my self up to your Pursuits, hasten as much as possible the End of all my Miseries.

Having said this, I retired. My Horse was given me, and I went streait to *Toledo*, where I stay'd Eight Days, and where indeed I took so little Care to hide my self, that I wonder I was not seized; for I cannot believe the Count *de Polan*, who had been so careful to shut up all the Roads against me, should have no manner of Suspi-

Suspicion of my being at *Toledo*. At length, Yesterday I left that City, where I seem'd to be weary of being at Liberty, and without minding where I went, am come to this Hermitage, like a Man that had nothing to fear. This, Father, is what makes me melancholly. I beg you to assist me with your Advice.

CHAP. XI.

Who the old Hermit appear'd to be, and how Gil Blas *found that he was among his old Acquaintance.*

WHEN Don *Alphonso* had ended the melancholy Relation of his Misfortunes, the old Hermit said to him: My Son, you were very imprudent in staying so long at *Toledo*. I look with another Eye upon every thing else that you have told me. Your Love for *Seraphina* is mere Madness. I would have you by all means endeavour to forget that Lady, since she can never be yours. Do not think to oppose the Obstacles which part you from her, but yield to your Stars, which

which ſeem to promiſe you Adventures enow. No doubt you will meet with ſome young Lady or other, who will make the ſame Impreſſion upon you, and whoſe Averſion you will not have incurr'd by killing a Brother.

He was going to proceed in his Exhortations to Don *Alphonſo*, when there enter'd the Hermitage, another Hermit laden with a Wallet ſoundly ſtuff'd. He had been making a plentiful Gathering of Alms in the City of *Cuenca*. He ſeem'd younger than his Companion, and had a very thick red Beard. Welcome, Brother *Anthony*, ſaid the old Anchoret, what News from Town? Bad enough of all conſcience, reply'd Brother Sorrel-pate, giving him a Paper done up in form of a Letter; that Note will inform you further: The old Man open'd it, and having read it with all the Attention it deſerved, cry'd out: God be praiſed for every thing! Since the Plot's diſcover'd, we muſt take our courſe. Let us now talk in another Stile, continued he: Signior Don *Alphonſo*, you behold a Man, who like your ſelf, is the Foot-ball of Fortune. I hear from *Cuenca*, which is a Town about a League off, that ſomebody has blacken'd me to the Magiſtracy, and that the Rabble of Serjeants, Alguazils

and

and Archers, are to set out to morrow to lay hold of my Worship in this Hermitage. But they will hardly find the Hare in her Form. This is not the first time I have been in the like Perplexity: But, thank God! I have generally brought my self off like a Man of Wit and Contrivance. I must now appear in a new Shape; for, let me look how I will, I am no more an old Man than I am a Saint.

Having said this, he pull'd off his long Gown, and underneath it appear'd a Wastcoat of black Serge, with the Sleeves cut. Then he pull'd off his Cap, untied a Pack-thread which held on his false Beard, and took the Shape of a Man of about eight and twenty or thirty Year old. Brother *Anthony*, after his Example, threw off his Hermit's Dress, pull'd off his red Beard in the same manner as his Companion, and took out of an old wooden Box a short shabby Cassock which he put on. But imagine my Surprize when in the Person of the old *Anchoret*, I saw Signior Don *Raphael*, and in Brother *Anthony*, my dear trusty *Valet Ambrose de Lamela*. Heyboys! cry'd I; I find I am among old Acquaintance. You are so, Signior *Gil Blas*, said Don *Raphael*, laughing; you have here met with a couple of your

Friends

Friends, when you least expected it. I own you have some little Reason to complain of us; but forget what is past, and let us return Thanks to Heaven for bringing us together again. *Ambrose* and my self are entirely at your Devotion, and our Services are not so very contemptible. Don't look upon us as Rogues and Villains. We neither bid any-body stand upon the Highway, nor commit Murther. We only endeavour to live at other People's Expence; and if Stealing is an unjust Action, Necessity in some manner diminishes the Crime. Associate your self with us, and live a wandering Life. I can tell you 'tis very pleasant, when one knows how to manage himself with Prudence. 'Tis true, in spite of all our Prudence, a long Chain of secondary Causes does now and then bring upon us a few unlucky Businesses: But, no matter; we meet with good Successes, more than enough to outballance that. We are accustomed to Change of Weather, and Variety of Fortune.

Signior Cavalier, continued the false Hermit, speaking to Don *Alphonso*, we make you the same Offer, and I don't think you ought to refuse it in the Circumstances you seem to be in; for not to speak of the Affair which obliges you to conceal your

ſelf, I date ſay you are not Maſter of a great deal of ready Caſh. No really, ſaid Don *Alphonſo*, and that, I own, increaſes my Uneaſineſs. Well then, replied Don *Raphael*, joyn with us: You can't do better. You ſhall want nothing, and we'll engage to fruſtr te all the Purſuits of your Enemies. We are ſo uſed to rambling, that we are acquainted with every Inch of Ground throughout *Spain*. We know all the Woods, Mountains, and other Places where a Man may be ſafe from the Brutality of Juſtice. Don *Alphonſo* thank'd them for their good Will; and being indeed without either Money or Refuge, reſolved to accompany them. I came into the ſame Deſign, becauſe I did not care to quit that young Man, for whom I found in my ſelf a very great Kindneſs and Affection.

We all four agreed to go together, and not to part. It was afterwards deliberated whether we ſhou'd begin our Travels immediately, or firſt have a Stroke or two at a Veſſel full of excellent Wine, which Brother *Anthony* had brought the Day before from *Cuenca*: But *Raphael*, who had more Experience in theſe Affairs than any of us, repreſented that we ſhou'd firſt of all take care of our Perſons; that we had better travel all Night in order to get

to

to a very thick Wood, which was between *Villardesa* and *Almodabar*; that there we might halt, and spend the Day in Rest and Quietness. This Opinion was follow'd. The false Hermits made a couple of Bundles of what Things and Provisions they had there, and put them like Panniers upon Don *Alphonso*'s Horse. This being done with very great dispatch, we began to be jogging away from the Hermitage, leaving to Justice the two Hermits Gowns, with the white Beard and the red Beard, two little Beds, a Table, a nasty rotten Box, two old matted Chairs, and the Image of St. *Pacomo*.

We travell'd all that Night, and began to grow very weary, when at break of Day we saw the Woods to which we directed our Steps. The Sight of Port gives new Vigour to Mariners fatigued with a long Voyage. We redoubled our Speed, and came at length to the End of our Stage before Sun-rise. We pierced into the thickest of the Wood, and stopp'd in a very agreeable Place, upon a green Spot of Grass, surrounded by several large Oaks, whose interwoven Branches form'd a Shade which the Sun in its greatest Heat, was not able to break through. We unbridled the Horse, after we had unloaded him, to let him

him feed. We sat down. We took out of Brother *Anthony*'s Wallet, some great Pieces of Bread, with several Bits of roasted Meat, and to it we fell, as if we try'd who cou'd eat fastest. Yet, tho' our Appetite was very poignant, we made it be contented to stay a little now and then, while we attack'd the Wine, which never stood still, but pass'd round incessantly from one to t'other.

When we had finish'd our Meal, Don *Raphael* said to Don *Alphonso*: Signor Cavalier, after the Confidence you have repos'd in me, it is but just I tell you the Story of my Life with the same Freedom. I shall hear it with a great deal of Pleasure, said the young Gentleman: And as for me, cry'd I, I am impatient to know your Adventures. I dare say they are very curious. So they are, I can promise you, reply'd *Raphael*, and I intend to Write them when I am grown old; but I am young as yet, and willing to swell the Volume a little bigger. But we are all fatigued. Let us take a Nap for an Hour or two. While we three sleep, *Ambrose* will be upon the Watch, for fear of some Surprize, and then he may sleep in his turn. Tho' I believe we are very safe in this Place, yet 'tis good to be upon one's Guard. Having said this,

and

this, he ſtretch'd himſelf out upon the Graſs. Don *Alphonſo* did the ſame, and *Lamela* ſtood Centinel.

Don *Alphonſo*, inſtead of taking his Repoſe, fell to ruminating upon his Misfortunes, and I, for my part, could not ſleep a wink. As for Don *Raphael*, he ſoon fell to ſnoring. But he waked an Hour afterwards, and ſeeing us in a readineſs to liſten to him, he ſaid to *Lamela*: Friend *Ambroſe*, you may now have your Nap, if you have a mind to it. No, no, reply'd *Lamela*; I am not at all diſpoſed to Sleep, and tho' I already know every Action of your whole Life, yet they are ſo inſtructive for Men of our Profeſſion, that I cannot hear them too often. Don *Raphael*, therefore, immediately began the Story of his Life in theſe Terms:

CHAP.

M THE

THE HISTORY OF GIL BLAS OF SANTILLANE.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

The Story of Don Raphael.

MY Mother was a Player at *Madrid*; fam'd for her active Qualifications, but much more for her passive: Her Name was *Lucinda*. As for a Father, I shou'd be very bold, to say it was this or that Man. A cer-

A certain Person of Quality was indeed in love with my Mother at the time of my Birth; but to fix upon that date, would be no convincing Proof that he was the Author of my Birth. A Woman of my Mother's Profession is so little to be trusted, that at the very time when she seems to have all the Fondness in the World for her Keeper, 'tis a hundred to one she finds him a Journeyman for his Money.

There's nothing like setting one's self above Scandal. *Lucinda*, instead of bringing me up at home in Obscurity, took me by the Hand, and without any Ceremony led me to the Play-house; not troubling her Head in the least about People's Talk. In short, I was fondl'd and caress'd by all the Men that came to the House. Perhaps 'twas because they thought they had a hand in getting me.

I was suffer'd to spend the first twelve Years of my Life in all manner of Idleness. They scarce taught me to write and read; much less to know the Principles of Religion. All I learnt was to Dance, Sing, and play on the Guitarr. This was the Sum of my Qualifications, when the Marquis *de Leganez* would needs have me to be with an only Son of his, a Youth much about my Age. *Lucinda* readily yielded

to

to it, and then it was I began to have serious Thoughts. The Young Gentleman was no greater a Proficient than my self: he was not cut out for a Philosopher. He cou'd hardly say his Christ-cross-row, tho' he had had a Preceptor Fifteen Months. His other Masters made no better a Hand on't: He quite tir'd them out. They were not suffer'd to use any Severities with him: they were order'd to instruct him, but not lay a Finger on him; and this Prohibition, join'd to little Master's natural Indisposition to Science, render'd all their Endeavours perfectly abortive.

But the Preceptor hit upon a pretty Expedient to frighten the Young Lord without contravening his Father's Orders. He took a Resolution to whip Me, forsooth, whenever young *Leganez* deserv'd the Rod; nor did he fail to do as he resolv'd. I did not at all relish this Expedient of his. So I ran away, and complain'd to my Mother of so unjust Treatment. Whatever natural Fondness she had for me, she was so discreet, as not to be overcome by my Tears: and esteeming it a great Advantage for her Son to live with the Marquis of *Leganez*, she had me presently carry'd back. And now you see me once again in

the

the Preceptor's Clutches! The good Man finding his Stratagem had produced a good Effect, went on in his old Trade of flogging me instead of my Lord, and, in order to make the deeper Impression upon his Lordship, he laid it on upon my Worship thick and threefold. Poor Pilgarlick went to pot once a Day to be sure. I can safely say my young Master did not learn one Letter of the Alphabet but what cost me a hundred Lashes at the least; judge you how much his Grammar stood me in.

Whipping was not the only Mortification I was to endure in this Family: As I was known to every body, the meaneſt of the Servants, the very Scullions, twitted me in the teeth about my Birth. This so vex'd me, that one Day I e'en bruſh'd off with what Ready-money I met with belonging to the Preceptor: It might amount to about a hundred and fifty *Ducats*: And thus I reveng'd my ſelf for the undeſerved Jerkings he had given me. This Trick, tho' 'twas the firſt I ever try'd my Hand at, I manag'd with a great deal of Subtilty; and had the Cunning to elude the ſtrict Search that was made for me two Days running. I haſten'd from *Madrid*, and went to *Toledo*, without ſeeing any-body at my Heels.

I was then entring into my fifteenth Year. O what a Pleasure 'tis to be, at that Age, independant, Lord of one's self, accountable to none, like the first Man in Paradise alone! I scrap'd Acquaintance with some young Fellows, who took me in, and soon help'd me off with my *Ducats*. I afterwards associated my self with the Knights of the Industry, who so well cultivated my happy Dispositions, that in a short time I was at the head of that Noble Order. At five Years end, the toy took me i'th' Head to travel. I took leave of my Comrades, and being desirous to begin my Travels through *Estremadura*, I set my Face towards *Alcantara*, but e'er I got thither, an occasion offer'd of exercising my Talents, and I did not let it slip. Being a-foot, and loaded too with a plaguy heavy Knapsack, I stopt every now and then to rest me under the Trees, which invited me with their shady Boughs at some little Distance from the Road.

I found a couple of young Striplings conversing very pleasantly together, and taking the fresh Air upon the Green Grass. I saluted them with abundance of Civility, and enter'd into Discourse with them, which they did not seem at all displeased with. The oldest of the two was not fifteen.

fifteen. They were very frank with me: Signior Cavalier, ſaid the youngeſt to me, we are Sons of two rich Citizens in *Placentia*. We are very deſirous to ſee the Kingdom of *Portugal*, and to ſatisfy our Curioſity, have made bold to borrow each of us a hundred *Piſtoles* of his Father. Tho' we go afoot, this Money will carry us a great way, as we ſhall manage it. What think you? If I had as much, ſaid I, I ſhould know no end of my Travels. I wou'd ſee every Quarter of the World. The Deuce! two hundred *Piſtoles*! Why 'tis an immenſe Sum of Money. 'Twill laſt you for ever. If you've a mind to it, Gentlemen, adds I, I'll do my ſelf the Honour to accompany you as far as the City of *Almerin*, where I am going to take Poſſeſſion of the Goods and Chattels of an Uncle who went and ſettled there about twenty Years ſince.

My young Cits told me they ſhou'd be very glad of my Company. Therefore when we had reſted our ſelves a little, we directed our march to *Alcantara*, whither we arrived long before Night. We went to a very good Inn. We ask'd for a Room, and they ſhew'd us one wherein was a Cloſet which had a Lock and Key to it. We order'd Supper, and while it was

getting ready, I propoſed to go take a little Walk in the Town. They readily agreed. We lock'd up our Knap-ſacks in the Cloſet, of which one of the Cits took the Key, and out we went. We look'd into ſeveral of the Churches, and while we were in the greateſt, I pretend d ſuddenly to have forgot a very important piece of Buſineſs. Gentlemen, ſaid I to my Comrades, I have this Moment bethought my ſelf that a Friend of mine at *Toledo*, charged me to deliver a certain Meſſage to a Tradeſman that lives near this Church. I beg you'd ſtay for me here. I'll be back in a Moment. With this I left them. I run to the Inn; fly to the Cloſet; force open the Lock, and ſearching in the Knapſacks of my young Sparks, find all their Piſtoles. Poor Souls! I did not leave them one to pay for their Lodging. After this, I made all the Haſte I cou'd out of the Town, and took the Road to *Merida*, without troubling my Head about what became of them.

This Adventure enabled me to travel very agreeably. Tho' young, I found my ſelf capable of managing prudently. I may ſay, that for my Age, I was as apt as any-body. I turn'd my Knapſack into a Port-mantle, and began to take a little more

more upon me. The third Day I overtook a Man who was singing Vespers very heartily in the open Road. I guess'd him presently to be a Chanter, and thereupon said to him: Courage, Signior Batchelor, you sing well. I find your Heart's upon your Business. Signior, reply'd he, I am a Chanter at your Service, and I am willing to exercise my Voice, for fear of losing it.

In this manner we enter'd into Conversation. I soon perceived that I was got in Company with a very witty Fellow, and a boon Companion I warrant him. He was about four or five and twenty. He being afoot, I rid but slowly, that I might have his Company. Among other things, we talk'd of *Toledo*. I know that City perfectly well, said the Chanter; I have lived there a considerable time. I have some good hearty Friends there too. In what part of *Toledo* did you live, interrupted I? In the new Street, answer'd he, I lodged with Don *Vincent de Buena Garra*, Don *Mathias de Cordel*, and two or three other honest Cavaliers. We slept, we eat together, and past away the Time very agreeably. These Words surprized me, for you must observe, that these Gentlemen were the very Sharpers I had quitted at *Toledo*.

Signior Chanter, cry'd I, these very Gentlemen are all of my Acquaintance, and I my self have lived with them in the *New-Street*. I understand you, reply'd he, smiling; I suppose then that you were a Member of the Society since the three Years I have quitted it. Yes, reply'd I, I have just left those Cavaliers, because I have a mighty itch for travelling. I intend to make the tour of all *Spain*. I shall be a greater Master of my Business when I have more Experience. Certainly, said he, the best way to perfect one self, is to travel. That's the Reason too why I left *Toledo*, tho' I spent my Time there very agreeably. I return Thanks to Heaven, continued he, for throwing in my Way a Knight of my own Order, when I least expected it. Let us joyn our Forces, and travel together: Let us make Irruptions into the Purse of our Neighbour, and catch hold of all Occasions that offer, to exercise our Talents.

He made this Proposal so heartily, and with so good a Grace, that I immediately accepted it. He won my Confidence entirely, by giving me his. We open'd our Hearts to one another. I gave him an Account of my Adventures, and he frankly told me his. He inform'd me that he came

came from *Portalegro*, from whence a piece of Knavery which unluckily happen'd to be discover'd, obliged him to remove with all the haste he cou'd, under that Disguise. After he had given me a full Relation of his Affairs, we resolved to go try our Fortune at *Merida*, there give some Proof of our Skill, and then be gone somewhere else. From that Moment our Goods became common between us both. 'Tis true, *Mirales*, which was the Name of my Companion, was in no very flowing Circumstances. All he had was five or six *Ducats*, and a few Things which he carry'd in a Wallet; but if I was richer than himself in Ready-Money, he was more consummate than I in the Art of Sharping. We rode upon my Mule by Turns, and arrived in this manner at *Merida*.

We stopt at an Inn in the Suburbs, where my Comrade took out of his Wallet a Suit of Cloaths, which he had no sooner put on, than we went out to see the Town, and to look out for a Job. We took Notice of every thing we saw. *Homer* wou'd have compared us to two Kites preying about in the Fields for Birds which they might make a Prey of. In short, we beg'd Fortune, to give us some Opportunity of employing our Industry, wh n

ſuddenly we ſpy'd in the Street a Cavalier, grey with Age, who was fighting Sword in Hand with three Men that puſh'd him vigorouſly. This unequal Combat ſhock'd us, and as I naturally love Fighting, I flew to the Aſſiſtance of the old Man. *Morales* follow'd my Example. We charged the Cavalier's three Adverſaries, and ſoon put them to Flight.

The old Man return'd us a Million of Thanks. We are extremely glad, ſaid I, that we were here ſo luckily to help you: But pray let us know at leaſt whom we have been ſo fortunate as to ſerve; and do us the favour to inform us why thoſe Three Men would have murthered you? Gentlemen, reply'd he, I am too much obliged to you to refuſe to ſatisfy your Curioſity. My Name is *Jerome de Moyadas*, and I live in this Town upon what I have. One of thoſe Aſſaſſins is a Lover of my Daughter's. He ask'd her of me a few Days ago, and becauſe I refuſed him my Conſent, he attack'd me thus, haply to be revenged. May one be ſo bold as to enquire, reply'd I, what was the Reaſon of your refuſing this Cavalier your Daughter? I will tell you, ſaid he, I had a Brother a Merchant here in this Town, his Name was *Auſtin*. About Two Months ago being at *Calatra-*

va, he lodged in the House of *Juan Velez de la Menbrilla*, his Correspondent. They were intimate Friends; and my Brother, to strengthen their Friendship more than ever, promised *Florentina*, my only Daughter to his Correspondents Son, not doubting but I wou'd stand to his Promise. And indeed, my Brother being return'd to *Merida*, had no sooner named this Match to me, than for his sake I agreed to it. He sent *Florentina*'s Picture to *Calatrava*; but Alas! he had not the satisfaction of finishing the Work he had begun; he dy'd about Three Weeks ago. Upon his Death-bed he beg'd me not to dispose of my Daughter to any but the Son of his Correspondent. I promis'd him I would not; and this is the Reason why I wou'd not give *Florentina* to the Cavalier who just now attack'd me, tho' else he wou'd be a very advantageous Match. My Word is my Bond; I expect the Son of *Juan Velez de Menbrilla* here every Day that he may have my Daughter, tho' I never yet saw him any more than his Father. I hope you'll excuse the Tediousness of this Story, continued *Jerome de Moyadas*, with which I should not have troubled you, if you had not desired it.

I liſten'd very attentively to this Relation, and having hit upon a Deſign which I was mightily tickled with, I affected a great Amazement. I lifted up my Eyes to Heaven. Then turning to the old Man I ſaid in a pathetic Tone: Ah! Signor *de Moyadas*, is it poſſible that at my very Arrival to *Merida*, I ſhould be ſo happy as to ſave my Father-in-Law's Life? Theſe Words ſtrangely ſurpriz'd the Old Man, and *Morales* no leſs, who teſtify'd by his Countenance that he thought me a very extraordinary Knave. What do I hear, reply'd the old Man? Is it poſſible you ſhou'd be the Son of my Brother's Correſpondent? Yes, Signior *Jerome de Moyadas*, reply'd I very impudently, and throwing my Arms about his Neck, I am the happy Mortal for whom the adorable *Florentina* is decreed. But before I ſhew the Joy it gives me to be ally'd to your Family, permit me to ſhed in your Boſom the Tears which the Memory of your Brother *Auſtin* brings afreſh to my Eyes. I ſhou'd be the moſt ungrateful Wretch upon Earth, if I were not deeply concern'd for the Death of a Man to whom I owe the whole Happineſs of my Life. With this I again embraced the good Man, and put Finger in Eye as to wipe away my Tears. *Morales*, who

ſoon

soon conceived the Advantage we might make of this Business did not fail to second me. He made as if he were my Valet, and began to grieve with me for the Death of Signior *Austin*. Ah! Signior *Jerome*, cry'd he, what a Loss you have had in that Brother of yours? The honestest Man! The very Phœnix of Merchants, a disinterested Merchant, an honest Merchant, a Merchant that has left few behind him that can compare with him.

The Man we had to deal with was simple and credulous: far from suspecting any Roguery, he put a helping Hand to the Plot. Why, said he, did not you come directly to my House? I wonder you would go to lodge in an Inn. What need was there of Ceremony between us Two? Sir, said *Morales*, taking upon himself to speak for me, my Master hates to be rude. Besides, he is very excusable for not caring to be seen by you in the Condition he is in at present. We were robb'd by the way. All our Things in general were taken from us. My Man tells you nothing but the Truth, Signior *de Moyadas*, interrupted I. This Accident was the reason I did not come to your House. I durst not appear in this Dress before a Mistress who has not yet seen me, and therefore I waited for the re-

turn

turn of a Servant whom I have ſent to *Calatrava*. Pugh, ſays the old Man, this ought not to have hinder'd you from lodging in my Houſe; but I am reſolved now not to go home without you.

Having ſaid this, the old Man carried me to his Houſe; but in the way thither we talk'd of the pretended Robbery I had met with; I told him that what grieved me moſt was my having loſt *Florentina*'s Picture among the reſt of my Things. Upon this the good Man ſaid laughing, that this Loſs was eaſily repair'd, and that the Original was better than the Copy. The Moment we were come to his Houſe, he call'd his Daughter, who was not above Sixteen, and was extremely handſome: You ſee the Wife, ſaid he, that my Brother promiſed you. Ah, Signior! cry'd I, with a paſſionate Air, you need not tell me that this is the charming *Florentina*. That beautiful Face is deeply engraved in my Memory, but much more in my Heart. If the Picture, I have loſt, which was only a weak Sketch of all theſe Charms, cou'd enflame me ſo violently, judge what Tranſports I muſt feel now! This Flattery is too great, ſaid *Florentina*; neither am I vain enough to imagine I deſerve it. Well, I'll leave you to your Compliments, interrupted the Fa-

ther.

ther. At the ſame time he left me alone with his Daughter, and taking *Morales* aſide: Friend, ſaid he, you have loſt all your Things you tell me; and your Money without doubt among the reſt? Yes, Sir, reply'd my Comrade, I don't know how many Banditti ſet upon us near *Caſtil-Blazo*, and left us nothing but the Cloaths upon our Backs; but we ſhall ſoon receive ſome Bills of Exchange which will put us in *ſtatu quo*.

But till thoſe Letters of Exchange arrive, anſwer'd the old Man, pulling out his Purſe, here's a Hundred Piſtoles for you. Oh! Sir, cry'd *Morales*, my Maſter will never take them. You don't know him I find. No, no, he is very cautious in Caſh Affairs. He is none of your young Heirs, that ſo they have but Money don't care how they come by it. He don't love to run in Debt. He had rather beg Alms than borrow a Farthing. I am glad to hear it, ſaid the good Man; I like him the better. I hate to ſee People load themſelves with Debts. But your Quality will do it, and ſo 'tis in vain to talk. I won't force your Maſter in any thing againſt his Inclinations; if, as you ſay, it is an Affront to offer him Money, let it paſs. With this he was putting up his Purſe into his

Pocket,

Pocket, but my Companion held his Arm. Stay, Signior *de Mojadas*, said he, whatever Averſion my Maſter may have for borrowing, I don't deſpair to get him to accept of your Hundred Piſtoles. He only hates to borrow of Strangers. He is not ſo ſcrupulous among his own Family. Nay, of his Father he can beg what Money he wants as well as any body. He knows how to make Diſtinctions; and you know, Sir, he is to look upon you as a ſecond Father.

By this means *Morales* got Poſſeſſion of the Purſe of the Old Man, who came back to us, and found his Daughter and my ſelf engaged in Compliments. He interrupted us. He told *Florentina* the Obligation he lay under to me, and return'd me Thanks in Terms which ſhew'd what a grateful Senſe he had of it. I catch'd at this Opportunity. I told him that the greateſt Mark of Acknowledgment he cou'd ſhew me, was to haſten my Marriage with his Daughter. He yielded kindly to my Impatience. And aſſured me, that in three Days at utmoſt, I ſhou'd be *Florentina*'s Huſband, and that inſtead of the ſix thouſand *Ducats* he had promiſed for her Portion, he wou'd give me ten, to let me ſee how deeply he was affected with the Service I had done him.

Thus

Thus *Morales* and I were treated at the good Man's House like Lords, and had besides the agreeable Prospect of fingering Ten Thousand Ducats, with which we proposed to leave *Merida* as fast as possible. But a Spice of Fear disturb'd this Joy in some measure: We dreaded, lest before the Three Days were at an end, the true Son of *Juan Velez de la Membrilla*, shou'd come and cross all our good Fortune. This Fear was not ill-grounded. The very next Day a sort of a Peasant came to *Moyada*'s House. I was not then at home, but my Comrade was. Signior, said the Peasant to the old Man, I belong to the Gentleman of *Calatrava*, who is to be your Son-in-law, I mean Signior *Pedro de Membrilla*. We are just now arrived. He will be here in a Moment. I came before to give you notice. He had hardly done speaking when his Master appear'd: Which very much surprized the old Man, and put poor *Morales* to a Non-plus.

Pedro was a very handsome Young Man. He address'd his Speech to the Father of *Florentina*: But the good Man did not give him time to finish what he had begun to say: he turn'd to my Companion, Prithee now, says he, what does all this mean? Then *Morales*, who cou'd boast of

as

as good an Assurance as e'er a Man alive, put on a confident Look, and said to the old Gentleman: Sir, these two Fellows belong to the Gang that unharness'd us upon the Road. I know them again perfectly well, particularly him who has the Impudence to call himself the Son of Signior *Juan Velez de Monbrilla*. The good Man believed *Morales*, and being persuaded that these New-comers were Rogues, he said to them: Faith, Gentlemen, you are come too late; *Pedro de Monbrilla* is here before you. He has lodged in my House ever since Yesterday. Have a care what you say, answer'd the Young Man of *Calatrava*. That *Pedro* who lodges in your House must be some Impostor. *Juan Velez de la Monbrilla* has no Son but my self. You may e'en march off, reply'd the old Man, I know well enough who you are. Don't you remember this Man's Face here, and have you forgot that you robb'd his Master? If it were not in your House, said *Pedro*, I wou'd punish this Villain as he deserves for calling me Thief. He may thank your Presence for restraining my Anger. Signior, continued he, you are imposed upon. I am the Young Man to whom your Brother *Austin* promised *Florentina*. Shall I shew you all the Letters, he

he wrote to my Father about this Match? Will you believe your Daughter's Picture which he sent me a little before he died?

No, interrupted the Old Man, I care no more for the Picture than I do for the Letters. I know very well how you came by them, and therefore I advise you as a Friend to be trooping from *Merida* as soon as possible. This is too much, interrupted the young Cavalier in his Turn. I will not tamely endure to be robb'd of my good Name, and treated as a Highwayman. I am acquainted with some Persons in this Town. I will go and return with them to confound this Impostor who has given you a Prejudice against me. Having said this, he and his Servant retired, and *Morales* remain'd Conqueror. Nay, this Accident made *Jerome de Moyadas* resolve to conclude the Marriage that very Day. He went out therefore that Moment to give Orders about what was necessary for that Purpose.

Tho' my Comrade was very glad to see *Hieronima's* Father so favourably disposed to our Advantage, yet he was not perfectly easy. He was apprehensive of what *Pedro* wou'd do, and wish'd impatiently for my Return, that he might inform me of what had passed. I found him very thoughtful.

ful. What's the Matter, said I? you seem melancholy. And good Reason I have for it, answer'd he. At the same Time he told me all that had happen'd. Now do you be judge, added he, whether or no I have cause to be uneasy. 'Tis your rash Project has brought us into this Perplexity. The Enterprize, I own, was noble, and would have made your Name immortal, had it succeeded; but now in all Appearance it will have a very quere Catastrophe; and to prevent any further Confusion I think we can't do better than pack up our Awls and be gone with the Feather which we have pluck'd out of the Old Man's Wing already.

Monsieur *Morales*, reply'd I, you are very soon dishearten'd. You are no manner of Credit to Don *Matthias de Cortel*, and the other Cavaliers with whom you lived at *Toledo*. When one has served a Prentice-ship under such famous Masters, one ought not to be so easily alarm'd. As for me, who intend to follow the Steps of those Heroes, and shew my self a worthy Disciple, the Obstacle which you are so terrify'd at, makes me only the more resolute; and I am fully determined to remove it. If you do that, said my Companion, I'll set

ſet you above all the Great Men in *Plutarch*.

Juſt as *Morales* had done ſpeaking, enter'd *Jerome de Moyadas*. You ſhall be my Son-in-Law this very Night, ſaid he. Your Man, I ſuppoſe, has told you what has happen'd. Are not you amazed at the Rogue's Impudence, to think to perſuade me he was the Son of my Brother's Correſpondent. Signior, reply'd I in a dejected Tone, and with the moſt ingenuous Air I cou'd poſſibly put on, I find I am not capable of carrying on a Piece of Treachery. I am reſolved to confeſs all to you. I am not the Son of *Juan Velez de la Manbrilla*. What do I hear, interrupted the Old Man very much ſurprized? What! are not you the Young Man to whom my Brother gave a ——— I beg, Sir, you'd hear me out, interrupted I in my Turn. I have been Eight Days in love with your Daughter; which has kept me at *Merida*. Yeſterday, after having ſaved your Life, I was juſt about to aſk her of you in Marriage, when you ſtopp'd my Mouth by telling me, you had promiſed her to another. You told me that your Brother upon his Death-bed conjured you to give her to *Pedro de la Manbrilla*, that you had promiſed you wou'd, and that your

your Word was your Bond. This, I own, made me despair of all Success: But Love inspired me with the Stratagem which I made use of. 'Tis true, I cou'd not without Uneasiness impose thus upon you; but I hoped you wou'd forgive me when I discover'd to you the whole Matter of Fact, and inform'd you moreover that I am an *Italian* Prince travelling *Incognito*. My Father is Sovereign of certain Vallies that lye between *Switzerland*, the *Milaneze*, and *Savoy*. I imagined you wou'd be agreeably surprized when I reveal'd my Birth to you, and I meant to keep it in Reserve, as a particular Pleasure to declare it to *Florentina* after I had married her. But Heaven, continued I in another Tone, wou'd not suffer me to be so happy. *Padre de la Menbrilla* appears. I must now restore him his Name, let the Restitution make me never so miserable. Your Promise binds you to make him your Son-in-Law; you are obliged to prefer him to me without having any Regard to my Quality, or Compassion of the Torments you will thereby give me. I will not suggest to you that your Brother was only your Daughter's Uncle; that you are her Father, and that it is more just you shou'd acquit your self of the Obligation you have to me, than

than be so nicely scrupulous in keeping a verbal Engagement, which is but a very weak Tye upon your Will.

More just! cry'd *Jerome de Moyadas*; ay, a thousand Times. I shall hardly be long a chusing between you and *Pedro de la Menbrilla*. If my Brother *Austin* himself were alive, I am sure he wou'd not be at all displeased at my giving the Preference to One who has saved my Life, and who tho' a Prince does not di'dain my Alliance. I must be my own Enemy, a mere Fool, if I did not give you my Daughter, nay, press youto take her. Yet, Signior, reply'd I, do nothing hastily. I wou'd have you consult your own Interest, and notwithstanding the Nobleness of my Birth ——— You jest sure, interrupted he! ought I to hesitate a Moment? No, my Prince; I beg you wou'd honour the happy *Florentina* with your Hand this very Night. Well then, said I, be it so. Do you your self go carry her the News, and let her know her glorious Destiny.

While the good Man ran to tell his Daughter that she had conquered a Prince, *Morales* who had been by in all this Conversation, fell upon his Knees before me, and said: Monsieur the *Italian* Prince, Son of the Sovereign of the Valies which lie be-

between *Switzerland*, the *Milanese*, and *Savoy*, give me leave to throw my self at your Highness's Feet as a Testimony of my Amazement. Upon the Word of a Sharper I think you a Prodigy. I used to believe my self the Top of my Profession; but I own I must strike to you, tho' you have less Experience than my self. Your Fears are dispell'd then, are they, said I? Quite and clean, answer'd he. I don't now care a Pin for Signior *Pedro*. Let him come as soon as he will. Thus *Morales* and I thought our selves tight in our Stirrups. We began to lay out the Course we shou'd take with the Portion, of which we imagined our selves as secure as if it had been in our Pockets. But alas! it was not yet come to that, and the End of this Adventure did not answer our Expectations.

The Young Gentleman of *Calatrava* soon return'd. He brought with him two Citizens and an Alguazil as venerable for his Mustachios and the Blackness of his Beard, as for the Dignity of his Office. *Florentina*'s Father was with us. Signior *de Mojados*, says *Pedro*, I have prevail'd upon these Three honest Gentlemen to come along with me: They know me, and can tell you who I am. Ay, that we can, cry'd

cry'd the Alguazil. I do hereby certify to all the World that I know you. Your Name is *Pedro*, and you are the only Son of *Juan Velez de la Membrilla*. Whoever dares maintain the contrary is an Impostor. I believe you Signior Alguazil, says *Jerome de Moyadas*. I don't at all doubt your Testimony, nor that of those Gentlemen who are with you. I am fully convinced that the Young Cavalier who has brought you hither, is the only Son of my Brother's Correspondent. But what is all that to the Purpose? I have at present alter'd my Resolution of giving him my Daughter.

Oh, that's another Case; says the Alguazil. All I come for, is to tell you that I know this Young Gentleman. You are Master of your own Daughter, and no body can force you to dispose of her contrary to your Inclinations. Neither will I pretend to it, interrupted *Pedro*. But Signior *de Moyadas* will give me leave to ask him, Why he has changed his Mind? Has he any Thing to object against me? Since I must give up the pleasing Hopes of being his Son-in-law, at least I shall be glad to hear that I have not lost them by any Fault of mine. I have nothing to object against you, reply'd the old Man; nay, which is more,

more, I am extremely sorry that I am forced to break my Word with you; and beg you wou'd forgive me. I dare say you have too much Generosity in you to take it ill that I shou'd prefer to you a Rival who has saved my Life. This is the Gentleman, said he, pointing to me, who did me that good Office; and for my further Excuse know, he is an *Italian* Prince.

These last Words struck *Pedro* dumb, the two Citizens began to open their Eyes and stare: But the *Alguazil*, always accustom'd to take Things by the worst Handle, suspected this wonderful Adventure to be some Cheat that might make work for him. He view'd me very attentively; and as my Features, which he was unacquainted with, frustrated his good Intentions, he fell to examine the Face of my Companion: unluckily for my Highness, he knew *Morales*, and remembering to have seen him in the Prisons of *Ciudad Real*; Ha, ha, cry'd he, here's a Job for me. This Gentleman I am perfectly well acquainted with, and let me tell you he is one of the compleatest Sharpers in all the Kingdoms and Principalities of *Spain*. Not too fast, good Mr *Alguazil*, says *Jerome de Moyadas*; this Man whom you paint in such coarse Colours, is a Servant of the Prince's. Very

well,

well, reply'd the Alguazil. That's what I intend to ſteer my Courſe by. I judge of the Maſter by the Man. I don't doubt but theſe Sparks are a couple of Tricksters that have join'd their Forces to impoſe upon you. I am not often deceived in theſe Affairs; and to ſhew that theſe Wags are what I tell you, I'll carry them away to Priſon this Moment. They ſhall have a little Talk with Signior *Corregidor*; and afterwards a few Jerks to inculcate what Inſtructions he may give them. Hold, hold, cry'd the Old Man. Don't let us out-run our Diſcretion. You Officers of Juſtice don't care what you do, nor who you abuſe. Pray mayn't the Servant be a Knave without the Maſter's being one too? Is it any Thing extraordinary to ſee a Rogue in the Service of a Prince? I think the Man's mad, with his Princes, interrupted the Alguazil. This Fellow I dare ſwear is a Sharper, and I arreſt him in the King's Name, and his Comrade too. I have Twenty Serjeants at the Door that ſhall drag them to Priſon if they don't go along with me quietly. Come, will your Highneſs troop?

At theſe Words our Hearts ſunk almoſt into our Breeches, and this our Confuſion made *Ferowe* begin to ſuſpect us, or rather

entirely convinced him what we were. He then believed that our Deſign was to trick him. However, he behaved himſelf very generouſly upon this Occaſion; Mr. *Alguazil*, ſays he, your Suſpicions may yet be falſe; tho' perhaps they are but too true. Be that as 'twill, let us ſearch this Matter no further. Let theſe two Young Men go about their Buſineſs. I beg you wou'd not deny me this Requeſt, and thus I ſhall repay the Obligation I lye under to them. If I did my Duty, anſwer'd the Alguazil, I ſhou'd put theſe Gentlemen in Priſon without giving any Heed to what you ſay: but for your ſake I will ſtretch my Duty a little, upon Condition they leave the Town this Moment; for if I find them here To-morrow, I know what I know.

When *Morales* and I heard we were free, we began to take Heart a little. We wou'd have ſpoke boldly and averr'd that we were Men of Honour; but the Alguazil look'd upon us aſkew, and ſtruck us dumb. 'Tis ſtrange what an Aſcendant thoſe People have over us. We were forced therefore to give up *Florentina* and her Portion to *Pedro de la Membrilla*, who without doubt became the Son-in-Law of *Jerome de Moyadas*. I retired with my Comrade. We took our way to *Truxillo*, with the

the Conſolation, however, of having got a Hundred Piſtoles by this Buſineſs. An Hour before Night we were going by a little Village, deſigning to take up our Lodging in ſome Town beyond. We ſpied an Inn of a very good Appearance for ſuch a Place as that. The Hoſt and Hoſteſs were ſitting at the Door upon long Stones. The Hoſt, an old fat Fellow, was fumbling upon a ſorry Guitarr to divert his Wife, who ſeem'd to hearken to his Muſick with Pleaſure. Gentlemen, cry'd the Hoſt when he ſaw we paſt by his Houſe, I adviſe you to ſtop where you are. 'Tis three long murthering Leagues to the very next Village, and I can tell you, you won't be half ſo well accommodated there as in my Houſe. Be adviſed and come in. You ſhall be well uſed, and cheap enough. We were perſuaded to do ſo. We went up to the Hoſt and Hoſteſs; we ſaluted them, and ſitting down by them, began all Four of us to talk of Things indifferent. The Hoſt ſaid he was an Officer of the Holy Brotherhood, and the Hoſteſs was a fat merry Woman, and knew how to make the beſt of her Markets.

Our Converſation was interrupted by the Arrival of Twelve or Fifteen Cavaliers mounted ſome upon Mules, and ſome up-

on Horſes, and follow'd by a matter of Thirty Mules laden with Packs. A brave Troop; my Lads, cry'd the Hoſt at the Sight of ſo many People! Where ſhall I put them all? In an inſtant the Village was fill'd with Men and Beaſts. By good luck there was near the Inn a vaſt Barn, in which they put the Pack Mules. The Mules and Horſes of the Cavaliers were crowded into other Places. As for the Men they did not take ſo much care about getting of Beds, as what Supper they ſhou'd have. The Hoſt, Hoſteſs, and a young Maid of theirs went to work about it tightly. They fell without Mercy upon all the Poultry in the Yard. This with ſome Fricaſſees of Rabbits and Cats, and a whole Sea of Soup made of Mutton and Cabbage, furniſh'd Victuals enough for the whole Company.

Morales and I look'd at theſe Cavaliers, who now and then gave us too a View. At laſt we fell into Converſation, and we told them that if they pleaſed we wou'd ſup with them. They anſwer'd that they wou'd take it kindly. Down therefore we ſate. One there was among them that gave Orders, and to whom the others, tho' elſe they all ſeem'd to be very free, ſhew'd ſome Deference. This Man indeed carried it

above

above them all. He talk'd loud. He sometimes contradicted the Opinions of the rest, who far from returning it, seem'd to have a respect for what he said. The Discourse happen'd to fall upon *Andalusia*, and as *Morales* praised *Seville*, the Man I just now spoke of, said to him: Signior Cavalier, I was born in the very Town you commend, at least in the Neighbourhood of it, for the Bourg *de Mayrena* is the Place of my Nativity. And of mine too, answer'd my Companion. I am also of *Mayrena*, and I am sure then your Parents can't be unknown to me. Whose Son are you? The Son of an honest Notary, reply'd the Cavalier; his Name is *Martin Morales*. Faith, odd enough! cry'd my Comrade in some Surprize. You are then my Elder Brother *Manuel Morales*? The same, said the other, and I suppose you are my little Brother *Lewis* who was left in the Cradle when I went from my Father's House? Right, quo' my Comrade. At these Words they both rose from Table and embraced one another over and over. Afterwards Signior *Manuel* said to the Company: Gentlemen this Accident is a perfect Miracle! Chance throws in my way a Brother whom I have not seen these Twenty Years. Let me present

him to you. Then all the Cavaliers, who out of Civility were ſtanding, ſaluted young *Morales*, and almoſt choaked him with Embraces. After this, we ſate down again to Table, where we continued all Night, without going to Bed. The two Brothers ſate next to one another, and talk'd to themſelves of their Family, while all the reſt puſh'd about the Glaſs and made merry.

Lewis had a great deal of Talk with *Manuel*, and afterwards taking me aſide he ſaid to me: All theſe Cavaliers are Servants to the Count *de Montanos*, whom the King has lately appointed Viceroy of *Majorca*. They are convoying the Viceroy's Equipage to *Alicant*, where they are to take ſhipping. My Brother, who has attain'd to be that Nobleman's Steward, has offer'd to take me along with him, and upon my being unwilling to leave you, he told me that if you wou'd go with [illegible] he wou'd take care to get you ſome [illegible] employment. My dear Friend, continued he; I wou'd not have you deſpiſe this Opportunity. Let us go to the Iſland of *Majorca* together. If we like the Place, we'll ſtay there; if not, we can but return to *Spain*, and be juſt where we were.

I readily

I readily agreed to the Propoſal. Young *Morales* and my ſelf put our ſelves into the Liſt of the Count's Officers, and we ſet out with him from the Inn before the Sun was up. We came by long Stages to the City of *Alicant*, where I bought a Guittarr, and made up a very handſome ſuit of Cloaths, before we embark'd. My Thoughts ran upon nothing but the Iſland of *Majorca*; and *Lewis Morales* was as much tickled with it as my ſelf. We now ſeem'd to have renounced all manner of Sharping. To ſpeak the Truth, we were willing to keep our Credit among theſe Cavaliers, and that put a Conſtraint upon the natural Bent of our Genius. At length we went joyfully on Ship-board, and flatter'd our ſelves that we ſhou'd be ſoon at *Majorca*; but we were hardly got out of the Gulph of *Alicant*, when a dreadful Storm aroſe all of a ſudden. I have here a rare Opportunity to make a florid Deſcription of a Tempeſt, to paint the Air all on Fire; to make the Thunder grumble, the Winds rattle, the Waves roar, and ſo forth: But ſkipping over all thoſe Flowers of Rhetorick, I ſhall only tell you that the Storm was violent, and obliged us to caſt Anchor at the Iſland *de la Cabrera*. 'Tis a ſmall Iſland ſtrengthen'd

with a little Fortreſs, which was then garriſon'd by five or ſix Soldiers and an Officer, who gave us a very civil Reception.

As we were to ſpend ſome Days here to mend our Sails and Tackle, we uſed ſeveral ſorts of Recreations to paſs away the Time. Every one follow'd his own Inclinations: Some play'd at *Primero*, and others amuſed themſelves other ways; I for my Part, uſed to walk about in the Iſland with thoſe among our Cavaliers that loved Walking. We jump'd from Rock to Rock, for the Ground was very uneven, hardly any thing but Stone to be ſeen, and very little Earth in it. One Day, as we were viewing this diſmal Place, and reflecting upon the Caprice of Nature, who ſhews herſelf fruitful or barren when ſhe pleaſes, our ſmelling Faculty was all of a ſudden ſeized with a very agreeable Odour. We turn'd towards the Eaſt, from whence this Odour came, and were ſurprized to ſee in the middle of ſome Rocks, a large Spot of Earth cover'd with fine Graſs, and perfumed with Honeyſuckles more beautiful and ſweet, even than thoſe which grow in *Andaluſia*. We immediately directed our Steps to thoſe charming Buſhes which perfumed the Air all around, and we found they grew about the Mouth of a very deep Cave.

Cave. This Cave was broad, and not very dark. We went down to the very bottom of it by Stone Steps, which at each end were adorn'd with Flowers, and which form'd a sort of natural Stair-case. When we were below, we saw serpentizing upon a Sand more yellow than Gold, several little Streams produced by the Drops of Water which the Rocks incessantly distill'd into the Cave, and which lost themselves in the Ground. The Water look'd so clear, that we drank of it, and found it so fresh, that we resolved to come thither again next Day, and to bring with us some Bottles of Wine, being persuaded that we shou'd drink them with abundance of Pleasure in so charming a Retreat.

We cou'd not leave this agreeable Place without Reluctance, and when we were come back to the Fort, we did not fail to boast to our Companions of our Discovery; but the Captain of the Fort told us, that he wou'd advise us as a Friend, to go no more to the Cave we were so delighted with. Why so, said I? Is there any Danger in it? A great deal reply'd he. The Corsairs of *Algier* and *Tripoly*, do often land in this Island, and go to that Spring to take in fresh Water. They one Day surprized two Soldiers of my Garrison

in that Place, and made them Slaves. The Officer, tho' he ſpoke very ſeriouſly, cou'd not make us believe him. We thought he did but jeſt, and ſo the very next Day I return'd to the Cave with three of the Cavaliers. We went without the leaſt Fire-Arm, to let them ſee we fear'd nothing. Young *Morales* did not care to go with us; but choſe to ſtay with his Brother in the Fort.

We went down to the bottom of the Cave, as we had done before, and cool'd ſome Bottles of Wine which we had brought with us, in the Spring. While we were drinking deliciouſly, playing upon the *Guitarr*, and converſing jovially, we ſaw at the Mouth of the Cave ſeveral Men with thick *Muſtachios*, *Turkiſh* Dreſſes, and Turbants. We fancy'd that ſome of our Companions, and the Captain of the Fort, had diſguiſed themſelves in that manner to frighten us. In this Thought we fell a laughing at them, and ſuffer'd ten of them to come down, without thinking of defending our ſelves. We were ſoon undeceived to our Sorrow. We found we were fall'n into the Clutches of a Pirate, who came with his Men to ſeize us: *Yield, Dogs*, cry'd he to us, in the *Caſtilian* Language, *or you die this Moment*. With that

that they clapt their Carabines to our Breasts, and Sorrow had been our Sops, if we had made the least Resistance. We chose Slavery rather than Death. We gave our Swords to the Corsair, who loaded us with Chains, and carried us to his Ship, which was not far off. Then hoisting Sail, he steer'd towards *Algier*.

Thus were we punish'd for not taking the Advice the Captain of the Garrison gave us. The first thing the Pirate did was to search our Pockets, and ease us of our Money. A rare Windfall for him! The two hundred Pistoles of the young Cits of *Placentia*, the hundred which *Morales* had received of *Jerome de Moyadas*, and which I unluckily had about me; all this went at one Sweep. My Companions too had their Pockets very well lined. In short, it was a plentiful Harvest for the Pirate, who was overjoy'd at his good Luck; and the Brute not contented to take our dear Money from us, insulted us with Railleries, which would not have been very biting, but for the Necessity we lay under of enduring them. After a thousand pitiful Jokes, he call'd for the Bottles of Wine we had cool'd in the Fountain, and which his Men had been very careful to bring into Captivity with us. He began to empty them with his

Sailors,

Sailors, and drank to our Healths by way of Deriſion.

My Companions all this while look'd with Countenances that ſhew'd their Vexation and Sorrow. They were the more mortify'd with their Slavery, becauſe they had entertain'd delicious Hopes of going to the Iſland of *Majorca*, where they thought they ſhou'd live like Princes. For my Part, I had ſo much Firmneſs as to take my Reſolutions at once, and therefore I began to talk with the Waggiſh *Corſair*. I jeſted with him with a very unconcern'd Air: He liked this. Young Man, ſaid he, I love People of your Temper. And in the main, 'tis better to arm ones ſelf with Patience, and fall in with the Times, than ſtand ſighing and groaning, which will do no good. Come, play us a little Tune, continued he, obſerving that I had a Guitarr with me. Let us hear what a Maſter you are. I obey'd the Moment he had order'd me to be untied, and began to ſtrike my Guitarr in ſuch a manner as won me his Applauſe. Indeed, I had learn'd of the beſt Maſter in all *Madrid*, and play'd tolerably well on that Inſtrument. I ſung him an Air too, and he was equally pleaſed with my Voice. All the *Turks* in the Ship, by their Geſtures, ſhew'd the Delight I gave them;

by

by which I found they had no great Skill in Muſick. The Pirate told me in my Ear that I ſhou'd be no unhappy Slave, and that I might be ſure my Talents wou'd procure me an Employment that would make my Captivity very ſupportable.

These Words gave me ſome little Comfort; but yet I cou'd not help being a little uneaſie at ſeeing my ſelf in ſo pitiful a Condition, as to want ſuch an Employment. When we arrived at the Port of *Algier*, we found a great Number of People gather'd together to receive us, and we were no ſooner landed, than they raiſed a thouſand Shouts for Joy. Add to this, that the Air reſounded with the confuſed Noiſe of Trumpets, Morisco Flutes and other Inſtruments uſed in that Country, which form'd but an odd kind of Conſort. The Cauſe of all this Rejoycing was a falſe Report that had been ſpread in the City. The People had been inform'd that the *Renegate Mahomet*, which was the Name of our Pirate, had been kill'd in the Attack of a great *Genoeze* Ship; ſo that all his Friends, when they heard of his Return, ſtrove who ſhou'd receive him with moſt Joy.

I was carried with all my Companions to the Palace of the *Baſſaw Soliman*, where

where a Christian Scribe examining us apart, ask'd us our Names, our Ages, our Country, our Religion, and what we cou'd do. Then *Mahomet*, shewing me to the Bashaw, cry'd up my Voice to the Skies, and told him, that I play'd upon the Guitarr to a Miracle. This was enough to make *Soliman* chuse me for his Service. I remain'd therefore in his Seraglio. The other Captives were carried to a Publick Market, and sold according to Custom. What *Mahomet* had foretold to me in the Ship, did really come to pass. I lived happily. I was not deliver'd over to the Keepers of the Prisons, nor put to any hard Labour. *Soliman Bashaw* caused me to be put into a particular Place with five or six Slaves of Quality, who were to be speedily ransom'd, and who were employ'd in very easy Work. My Business was to water the Orange-trees and Flowers in the Garden. I cou'd not have had a more gentle Task.

Soliman was about forty Years old, handsome enough, and very polite for a *Turk*. His favourite Mistress was a *Cachemirian* Woman, who had gain'd an absolute Power over him by her Wit and Beauty. He loved her to Idolatry. He every Day gave her some Diversion or other: At one time a Consort of Voices and Instruments,

and

and at another a Play, after the *Turkiſh* Manner: That is, Dramatick Poems, wherein the Rules of Modeſty and Decency are no more regarded, than thoſe of *Ariſtotle*. The Favourite, whoſe Name was *Farrukhnaz*, loved theſe Shows paſſionately; ſo much, that ſometimes ſhe made her own Women act *Arabian* Pieces before the Baſhaw. She her ſelf wou'd play a Part in them, and charm all the Spectators by the Gracefulneſs and Life with which ſhe perform'd them. One Day when I was among the Muſicians in one of theſe Repreſentations, *Soliman* order'd me to play upon my Guitarr, and ſing alone in an Interlude. I had the Happineſs to pleaſe. Every-body applauded me, and the Favourite, as I thought, regarded me with no unkind Eye.

The next Day, as I was watering my Orange-trees in the Garden, there paſs'd by me an Eunuch, who without ſtopping to ſay any thing to me, dropt a Note at my Feet. I took it up in a Confuſion, mix'd with Hope and Fear. I laid my ſelf flat upon the Ground, for fear of being ſeen from the Windows of the Seraglio, and hiding my ſelf behind ſome Orange-Pots, open'd the Note. I found in it a Diamond of conſiderable Value, and theſe

Words

Words in Good *Spanish*: *Young Christian, return Thanks to Heaven for thy Captivity. Love and Fortune will make it happy. Love, if thou canst be moved with the Charms of a handsome Lady, and Fortune, if thou hast Courage enough to despise all sorts of Dangers.*

I did not doubt in the least that the Letter came from the Favourite Sultana; the Style and the Diamond convinced me that it must be so. Besides that I am not naturally inclin'd to be timorous; the Vanity of having an Affair with the Mistress of so Great a Man, and above all, the Hopes of getting Four Times as much Money from her as was necessary to pay for my Ransom, made me resolve to try this Adventure, let the Dangers that stood in the way be what they wou'd. I went on with my Work, studying how I shou'd get into *Farrukhnaz*'s Apartment, or rather waiting till she her self shou'd direct me; for I rightly imagined that she wou'd not stop there, but be her self the Contriver of our Meeting. I was not deceived. The same Eunuch that had pass'd by me returned an Hour afterwards: Christian, says he, have you consider'd, and shall you be bold enough to follow me? I answer'd Yes. Well then, reply'd he, Heaven preserve you.

you. You shall see me again to morrow Morning. Having said this he retir'd. I accordingly saw him again about eight a Clock next Morning. He beckon'd to me to come to him. I went, and he led me into a Hall where there was a great long Roll of Cloth, which another Eunuch and himself had just brought thither, and which they were to carry to the Sultana's Apartment to serve for the Decoration of an *Arabian* Play, which she was than preparing for the Bashaw.

The two Eunuchs unroll'd the Cloth, made me lye down in it at my full length, and then to the evident Hazard of stifling me, roll'd it up again with me in it. Afterwards taking each of them an end, they brought me safe into the Chamber, where lay the beautiful *Cachemirian*. She was alone with an old She-Slave devoted to her Pleasure. They two unroll'd the Cloth; and *Farrukhnaz* shew'd such Transports of Joy at the Sight of me, as discover'd the Temper of the Women of her Country. Said as I was, I cou'd not see my self thus suddenly transported into the secret Apartment of the Women, without some little Terror. The Lady took notice of it, and to dissipate it; Young Man, said she, fear nothing. *Soliman* is just now gone to his

Country-

Country-House. He will be there all this Day. We may converſe together here in ſafety.

Theſe Words gave me Courage, and made me put on a Countenance which redoubled the Joy of the Favourite. You have pleaſed me, ſaid ſhe, and I intend to ſoften the Rigour of your Slavery. I believe you worthy of the Sentiments I have conceived for you. Tho' you are in the Habit of a Slave, yet you have a Greatneſs in your Looks which makes makes me believe you are no mean Perſon. Speak freely. Tell me who you are. I very well know that Priſoners of Quality diſguize it as much as they can, that their Ranſom may be the eaſier; but you need not uſe that Caution with me; nay, it wou'd very much offend me, ſince I promiſe you your Freedom. Be ſincere therefore, and confeſs to me you are nobly born. Indeed, Madam, reply'd I, it wou'd be ungrateful to repay your Goodneſs with Diſſimulation. Since you abſolutely command me to tell you my Quality, you muſt be obey'd. I am the Son of a Grandee of *Spain*. I don't know but I told truth. At leaſt the Sultana believed me, and rejoycing that ſhe had pitch'd her choice upon ſo worthy a Cavalier, ſhe aſſured me that it ſhould not be her Fault if we did not ſee one another often

ten

ten in private. We had a great deal of Converſation together. I never met with a Woman more amuſing. She underſtood ſeveral Languages, particularly *Spaniſh*, which ſhe talk'd tolerably well. When ſhe judged it time to part, I was put by her Order into a great Ozier-Basket cover'd by a piece of Embroider'd Silk wrought with her own Hands. Then the two Slaves that had brought me in were call'd, and they carried me back again as a Preſent from the Favourite to the Baſhaw; which made it Sacred againſt all the Men appointed to guard the Women.

Farrukhnaz and I found other means of ſeeing one another: and that amiable Captive did by degrees inſpire me with as much Love for her as ſhe her ſelf had for me. Our Intelligence was ſecret during two Months, tho 'tis no common thing for the Myſteries of Love to be kept long from the Eyes of the *Argusſes* which are in a Seraglio. But an unlucky Accident overthrew all our Happineſs, and my Fortune alter'd its Face entirely. One day, when I had been brought into the Sultana's Apartment, in the Body of an Artificial Dragon deſign'd for one of our Plays, while I was converſing with her, *Soliman*, whom I thought employ'd out of

Town,

Town, ſurprized us. He came ſo ſuddenly into his Favourite's Chamber, that the old Woman had hardly time enough to tell us of his Arrival, and much leſs time had I to hide my ſelf. Thus I was the firſt thing the Baſhaw caſt his Eyes upon.

He was very much amazed to ſee me, and his Eyes were immediately red with Fury. I look'd upon my ſelf as a Man on the Brink of Deſtruction, and imagined my Tortures were already begun. As for *Farrukhnaz*, I perceived, indeed, that ſhe was ſurprized; but inſtead of owning her Crime and begging pardon, ſhe ſaid to *Soliman*: My Lord, before you pronounce Sentence upon me, be pleaſed to hear me. Appearances indeed condemn me, and any body would think I have committed ſuch a Treachery againſt you as deſerves the ſevereſt Punihment. I have had this young Slave in my Apartment, and to bring him hither employ'd all the Contrivances and Stratagems I ſhou'd have uſed if I had been violently in love with him. Nevertheleſs, I atteſt our mighty Prophet, that notwithſtanding all this, I am not faithleſs to you. I had a mind to talk with this Chriſtian Slave to convert him from the Errors of his Sect, and bring him over to that of the Faithful. I found in him

all

all the Oppoſition I expected; yet at length I have overcome all his Prejudices, and he has made me a Promiſe to embrace the Mahometan Religion.

I own I ought to have contradicted the Favourite, without any regard to the apparent Danger I was in: But my Senſes were all ſo diſtracted, and I was ſo terrify'd at the Death which threaten'd both my ſelf and the Woman I loved, that I remain'd confounded, and was not able to utter a Word. The Baſhaw, perſuaded by my Silence that his Miſtreſs told him nothing but what was true, was immediately appeaſed. Madam, reply'd he, I am willing to believe that you have not diſhonour'd me, and that the deſire of performing a Deed ſo agreeable to our Prophet engaged you in this nice Affair. I excuſe your Imprudence therefore, provided this Captive take the Turban this Moment. Immediately he call'd for a Marabou. They dreſt me in a *Turkiſh* Habit. I did what they wou'd, without having the leaſt power to oppoſe it. Or, to ſpeak better, I did not know what I did in the Diſorder I was in. How many Chriſtians would have been as weak as my ſelf upon ſuch an Occaſion?

After the Ceremony, I went out of the Seraglio, with the Name of *Sidy Hally*, to exer-

exercise a little Employment which *Solyman* gave me. I never saw the Sultana afterwards: but one Day an Eunuch of hers came to me. He brought me Jewels to the value of Two Thousand Sultannies of Gold, with a Letter, wherein she assured me that she shou'd never forget the generous Complaisance I shew'd in turning *Mahometan* to save her Life. And indeed, besides the Presents I received from *Farrukhnaz*, I obtain'd by her means an Employment more considerable than the former, and in less than seven Years time I grew one of the richest Renegadoes in all *Algier*.

You will easily imagine, that if I assisted at the Prayers, which the *Mussulmen* make in their Mosques, and did the other Duties of their Religion, it was nothing in me but Grimace. I kept a firm Resolution of entering again into the Bosom of the Church; and for that purpose, I intended as soon as possible to get over into *Spain* or *Italy* with the Wealth I had amassed. In the mean while I lived very agreeably. I had a fine House, pleasant Gardens, a great Number of Slaves, and very handsome Women in my Seraglio. Tho' the *Mahometans* are forbid the use of Wine, yet most of them will take the liberty to drink it in secret. For my part,

I drank

I drank it without any fear or precaution, as all the Renegades do. I remember two Pot-Companions, with whom I often pass'd away a Night very merrily. One was a *Jew*, and the other an *Arabian*. I took them for good honest Fellows, and therefore was not under the least Constraint in their Company. One Night I invited them to sup with me: A Dog of mine which I loved passionately happen'd to dye that very Day; we wash'd his Body, and interr'd it with all the Ceremonies used in the Funerals of the *Mahometans*. We did not do this to ridicule the Mussulman Religion, but only for a Frolick, and to satisfy a foolish Whim, which took us in our Cups to pay the last Duties to my Dog.

This Action had like to have ruined me. The next Day there came a Man, who said to me, Signior *Sidy Hally*, an important Affair brings me to you. His Lordship the Cady wou'd speak with you. Pray take the pains to come to him immediately. An *Arabian* Merchant who supt with you last Night, has inform'd him of a certain Impiety committed by you with relation to a Dog, which you buried. This is the occasion of my summoning you to appear before the Judge. If you fail to appear, I give you notice that a Process will

be iſſued out againſt you. Having ſaid this he ſwent his ways, and left me Thunder-ſtruck at his Summons. The *Arabian* had not the leaſt Cauſe to complain of me, and I cou'd not imagine why the Villain had betray'd me thus. The Buſineſs, however, required my deepeſt Attention. I knew the Cady to be a Man ſevere in Appearance, but not very ſcrupulous at the Bottom. I put two hundred Sultanines of Gold into my Purſe, and went to the Judge: He had me into his Cloſet, and ſaid to me with a ſtern Countenance: You are an impious, ſacrilegious, abominable Wretch. You have buried a Dog like a Muſſulman, prophane as you are! Is this the Reſpect you have for our moſt Holy Ceremonies? And did you turn *Mahometan* only to make a Jeſt of our Practices of Devotion? My Lord, replied I, the *Arabian* who gave you this wrong Information, that falſe Friend, is an Accomplice in my Crime, if it be a Crime to grant the Honours of Burial to a faithful Servant, to a poor Creature that had a Thouſand good Qualities. He was ſo fond of Men of Worth and Diſtinction, that even at his Death he was reſolved to give them Proofs of his Friendſhip. He leaves them all his Wealth by a Will which he made, and of which I

am

am Executor. To one he bequeaths Twenty Crowns, to another Thirty, and he has not forgot your Lordſhip, continued I pulling out my Purſe; here are Two Hundred Sultanins of Gold which he charged me to give you into your own Hands. The Cady at this Diſcourſe of mine laid aſide all his Gravity. He cou'd not help laughing for the Life of him, and as we were alone, he took the Purſe without any more to do, and ſent me away ſaying: Go Signior *Sidy Hally*, you did very well in interring with Pomp and Honour a Dog that had ſo great a Reſpect for Perſons of Merit.

By this means I got rid of this ugly Buſineſs, and if it did not make me wiſer, at leaſt it made me more cautious. I drank no more with the *Arabian*, nor even with the *Jew*. I choſe for my Companion a young Gentleman of *Leghorn*, who was my Slave. His Name was *Azarini*. I was not like the other Renegades who impoſe more Hardſhips upon their Chriſtian Slaves than the Turks themſelves do. All mine waited very patiently for their Ranſom. And indeed, I uſed them ſo kindly, that they themſelves told me they were more apprehenſive of changing their Maſter than continuing in Slavery, notwithſtanding the Charms there are in Liberty.

One Day the Bashaw's Ships came in with some considerable Prizes. They brought above a Hundred Slaves of both Sexes which they had taken upon the Coasts of *Spain*. *Soliman* kept but a very small Number for himself and the rest were sold. I went to the Place of Sale, and bought a *Spanish* Girl between Ten and Twelve Years of Age. She wept and took on at a violent rate. I was surprized to see one so young, and yet so afflicted at her Captivity. I spoke to her in *Spanish* to moderate her Affliction, and assured her she was fall'n into the Hands of a Master who was not without Humanity tho' he wore a *Turban*. The little Huffy was so full of her Grief that she did not mind me. She did nothing but sigh and sob, and now and then cry'd out: Oh Mother, why are we parted? I shou'd be contented, if we were but together. In saying these Words she turn'd her Eyes upon a Woman between Forty and Fifty, who stood at some little distance off, and who with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground waited in silence till some body purchased her. I ask'd the Girl, if the Person she look'd at were her Mother? Alas! yes, Sir, answer'd she, for God's sake don't let her be taken from me. Well! Child, said I, if your being together

ther will give you Comfort, you ſhall ſoon be ſatisfy'd. At the ſame time I approach'd the Mother to bargain for her; but I had no ſooner look'd upon her Face, than with the utmoſt Emotion I beheld the Features, the very Features of *Lucinda*. Juſt Heaven, ſaid I to my ſelf, 'tis my Mother! I remember her perfectly. For her part, whether her Misfortunes made every body about her ſeem her Foes, or whether my Dreſs diſguized me, or that I was really alter'd in the Twelve Years that I had been abſent from her, ſhe did not know me again. After having bought her too, I carried her with her Daughter to my Houſe.

There it was that I meant to ſurprize her with informing her who I was: Madam, ſaid I to *Lucinda*, is it poſſible you ſhou'd have no Remembrance of my Face? Can a *Muſtachio* and a *Turban* make you forget your own Son *Raphael*? At theſe Words my Mother ſtarted up, view'd me attentively, knew me again, and we tenderly embraced each other. Afterwards I embraced her Daughter, who perhaps no more knew ſhe had a Brother, than I did that I had a Siſter. What ſay you? ſaid I to my Mother, can all your Plays ſhew a Meeting between two Friends ſo true and natural as this? Son, reply'd ſhe ſighing, I

at first rejoyced to see you; but my Joy is turn'd into Sorrow. In what a Condition, alas! do I find you? My Slavery gives me a thousand times less uneasiness than the odious Habit ——. Heyday, interrupted I laughing, this is fine i'faith! Who'd have look'd for this Conscientiousness in an Actress? You are alter'd indeed, Mother, if my Metamorphosis is so extreamly offensive to you. Instead of being shock'd at my Turban, look upon me as an Actor that plays a *Turkish* Part. Tho' I am a Renegade, yet I am no more a *Mussulman* than I was in *Spain*; I am as strict an Adherent to Christianity as ever. When you know all the Adventures that have happen'd to me in this Country you will excuse me. Love is the Cause of my Apostacy. I am a Sacrificer to that little God. I take that from you. There is another Reason, adds I, why you shou'd not be so much concern'd at seeing me in this Dress. You expected to have endured a rigorous Captivity, and instead of that have met in the Person of your Master a Son who is full of Tenderness and Respect, and who is rich enough to maintain you here in Ease and Plenty, till an occasion offers of returning into *Spain* with safety. You ought to confess

the

the Truth of the Proverb, which says, *'Tis an ill Wind blows no body good.*

My Son, answer'd *Lucinda*, since you intend to return again into your Country, and there to abjure *Mahometaniſm*, I am satisfy'd. Thank Heaven, continued she, I may then carry back to *Caſtile* your little Sister *Beatrice*, safe and sound as I brought her away. Yes, Madam, said I, you may so. We will all three of us, as soon as possible, go home to the rest of our Family; for, I suppose you have other Tokens of your Fruitfulness left in *Spain*? No, reply'd my Mother, I have no other Children besides you two; and *Beatrice*, I wou'd have you to know, is the Fruit of a lawful Marriage. Ah! cry'd I, why did you give my little Sister that Advantage over Me? How cou'd you endure the Thoughts of Marriage? I have in my Infancy heard you say a thousand times, that for a handsome Woman to take a Husband is unpardonable. That was a great many Years ago, answer'd she, I have since alter'd my Mind; even Men, let their Resolutions be never so firm, are apt to change them; and how then can you think a weak Woman shou'd be immoveable in hers? I will tell you the History of my Life, continued she, since the time that you left *Madrid*.

Then she made me the following Relation, which I shall never forget. I will not deprive you of the Pleasure of hearing so curious a Story.

If you remember right, said my Mother, it is almost Thirteen Years since you quitted young *Leganez*. About that time the Duke *de Medina Celi* told me he wou'd sup with me in private some Evening or other. He set the Day. I waited for him. He came and liked me. He desired I wou'd for his sake turn off all his Rivals. I granted him his Request, hoping he wou'd pay me well for it. He did so. The very next Day I received Presents from him, which were afterwards follow'd by a great many others. I fear'd I shou'd not be able to hold long in my Chains a Man of his Quality; and I was the more apprehensive, because I knew he had escaped from several famous Beauties, who lost him almost as soon as they had him. Yet, the Pleasure he took in my Complaisantness was so far from decreasing, that he seem'd to be more and more delighted with me every Day. In short, I hit upon the Art of amusing him and hindering his Heart, which was naturally wavering and inconstant, from giving the Rein to its Inclinations.

He

He had now lov'd me three Months, and I had reaſon to flatter my ſelf that his Paſſion wou'd be of long continuance, when a Gentlewoman of my Acquaintance, and myſelf, went to a Conſort of Muſick where he happen'd to be with his Dutcheſs. We chanced to place our ſelves pretty near her Ladyſhip, who took it in her Head to be offended at my daring to appear in the Place where ſhe was. She ſent one of her Women to bid me go out that Moment. I gave her Meſſenger a rough Anſwer. The Dutcheſs was ſo provoked that ſhe complain'd to her Husband, who came himſelf and ſaid to me: *Lucinda*, go out. When a Nobleman condeſcends to converſe with ſuch a thing as you are; ſhe ought not therefore to forget herſelf. If we love you more than our Wives, at leaſt we honour our Wives more than you; and as often as you have the Inſolence to ſet your ſelves up againſt them, you will always have the Confuſion to be treated with Contempt.

By good luck the Duke made me this ſhocking Speech in ſo low a Voice, that no body elſe heard it. I retired with the utmoſt ſhame, and cry'd for Madneſs at having been ſo dreadfully mortify'd. To add to my Vexation, the Players got an inkling of this Affair that very Night. One

wou'd think thoſe People had a Demon among them that takes delight in telling the one what happens to the other. Has an Actor, for Example, committed ſome Extravagancy in a Debauch; or an Actreſs had a Quarrel with her Gallant? All the Company are immediately inform'd of it. All the Actors therefore knew what had happen'd at the Conſort, and I'll leave you to judge how free they were in laughing at my coſt. There reigns among them a Spirit of Charity which is ſure to manifeſt it ſelf upon ſuch Occaſions. But I deſpiſed all they cou'd ſay, and comforted my ſelf as well as I cou'd for the Loſs of the Duke *de Medina Celi*, who never viſited me again, and I was inform'd ſhortly after that he was fal'n into the Snares of a Nymph of the Opera.

When an Actreſs is ſo happy as to be in Vogue, ſhe can't want for Sparks; and the Love of a Nobleman, tho' it laſt but three Days, adds hugely to her Value. I was preſently beſieged with Galants when it was known in *Madrid* that the Duke had quitted me. The Rivals I had ſacrificed to him, were now more taken with my Charms than before, and return'd to my Chains in whole Crowds: I received the Homage of a thouſand other Hearts. I

was

was never ſo much in faſhion. Of all the Men that put in for my Favours, none ſeem'd ſo zealous as a luſty *German* belonging to the Duke of *Oſſuna*. He was no very fine Gentleman indeed; but he won me by a thouſand Piſtoles, which he had ſcraped up in his Maſter's Service, and of which he was wond'rous generous, to gain the Honour of being in the Liſt of my fortunate Lovers. This *Adonis*'s Name was *Brutandorf*. As long as his Money laſted, I gave him the beſt Welcome I was able; but when that was gone, he found my Door ſhut. This Proceeding of mine anger'd him at Heart. He came to me at the Houſe in the middle of the Play. I was behind the Scenes. He began to upbraid me. I laugh'd in his Face. He flew into a Rage, and gave me a Box o' the Ear, like a true *German* as he was. I ſet up a loud Cry. The Play was interrupted. I came upon the Stage, and addreſſing my ſelf to the Duke of *Oſſuna*, who happen'd to be there that Night with his Dutcheſs, I demanded Satisfaction for the High-*Dutch* Uſage his Gentleman had given me. The Duke order'd the Play to go on, and ſaid he wou'd hear both Parties, when it was done. The Play concluded, I came before the Duke, and told him my Grie-

vances in a very passionate Manner. As for the *German*, he used but two Words in his Defence. He said, that instead of repenting of what he had done, if it were to do again, he would do it. The Duke of *Osuna*, having heard us both, said to the *German*: *Britandorf*, I discharge you my House, and forbid you appearing before me any more; not for having given this Actress a Box o' the Ear, but for having been disrespectful to your Master and Mistress, and putting a stop to the Play in their Presence.

This Sentence vex'd me heartily. I was very much provoked that the *German* should not be turn'd away for the Affront he had given me. I imagined that such a Crime against an Actress ought to have been as severely punish'd as High-Treason; but this disagreeable Event undeceived me, and convinced me that the World makes a great deal of Distinction between the Actors and the Parts they play. This gave me a Disgust to the Stage. I resolved to leave it and go spend the rest of my Days at a distance from *Madrid*. I chose the City of *Valencia* for the Place of my Retreat, and thither I went *incog*, with the Value of Twenty Thousand Ducats in Money and Jewels: Which I thought more than

than enough to maintain me the reſt of my Days, ſince I deſign'd to live a retired Life. I hired a little Houſe at *Valencia*, and took a Woman and a Page, who knew no more of me than the reſt of my Neighbours. I gave my ſelf out for the Widow of one of the King's Servants, and pretended to have pitch'd upon *Valencia* for the Place of my Reſidence, becauſe it had the Character of being one of the pleaſanteſt Countries in all *Spain*. I contracted but very few Acquaintance, and obſerved ſo regular a Conduct, that no body ever ſuſpected me to have been a Player. But notwithſtanding my Deſire of being private, I drew upon my ſelf the Eyes of a Cavalier, who had a Caſtle near *Paterna*. He was a very handſome Gentleman, between thirty and forty Years old: But for all his Nobility, he was very much in Debt, which is not more uncommon in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, than in a great many other Countries.

This noble Gentleman, finding my Perſon agreeable enough, was willing to know if I was fit for his turn as to my Fortune. He ſent his Spies out upon the Hunt, and had the Pleaſure to be inform'd by them, that with a tolerable Pace I was in very flowing Circumſtances. Overjoy'd with

this

this Account of me, he ſoon afterwards ſent me a good old Woman, who told me, that being as much charm'd with my Virtue as my Beauty, he made me a Tender of his Faith, and that he was ready to lead me to the Altar, if I wou'd accept of him for a Huſband. I aſk'd three Days time to conſider of it. I enquired about the Gentleman, and the good Character I heard of him, tho' I found his Affairs were but in a pitiful Poſture, made me ſoon reſolve to marry him, which I did ſhortly after.

Don *Manuel de Xerica*, which was my Huſband's Name, carried me to his Caſtle as ſoon as we were married: It had a very ancient Look of which he was exceſſive vain. He ſaid it had been formerly built by one of his Anceſtors, and from thence concluded that there was ne'er a Family in *Spain* more ancient than that of *Xerica*. But this fine Title to Nobility was almoſt deſtroy'd by Time; and the Caſtle, which was prop'd up in ſeveral Places, was juſt ready to fall. How happy it was for Don *Manuel* that he married me! Above half my Money was ſpent in Repairs, and the reſt ſerved to enable us to make a Figure in the Country. And now behold me as it were in a new World. Transform'd into

a Lady

a Lady of a Caſtle, and the greateſt Woman in all the Pariſh. What a Metamorphoſis was here! I was too good an Actreſs not to carry my ſelf well in the Splendor of my Rank. I put on high Theatrical Airs, which made the poor Country-Folk believe me deſcended from ſome very great Family. What Sport wou'd there have been among them at my Expence had they known all! The People of Faſhion wou'd have thrown a Thouſand Taunts upon me, and even the Peaſants have abated of the great Reſpect they now ſhew'd me.

I had lived very happily with Don *Manuel* about ſix Years, when he died. He left me a great many intricate Affairs to get thro', and your Siſter *Beatrice* who was then four Years old. The Caſtle, which was our whole Eſtate, was unfortunately mortgaged to ſeveral Creditors, the chief of whom was call'd *Bernard Aſſuto*: And well he deſerved that Name! He exerciſed at *Valencia* the Employment of an Attorney, which he perform'd with great Ability, having ſtudy'd the Law a little to be the better ſkill'd in doing Injuſtice. A terrible Creditor! A Caſtle in the Claws of ſuch an Attorney, is like a Dove in the Talons of a Kite. Signior *Aſſuto*, the Moment he was inform'd of

my

my Husband's Death, immediately laid siege to the Castle. He had undoubtedly blown it up by the Mines of *Chicanry* he had begun to dig, if my good Genius had not interposed its Assistance; but Fortune resolved to make the Besieger my Slave. I charm'd him in an Interview which I had with him relating to our Affairs. I own I spared for nothing that I thought might inspire him with Love, and the Desire of saving my Estate made me try upon him all the Airs and Glances with which I had so often had Success. But tho' I was a very great Mistress of my Art, yet I very much fear'd I shou'd never be able to enflame an Attorney. He was so muddled in his Business, that he did not seem susceptible of an amorous Impression. Yet this Morose, this Ill-natur'd Pettifogger took more Pleasure in seeing me than I cou'd have imagined: Madam, said he, I don't know how to make love: I have always apply'd my self so diligently to my Business, that I know nothing of the Usages and Customs of Gallantry. Not that I am ignorant of the Essential Part thereof; and to come to the Point, If you'll have me, I'll stop all further Proceedings in the Suit: I'll disperse the Creditors who have join'd with me to have your Estate sold.

You

You shall enjoy the Income, and the Property of it shall be your Daughter's. *Beatrice*'s Interest and my own wou'd not give me leave to hesitate. I accepted the Proposal. The Attorney kept his Word. He turn'd his Arms against the other Creditors, and secured me in the Possession of my Castle. This perhaps was the first time he ever serv'd the Widow and the Orphan.

Thus I became the Wife of an Attorney; but by this new Match I quite lost my self in the Minds of the Gentry of *Valencia*. The Women of Quality look'd on me as one that had debased her self to the greatest Degree, and wou'd no longer see me. I was forced to take up with some City Ladies. This at first gave me some little Uneasiness, because for above six Years together, I had been used to keep company with none but Women of Distinction. But I soon made my self easy in that Point. I scraped Acquaintance with the Wife of a Scrivener, and with those of two Attorneys: Their Characters were very comical. There was a Ridiculousness in their Manners, which diverted me extremely. Their Ladyships fancied they had a thousand Excellencies above the rest of their Sex. Alas! said I to my self

some

ſometimes when I ſaw their Extravagancies, thus is the World! All imagine they excel their Neighbours. I uſed to think, that only Actreſſes forgot themſelves at this rate. But I found your City Dames were not a whit more free from Vanity. I wiſh, for their Puniſhment they were obliged to keep in their Houſes the Pictures of their Anceſtors: Faith, I hardly think they would put them in the moſt conſpicuous Part.

After four Years Marriage Signior *Bernard Aſtuto* fell ſick and died without Children. With the Eſtate he left me, and that I had before, I ſaw my ſelf a very rich Widow. The World gave me the Character of ſuch; and upon this Report a *Sicilian* Gentleman named *Colifichini*, reſolved to perſecute me, either till he had mined me or married me: He left it to me to chuſe. He came from *Palermo* to ſee *Spain*, and having ſatisfy'd his Curioſity, he waited at *Valencia* for an Opportunity of repaſſing into *Sicily*. The Cavalier was not Five and Twenty Years old. He was well ſhap'd, tho' little, and in a word his Perſon pleaſed me. He found means to have a Converſation with me in private, and I muſt needs own I grew paſſionately in love with him at our very firſt Interview.

view. The young Rogue, on his Side, appear'd very much captivated with my Charms. I believe really we ſhou'd have marry'd immediately, had not the Attorney's Death, who was not well warm in his Grave, hinder'd me from contracting ſo ſoon a new Engagement. But ever ſince I had taken a fancy to Marriages, I obſerved Meaſures of Decency to avoid Scandal.

We agreed therefore to defer our Marriage for ſome time. In the mean while *Coliſichini* was very aſſiduous about me, and his Love, inſtead of cooling, ſeem'd to grow more violent every Day. The poor Gentleman was not overſtock'd with Ready-Money. I perceived it, and took Care to furniſh him. Beſides that I was almoſt twice his Age, I remember'd that in my Youth I had exacted Contributions of the Men, and I look'd upon what I gave now, as a ſort of Reſtitution which eaſed my Conſcience. We waited as patiently as we were able, till the Time of my Mourning was expired. Then we went to the Altar, where we bound our ſelves to each other in eternal Bonds. Afterwards we retired to my Caſtle; where I may ſay we lived more like tender Lovers than Man and Wife: But, alas! this Happineſs was

not

not to last! A Pleurisie carried off my Dear *Colifichini*.

Here I interrupted my Mother. What! Madam, said I, your third Husband die too! You're a very murthering Tenement sure! What wou'd you have me do, Son, reply'd she? Can I prolong the Days which Heaven has counted? If I have lost three Husbands, how cou'd I help it? I mourn'd very much for two of them. He that I least lamented was the Attorney. As I married him only for Interest, I was easily comforted for the Loss of him. But, continued she, to return to *Colifichini*, Some Months after his Death I had a mind to go my self to see a Country House near *Palermo*, which he had settled upon me for my Dowry, in our Marriage Contract. I embark'd with my Daughter to cross into *Sicily*; but we were taken in our Way thither by the Bashaw of *Algier*'s Ships. We were brought to this City. You by good Fortune, happen'd to be in the Place where we were exposed to Sale. We might else have fal'n into the Hands of some barbarous Master, who wou'd have given us rigorous Usage, and kept us perhaps in perpetual Slavery, while you might have known nothing what was become of us. This was my Mother's Story. After which, Gentlemen,

men, I gave her the handſomeſt Apartment in my Houſe, with Permiſſion to live how ſhe thought fit; which ſhe liked beſt of all. She had in the whole Courſe of her Life been ſo accuſtomed to love, that ſhe cou'd not poſſibly do without a Husband or a Lover. At firſt ſhe caſt her Eyes upon ſome of my Slaves: But *Hally Pegelin*, a *Greek* Renegade that came ſometimes to my Houſe, ſoon attracted all her Attention. She conceived more Love for him than ſhe had ever had for *Coliſchini*, and ſhe was ſo perfect a Miſtreſs of the Art of pleaſing Men, that ſhe found Means to charm him as well as the reſt. I made as if I ſaw nothing of their Intelligence. My Thoughts then were wholly employ'd upon my Return into *Spain*. The Baſhaw had given me leave to arm a Ship for Piracy. This took up all my Time, and about a Week before I had finiſh'd it, I ſaid to *Lucinda* or Madam, we ſhall now leave *Algier* very ſpeedily, we ſhall bid farewel to this Abode which you deteſt.

My Mother turn'd pale at theſe Words, and ſtood ſpeechleſs. I was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at him. What do I ſee, cry'd I? Whence can proceed the Uneaſineſs which appears in your Face? You look as if theſe Tidings gave you Affliction inſtead of Joy.

I thought

I thought it wou'd be the higheſt Pleaſure to you to hear that I have made every thing ready for our Departure. Are you then no longer fond of returning into *Spain?* No, Son, I no longer deſire it, reply'd my Mother. I have felt ſo much Sorrow there, that I renounce it for ever. What do I hear, cry'd I, amazed? Say rather 'tis Love which gives you an Averſion to your Country. How are you alter'd! When firſt you came hither, every thing you ſaw was odious to you; But *Hally Pegelin* has given you other Inclinations. I don't deny it, reply'd *Lucinda*: I love that Renegade, and will take him for my fourth Husband. What a Project is this, interrupted I with Horror? What, Marry a *Turk*! Do you forget that you are a Chriſtian; or rather, are you only a pretended one? Ah, Mother, what a Project do you lay before my Eyes? You are fixt upon Deſtruction. You are about to do that voluntarily, which I did only out of Neceſſity.

I uſed a great many other Arguments to diſſwade her from this Folly; but my Eloquence was all in vain. She had taken her Reſolutions. She did not content her ſelf with following her Evil Inclination, and leaving me, to marry a Renegade; ſhe wou'd

wou'd have robb'd me of *Beatrice* too. I oppoſed her ſtoutly in this. Ah wretched *Lucinda!* ſaid I; if nothing can perſuade you, at leaſt ruin none but your ſelf by your raſh Fury. Do not involve an innocent Child in the Precipice which you are caſting your ſelf into. *Lucinda* left me without making any Reply. I fancied ſhe had ſtill ſome remains of Reaſon in her, which hinder'd her from perſiſting in demanding her Daughter. How little was I acquainted with my Mother! Two Days afterwards one of my Slaves ſaid to me: My Lord, take care of your ſelf. A Slave of *Pegelin* juſt now gave me a piece of Information, which you cannot make your Advantage of too ſoon. Your Mother has changed her Religion, and to puniſh you for having refuſed her *Beatrice*, is reſolved to give the Baſhaw Notice of your intended Flight. I did not in the leaſt doubt but *Lucinda* was capable of doing what the Slave ſaid. I had had Time to ſtudy her Temper, and I found that her having been uſed to bloody Parts in Tragedies, had made her familiar with Guilt. She'd have made no Bones of having me burnt alive, and only look'd upon it as the Cataſtrophe of a Play.

I was

I was resolved therefore not to neglect the Notice my Slave had given me. I hasten'd the Preparation of my Ship. I hired *Turks* according to the Custom of the *Algerine* Pirates that go out in quest of Prizes; but I hired no more than just enow to clear me from all Suspicion, and I sail'd out of Port as soon as possible, with all my Slaves, and my Sister *Beatrice*. You will suppose that I did not forget to carry with me what little Money and Jewels I was Master of. It might amount to about the Value of six thousand *Ducats*. When we were in the open Sea, we began to secure the *Turks*. We easily chain'd them, because my Slaves were more than they. We had so fair a Wind, that we soon reach'd the Coast of *Italy*. We arrived very happily at the Port of *Leghorn*, where I believe the whole City ran out to see us land. The Father of my Slave *Azarini* happen'd either by Chance, or out of Curiosity, to be among the Spectators. He view'd all my Slaves very attentively as they got out of the Ship; but tho' he search'd for the Features of his Son, yet he did not expect to find him here. What Transports, what Embraces were there between them when they knew each other!

So

So ſoon as *Azarini* had told his Father who I was, and what brought me to *Leghorn*, the old Man forced me, and *Beatrice* too, to take a Lodging in his Houſe. I ſhall omit the Particulars of a Thouſand Things which I was to do to re-enter into the Boſom of the Church: I ſhall only ſay that I abjured *Mahometaniſm* with much more Sincerity than I embraced it. After I had quite cleanſed my ſelf from my *Algerine* Itch, I ſold my Ship, and gave all my Slaves their Freedom. As for the *Turks*, they were ſhut up in the Priſons of *Leghorn*, to be exchanged for Chriſtians. I received from both the *Azarini's*, all the good Treatment in the World: Nay, the Son married my Siſter *Beatrice*, who indeed was no ill Match to him, ſince ſhe was a Gentleman's Daughter, and had to her Portion the Caſtle of *Xerioa*, which my Mother had taken care to Farm out to a rich Country-Man of *Paterna*, when ſhe form'd the Deſign of croſſing into *Sicily*. After having ſtay'd ſome Time at *Leghorn*, I ſet out from thence for *Florence*, which I had a mind to ſee. I did not go thither without Letters of Recommendation. Old *Azarini* had Friends in the Court of the Great Duke, and he recommended me to them as a *Spaniſh* Gentleman that was his

Ally.

Ally. I put the Don to my Name, imitating therein a vaſt many mean *Spaniards*, who make no Scruple of aſſuming that Title abroad. I therefore called my ſelf Don *Raphael* with a great deal of Impudence; and as I had brought from *Algier* wherewithal to ſupport my Nobility with Dignity, I appear'd at Court in Splendor. The Cavaliers to whom *Azarini* had written in my Favour, gave out that I was a Perſon of Quality; ſo that their Teſtimony, and the Airs I gave my ſelf, made me eaſily paſs for a conſiderable Man. I ſoon ſcraped Acquaintance with ſome of the Principal Lords, who preſented me to the Great Duke. I had the good Fortune to pleaſe him. I apply'd my ſelf to ſtudy the Temper of that Prince. I liſten'd attentively to what his oldeſt Courtiers ſaid to him, and by that means diſcovered his Inclinations. I obſerved among other Things, that he was a mighty Lover of Jeſts, Tales, and witty Repartees. I regulated my Diſcourſe accordingly. I wrote in my Table-book every Morning, the Stories I meant to tell him that Day. I had a whole Budget-full of them. But, tho' I was very careful not to be too laviſh of them, my Budget began to grow empty, ſo that I muſt have been obliged to repeat what I had

had ſaid before, or to let every body ſee that I was at the end of my Apophthegms, if the Fruitfulneſs of my Invention had not furniſh'd me with Fictions: I made out of my own Head ſeveral pretty Tales, which highly diverted the Great Duke: And, which is often practiſed by your profeſſed Wits, I wrote down every Morning in my *Agenda*, the Jeſts I ſhou'd make uſe of in the Afternoon as Extempore.

Moreover, I ſet up for a Poet, and Conſecrated my Muſe to the Honour of the Prince. I freely confeſs my Verſes were good for little; neither were they criticiſed: But had they been better, I doubt whether they could have met with a better Reception from the Great Duke. He ſeem'd to be mighty well pleaſed with them. Perhaps the Subject hindered him from ſeeing their Faults. Be that as 'twill, he by degrees took ſuch a liking to me, that the Courtiers began to grow jealous. They endeavour'd to find out who I was; but in vain. They only diſcover'd that I had been a Renegade. This they did not fail to inform the Prince of, in hopes to ruin me with him: But it wou'd not do. On the contrary, the Great Duke one Day bid me give him a faithful Relation of my Voyage to *Algier*. I obey'd him: And

my Adventures, which I did not at all ſcruple to reveal, diverted him prodigiouſly.

Don *Raphael*, ſays he to me after I had finiſh'd my Story, I have a Kindneſs for you, and I will give you a convincing Proof of it. I will make you the Depoſitory of my Secrets, and as an Earneſt, will tell you that I am in love with the Wife of one of my Miniſters of State. She is the moſt beautiful Lady in all my Court, but at the ſame time the moſt virtuous. She applies her ſelf everlaſtingly to the Affairs of her Family, and looking no further than her Husband who adores her, ſhe ſeems to be ignorant of the Noiſe which her Charms make in *Florence*. You will eaſily imagine that the Conqueſt of ſuch a Lady muſt be very difficult: But yet, as inacceſſible as ſhe is, ſhe has ſometimes heard my Sighs. I have found Means to talk with her in private. She knows my Sentiments. I cannot flatter my ſelf ſo far as to think that I have inſpired her with Love. She has given me no Cauſe to form ſo agreeable a Thought. However, I don't deſpair of winning her by my Conſtancy, and by the diſcrete Secrecy which I obſerve in my Addreſſes.

The

The Paſſion I have for this Lady, continued he, is known to no body but her ſelf. Inſtead of following the Dictates of my Inclination without Conſtraint, and acting as Lord of my own Will, I keep my Love conceal'd as much as poſſible. I think my ſelf bound to do thus much for the ſake of *Maſcarini*, the Husband of her I love. The Zeal and Attachment which he ſhews for me, his Services and his Probity oblige me to manage with a great deal of Secrecy and Circumſpection. I will not plunge a Dagger in the Breaſt of that unfortunate Husband, by openly declaring my ſelf in love with his Wife. I wou'd, if poſſible, keep him always ignorant of my Paſſion; for I am perſuaded he wou'd die with Grief, ſhou'd he know the Secret I intruſt you with. I therefore keep theſe my Infirmities as private as poſſible, and have pitch'd upon you for my Ambaſſador to *Lucretia*, to let her know the Miſeries I endure by putting this Conſtraint upon my ſelf. You ſhall be the Interpreter of my Thoughts. I don't doubt but you will acquit your ſelf of this Employment perfectly well. Scrape Acquaintance with *Maſcarini*. Endeavour to gain his Friendſhip. Get Acceſs to his Houſe, and uſe the Means to talk with his Wife. This

is what I beg of you, and which I am assured you will perform with all the Address and Discretion, requisite in so delicate an Affair.

I promised the Great Duke to do all that lay in my Power to answer his Confidence, and to contribute to the Success of his Flame. I kept my Word with him soon afterwards. I spared nothing that I thought might win me *Mascarini*'s Good Graces, and I easily compass'd it. Charmed to see his Friendship sought after by one so well-beloved by the Prince, he met me half way in it. His House was always open to me. I had free Access to his Wife, and I may say without Vanity, I managed Matters so well, that he never had the least Suspicion of the Business I came upon. It is true, for an *Italian*, he was not very jealous: He confided in the Virtue of his *Lucretia*, and shutting himself up in his Study, often left me alone with her. Then I came bluff to the Point. I talk'd to her of the Great Duke's Passion, and told her that I came thither only to speak to her in favour of that Prince. She seem'd not to be taken with him; but yet I cou'd observe that her Vanity wou'd not give her leave entirely to reject his Vows. She took Delight in hearing them, tho' she wou'd not

not make any Return. She was wise, but a Woman, and I cou'd see that her Virtue insensibly gave way to the Pride of having a Sovereign in her Chains. In short, the Prince had room to hope, that without using the Violence of *Tarquin*, he might see *Lucretia* in his Arms. But an Accident, which he little expected, destroyed all these Hopes, as you shall hear.

I have naturally a good deal of Impudence with the Women. I contracted this Temper, be it good or bad, among the *Turks*. *Lucretia* was handsome. I forgot that I was only to play the Part of Ambassador. I spoke for my self. I offer'd my Services to the Lady with all the Gallantry I was Master of. Instead of seeming shock'd at my Boldness, and answering me with Anger, she said to me smiling: O my Word, Don *Raphael*, the Great Duke has a faithful Agent of you! You serve him with an Integrity that can never be enough commended! Madam, answer'd I, in the same Tone, don't let us examine Things too scrupulously. Let's have no Reflections, I beseech you: I know very well they are against me; but I give my self up entirely to my Love. And after all, I don't think I am the first Confident that ever betray'd his Master in point of

an Amour. Your Great Men often find very dangerous Rivals in the Persons of their Mercuries. It may be so, reply'd *Lucretia*: But I wou'd have you to know I have more Pride in me than that comes to: Less than a Prince must never hope to touch my Heart. Regulate your Conduct upon this Information, continued she with a graver Face, and let us now talk of something else. I am willing to forget what is past, upon Condition you never presume to be so audacious again: If you are, you may repent it.

Though this was fair Warning, I ought to have followed it accordingly, yet I continued to teaze *Maſſarini*'s Wife about my own Passion, as boldly as ever. I even press'd her more warmly than before, to make me a Return for my Tenderness, and I was so rash as to offer to take Liberties with her. The Lady growing downright angry, both at my Discourse, and at the *Turkery* of my Behaviour, observed no further Measures with me. She threaten'd to inform the Great Duke of my Insolence, and to prevail upon him to punish me as I deserved. I was provoked in my Turn at these Menaces. My Love was changed into Hatred. I resolved to be revenged of *Lucretia* for

for her Contempt of me. I went to her Husband, and having made him Swear that he wou'd not betray me, I inform'd him of the Intelligence there was between his Wife and the Duke, with whom (to make the Scene the more interesting) I pretended she was passionately in love. *Mascarini*, to prevent what might happen, without making any more Noise about the Matter, lock'd up his Wife in a private Room, where he had her carefully watch'd by Persons whom he cou'd trust. While she was thus surrounded with *Arguses*, who prevented her sending any Message to the Great Duke, I told that Prince in a very woful Tone, that he must have no more Thoughts of *Lucretia*: I intimated to him, that *Mascarini* had certainly discover'd the whole Secret, since he kept so strict a Guard over his Wife; that I cou'd not conceive what had given him Cause to suspect me, who had always behaved my self before him with abundance of Discretion and Reserve; that perhaps the Lady her self had own'd all to her Husband, and so was lock'd up with Consent to avoid Addresses which allarm'd her Vertue. The Prince seem'd very much afflicted at my Relation. I was concern'd at his Sorrow, and have more than once repented what I

had done: But then 'twas too late. Beſides, I muſt confeſs I felt a ſecret Pleaſure in having reduced to thoſe Straits the haughty Woman who treated me with ſo much Diſdain.

I thus taſted with Impunity the Pleaſure of Revenge, which is ſo ſweet to all the World, but chiefly to *Spaniards*, when one Day the Great Duke being with Five or Six Lords of his Court, and my ſelf, ſaid to us: In what manner ought he to be puniſh'd, who has abuſed the Confidence of his Prince, and try'd to undermine him in his Miſtreſs's Favour? He ought, ſays one of the Courtiers, to be torn to pieces by four wild Horſes: Another was for having him beaten to Death with Sticks: The leaſt cruel of theſe *Italians* ſaid, that he wou'd only have him toſs'd from the top of ſome high Tower. But, ſays the Great Duke, what is Don *Raphael*'s Opinion? I dare ſay the *Spaniards* are no leſs ſevere upon ſuch Occaſions than the *Italians*.

Upon this I gueſs'd, as you may eaſily imagine, that *Maſcarini* had not kept his Oath with me, or that his Wife had found Means to let the Prince know what had paſs'd between She and I. The Diſturbance of my Mind preſently flew into my Face. But

But whatever Confusion I was in, I answer'd boldly: My Lord, we *Spaniards* are more generous. We should upon such an occasion forgive the Confident, and by that Goodness produce in his Soul an Eternal Remorse for having betray'd his Prince. Well! said the Prince! too am capable of the same Generosity. I forgive the Traytor. And indeed I can blame no body but my self, who was so indiscreet as to repose my Confidence in a Man whom I did not know, and whom I had reason to distrust after the Character I had heard of him. Don *Raphael*, added he, your Punishment shall be this; leave my Dominions immediately and see me no more. I retired that Moment, less afflicted at my Disgrace than overjoy'd at coming off at so easy a rate. I embark'd the very same Day upon a Ship belonging to *Barcelona*, which was just setting Sail from *Legborn* to return Home.

I interrupted Don *Raphael* in this Part of his Story. Methinks, for a Man of your Wit, says I, you committed a very great Error in not leaving *Florence* immediately after having discover'd to *Mascarini* the Prince's Love for *Lucretia*. You must needs think the Great Duke would

soon come to the Knowledge of your Treachery. I own it, reply'd the Son of *Lucinda*: And therefore, notwithstanding the Assurance which *Mascarias* had given me that he wou'd not expose me to the Duke's Resentment, I did intend to be gone as soon as I cou'd conveniently.

I arrived at *Barcelona*, continued he, with the remainder of the Wealth I had brought from *Algier*, and of which I had squander'd away the better part at *Florence* in setting up for a Gentleman. I did not stay long in *Catalonia*. I dyed with impatience to see *Madrid* again, the charming Place of my Nativity, and I gratifyed this Desire as soon as possible. When I was come thither, I happen'd to take a Lodging in the same House with a Lady whose Name was *Camilla*. Tho the Jade had been some time out of her Leading Strings, she had the most winning way with her I ever saw. Signor *Gil Blas* can bear witness to the truth of this, for he saw her at *Valladolid* not long after. Her Wit exceeded her Beauty, and never had any Lady of Pleasure a happier Talent for catching of Cullies. But she was not like those Coquets who buy Land with what they get

of

of their Lovers: Had she stript a Man of Business? She shared the Spoils with the first Knight of the Industry that hit her Fancy.

We loved one another at our very first Interview, and the Conformity of our Inclinations tyed us together so strongly, that our Effects soon became common between us both. 'Tis true, we did not over much abound in Money; what we had we soon run out. We thought of nothing further than our Pleasure, without making the least use of the Genius we had of fingering the Purse of our Neighbour; but Want at length awaken'd those Talents which Pleasure seem'd to have benumm'd. My dear *Raphael*, says *Camilla*, let us cease to observe a Constancy which ruins us. You may enchant some rich Widow; and I, some wealthy old Flunks: If we continue to be thus faithful, how are two Fortunes utterly spoilt? Charming *Camilla*, reply'd I, you are before-hand with me. I was just going to make you the same Proposal. My Queen, I consent. That we may be the better able to preserve a mutual Ardor for each other, let us try what Conquests we can make. Our Infidelity will become our Triumph.

This

This Convention made, we took the Field. We ſpent a great deal of Pains, without being able to meet with what we wanted. *Camilla* lit upon none but Fops, who have ſeldom a Shilling in their Pockets; and I with Women who were rather for raiſing Contributions than paying them. As Love proved deaf to our Prayers we had recourſe to ſharping. We gave ſo many Proofs of our Skill in this Trade, that the Corregidor had Information of it; and that Magiſtrate, who was as ſevere as the Devil, commanded one of his Alguazil's to ſeize us; but the Alguazil, who was as good as the Corregidor was bad, gave us time to depart from *Madrid*, for a little Spill of Money which we clapp'd into his Hand. We took the Road to *Valladolid*, and went and ſettled our ſelves there. I hired a Houſe, where I lodged with *Camilla*, whom, to avoid Scandal, I call'd Siſter. At firſt we put a Bridle to our Induſtry, and before we form'd any Enterprize we reſolved to view the Ground a little.

One Day a Man accoſted me in the Street, ſaluted me very civilly, and ſaid to me: Signior Don *Raphael* do you know me? I anſwer'd, No. I remember you perfectly

feetly well, reply'd he. I have seen you at the Court of *Tuscany*, and I then belong'd to the Guard of the Great Duke. 'Tis some Months ago, added he, since I quitted the Service of that Prince. I am come to *Spain* with, I believe, one of the subtlest *Italians* in the World. We have been at *Valladolid* about three Weeks. We live with a *Castilian* and a *Galician*, a couple of as honest Fellows as you shall meet with. We subsist upon the Sweat of our Brain. We live jollily, and divert ourselves like Princes. If you will joyn company with us, my Comrades will receive you gladly, for I always thought you a gallant Man, of a Temper not over-scrupulous, and a Graduate in our Order.

This Rogue's Frankness excited mine: Since you discover your self to me so generously, said I to him, I will do the same by you. I own therefore that I am no Novice in my Profession; and if my Modesty wou'd give me leave to tell my Exploits, you won'd see that you have not judged too advantageously of me; but I shall omit praising my self, and conclude with telling you that I readily accept of the Place you offer me in your Company, and shall neglect nothing to convince you that

I am

I am not unworthy of it. I had no sooner told this Ambidexter that I consented to increase the Number of his Comrades, than he brought me to them and introduced me into their Acquaintance. Here it was that I first saw the famous *Ambrose de Lamela*. Those Gentlemen put some Questions to me concerning the Art of dexterously bringing into one's own Pocket the Money of one's Neighbour. They did it to find whether or no I understood the Principles; but I shew'd them some Strokes of Art which they themselves were ignorant of, and much admired. They were still more surprised, when setting at nought the Dexterity of my Hand, as too vulgar a Qualification, I told them that I excell'd in those Cheats which require Wit. To convince them that what I said was true, I told them my Adventure with *Jerome de Moya*, and upon the bare Relation of this Story they look'd upon me as so superior a Genius, that with one Voice they chose me for their Captain. Hers them so that I deserved this Honour by an infinite Number of Cheats which we performed, and in which I was, as it were, the chief Manager. When we wanted an Actress to help us out at a Shift, we made use of

Camilla,

Camilla, who always play'd the Parts we gave her to admiration.

About this time our Brother *Ambrose* was tempted to pay a Visit to his own Country. He set out for *Galicia*, assuring us that he wou'd certainly return as soon as possible. He satisfy'd his Curiosity, and upon his way back going to *Burgos* in quest of some Adventure, a Host, a Friend of his, put him into the Service of Signor *Gil Blas de Santillana*, whose Affairs he at the same time made him acquainted with. Signor *Gil Blas*, continued he addressing his Speech to me, you know how we eased you of your Portmantle at *Valladolid*. I don't doubt but you suspected *Ambrose* to be the principal Instrument of that Theft, and he really was so. He came to us at your very first Arrival to that Town. He informed us of the Condition you were in, and the Gentlemen Undertakers regulated their Conduct accordingly. But you don't know what follow'd after that. I will tell you. *Ambrose* and I went off with your Portmantle, and mounting your Mules took the Roads to *Madrid*, without troubling our Heads about *Camilla* or our Comrades, who no doubt were as much surprised as you cou'd be at not seeing us next Day.

The

The ſecond Day of our Journey we changed our Reſolution. Inſtead of going to *Madrid*, which I did not leave without good Cauſe, we paſs'd thro' *Zebreros*, and continued our Courſe to *Toledo*. Our firſt Care here was to put our ſelves into a genteel Garb. Then giving ourſelves out for two *Galician* Brothers that were travelling for curioſity, we ſoon ſcraped Acquaintance with very honeſt Gentlemen. I was ſo uſed to act the Man of Quality that I eaſily paſs'd for one; and as People are generally dazzled by Expence and Liberality, we threw Duſt in the Eyes of the whole Town by the Treats we began to give to the Ladies. Among the Women I ſaw, there was one that touch'd me. She was handſomer than *Camilla*, and much younger. I enquir'd who ſhe was, and heard that her Name was *Violante*, and that ſhe was married to a Cavalier, who being already grown weary of her Embraces, ran after thoſe of a Courteſan whom he loved. I wanted no more to make me reſolve to eſtabliſh *Violante* the Sovereign Miſtreſs of my Heart.

It was not long before ſhe perceived the Conqueſt ſhe had made. I began to follow her whitherſoever ſhe went, and to commit a thouſand Follies to perſuade her that I deſir'd

I desired no better than to comfort her for the Infidelity of her Husband. The Dame made Reflections thereupon, and at length I had the Pleasure to know that my Intentions were approved of. I received a Billet from her in answer to several which I had sent her by one of those old Women who are so useful in *Spain* and *Italy*. The Lady sent me Word that her Husband supt every Night at his Mistress's, and always came home very late. I soon comprehended the Meaning of this. I went the very same Night under *Violante*'s Window, and fell into a very tender Conversation with her. Before we parted we agreed to meet again in the same manner and at the same Hour every Night, without prejudice to all or any other Act of Gallantry, which it shou'd be lawful for us to exercise in the Day-time.

Hitherto, Don *Balthazar*, which was the Name of my Princess's Husband, had escaped Scot-free; but I was for loving more Physically, and I repair'd one Night to the Lady's Window with Intention to let her know that I cou'd not live if I had not a private Meeting with her in some Place more agreeable to the Excess of my Love: which was a Favour I had not as yet been able to obtain. But just as I got thither

I saw

I ſaw coming into the Street a Man who ſeemed to obſerve me. In effect, it was the Huſband, who happening to come from his Courtezan ſooner than he uſed to do, and ſeeing a Man near his Houſe, inſtead of going in, walk'd about in the Street. I was doubtful for ſome time what to do: But at length, I reſolved to accoſt Don *Balthazar*, who knew me no more than I did him. Signior Cavalier, ſays I to him, I beg you wou'd leave the Street to me this one Night. Another Time I will be as Complaiſant to you. Signior, reply'd he, I was juſt going to make you the ſame Requeſt: I am in love with a young Lady who is very narrowly watch'd by her Brother, and who lives about Twenty Paces off. I ſhou'd be glad to have the Street to my ſelf. There is a way, reply'd I, to ſatisfy us both without incommoding either of us. For, added I, ſhewing him his own Houſe, the Lady I ſerve lives there: We may even aſſiſt each other if either of us happens to be attack'd. Agreed, anſwer'd he; I'll go to my Place of Appointment, and we'll back one another if there's any Occaſion. With theſe Words he left me; but he did it only to watch me the more narrowly; which the Darkneſs

of

of the Night enabled him to do unſuſpected.

As for my own Part, I honeſtly went to *Violante's* Balcony, where ſhe ſoon appear'd. We fell to converſing together: I did not omit preſſing my Queen to grant me a private Meeting in ſome By-place. She at firſt made a faint Refuſal, the more to inhance the Value of the Favour I ſollicited: But afterwards, pulling a Letter out of her Pocket, There, ſaid ſhe, throwing it to me, you'll find in that Paper a Promiſe of the Thing you ſo importune me for. With this ſhe went her ways, becauſe the uſual Time of her Huſband's Return drew near. I pocketed the Letter, and haſten'd to the Place where Don *Balthazar* had told me he had an Affair. But the Huſband who plainly ſaw I had a Month's Mind to his Wife, met me and preſently aſk'd me, Whether or no I was not pleas'd with my good Fortune? I have no Reaſon to be otherwiſe, reply'd I. But pr'ythee how have you ſucceeded? Was the little Blind God propitious to you? Alas, no, anſwer'd he, that damn'd Brother of her's was return'd from his Country-Houſe where we thought he won'd tarry till To-morrow. This unlucky Accident has

robb'd

robb'd me of the Pleasure which had so flatter'd my Hopes.

Protestations of the sincerest Friendship were reciprocally made between Don *Balthazar* and my self, and to draw the Knot still closer, we agreed to meet the next-day-Morning in the Great Square. This Cavalier, after we parted, went Home, and took no Notice to *Violante* of any thing. The next Day he repair'd to the Place of Rendezvouz, and a Moment after come I. We saluted each other with Demonstrations of Friendship as false on one Side as they were real on t'other. Soon afterwards the crafty *Balthazar* communicated to me his feign'd Intrigue with the Lady he told me of the Night before. He spun out a long Story of his own inventing, and all to draw me on to relate in my Turn how Matters went between me and *Violante*. I for my Part fell into the Trap, and without the least reserve declar'd what had pass'd. I even shew'd him the Letter I had receiv'd from her, containing these Words. *To-morrow I shall dine with Donna* Agnes: *You know where she lives. 'Tis at that Faithful Friend's House where I mean to pass a few private Moments with you. I can no longer refuse you a Favour you seem so well to deserve.*

O' my

O' my Word, ſaid Don *Balthazar*, this Letter promiſes full Payment for all your paſt Languiſhings. I wiſh you joy of the Happineſs that attends you. As he ſpoke this, he cou'd not help diſcovering a ſort of Diſorder in his Face, but I was ſo fluſh'd with Hopes that I did not much mind the Deportment of my Confident, who was however fain to leave me for fear I ſhou'd perceive how much he was diſturb'd. He haſten'd away to inform his Brother-in-Law of this Adventure. What paſs'd between them Two, I am ignorant: This only I know, that Don *Balthazar*, came and knock'd at Donna *Agnes*'s Door while I was at that Lady's, in Company with *Violante*. We ſaw who 'twas, but before he got in I had made my Eſcape at a back Door. I had no ſooner diſappeared but the Women recover'd themſelves of the Fright he had put them in, and received him with ſuch an Air of Aſſurance, that he ſuſpected they had either hid me in ſome Hole, or let me eſcape at ſome private out-let. I ſhall not tell you what he ſaid to Donna *Agnes* and his Wife. 'Tis what never came to my Knowledge.

Mean while, without ſuſpecting my ſelf bubbled by Don *Balthazar*, I went my ways, giving him a hearty Curſe or two, and

and return'd to the Great Square, where I had made an Aſſignation to meet *Lamela*: But he came not, having Buſineſs of his own it ſeems: The Rogue was more fortunate than I. Whilſt I was waiting for him, I diſcover'd my faithleſs Confident, advancing towards me with an Air of Gaiety and Self-Satisfaction. Up he comes, and with a ſmiling Countenance aſk'd me the Reſult of my Converſation with my Nymph at Donna *Agnes*'s. Surely, ſaid I, ſome Devil out of very Spite takes a Pleaſure to diſappoint me. For whilſt I had the Lady to my ſelf, and was preſſing her to make me happy, who ſhou'd knock at the Door but her Huſband, plague confound him. So having time to think of nothing but how to make a ſpeedy Retreat, I flew out at a back Door, bequeathing to *Belzebub* that Son of a Whore who had broke all my Meaſures. I am heartily ſorry for it, (cry'd Don *Balthazar* who ſecretly rejoic'd to ſee me ſo mortify'd.) An impertinent Puppy! adds he. Gad, if I was you, I'd give him no Quarter. Never trouble your ſelf about that, reply'd I, I'll do his Buſineſs for him yet, and this very Night too, or it ſhall coſt me a Fall. His Wife, you muſt know, when we parted, bid me not be dejected, but repair to her Win-

Window ſooner than uſual, and ſhe wou'd let me in, but withal adviſ'd me by way of Precaution to procure two or three Friends to aſſiſt me, for fear of any Surprize. Never ſure was ſo provident a Lady! ſaid he: I'll accompany you to her. Ah, my dear Friend, cry'd I overjoy'd and hugging *Balthazar* in my Arms, how ſhall I diſcharge the Obligations you lay on me! Nay more, reply'd he, there's a young Fellow I'm acquainted with, as ſtout as *Hercules*. He ſhall make one, and with ſuch a Guard you may boldly adventure.

I wanted Words to expreſs my Thanks to this new Friend, ſo tranſported was I at theſe Demonſtrations of his Zeal. To conclude, I accepted of his Offer, and ſo reſolving to meet under *Violante*'s Balcony as ſoon as 'twas dark, we took our leaves of each other. He took his Way to his Brother-in-Law who was the *ſtout-as-Hercules-Man*, and I went a walking till the Evening with *Lamela*, who, tho' he wonder'd to ſee Don *Balthazar* ſo eagerly eſpouſe my Intereſts, yet did not miſtruſt him any more than I did. We fell into the Snare Hand over Head: An inexcuſable Weakneſs in Men of our Trade I own. When I thought it was time to be going upon the intended Expedition, *Ambroſe* and I, with each

each a good Rapier, advanc'd towards *Violante*'s Windows: Under which we found my Lady's Spouſe with another Man. They ſtood ſtill for our coming up, and then Don *Balthazar* accoſting me, and pointing to his Brother-in-Law, That's the Gentleman, I recommended to you, ſaid he. Do but you introduce us to your Miſtreſs, and my Life for your's, you accompliſh your Wiſhes.

After ſome Compliments on both ſides, I knock'd at my Nymph's Door, which was preſently open'd by a ſort of a *Duegna*. In goes I, and without minding what was doing behind my Back, I proceeded on to an Apartment, where *Violante* waited for me. While I was paying my Reſpects to the Lady, in comes the Two Villains who follow'd me into the Houſe after they had forcibly ſhut out *Ambroſe* into the Street, and turn'd the Key upon him. So that you may well imagine I was forc'd to have a Bruſh for't. They both fell upon me at once; but I gave them their Belly-full. I entertain'd them both ſo well that I believe they repented they did not take a more certain way of being reveng'd. I run the Huſband thro' the Body: Upon which his Brother-in-Law ſcamper'd out of the Door, it being open'd by the *Duegna*

no and *Violante* to make their Escape while we were fighting. I follow'd him into the Street, where I met with *Lamela*, who, not being able to get a Word out of the Women in their Flight, was at a loss what to think of the Battle he had heard. We return'd to our Quarters, and packing up our best Moveables we mounted our Mules and scowr'd away without waiting for Day-light.

We were very sensible that this Affair cou'd not end so, and that there wou'd be made such Searchings as we were in the right to provide against. We went and lay at *Villarubia*. We were no sooner Inn'd, but a Merchant of *Toledo*, who was going to *Segovia*, puts up at the same House. So we all three supp'd together. This Man related to us the sad Misfortune of *Violante's* Husband; and he was so far from suspecting us for having any Hand in't, that we made no Bones of asking him the full and whole Account of the Matter. Gentlemen, said he, just as I was setting forward this Morning, I heard of this Fatal Accident. They were searching after *Violante*, and I was told that the *Corregidor*, who is related to Don *Balthazar*, has resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to dis-

cover the Perpetrators of this Murther. This is all I can tell of the Matter.

I was not much allarm'd at the Searchings made by the *Corregidar* of *Toledo*. But yet I resolv'd to get me gone out of *New Castile* as soon as I cou'd. I consider'd that if they found *Violante* she wou'd confess all, and consequently give them such a Description of my Person as wou'd put them upon pursuing me. For this Reason we the very next Day turn'd out of the high Road by way of Precaution. Happy was it for us that *Lamela* was acquainted with three Parts in four of the whole Kingdom, and knew every By-way that led to *Arragon*. Instead of going on directly to *Cuenca*, we put in among the Mountains that front that Town, and thro' many an intricate Path we arrived at a Grotto, which had the perfect Resemblance of a Hermitage. In short, it was the very same Spot of Ground where you came Yesternight to beg an *Asylum*.

While I was surveying the Beauties of that charming Neighbourhood, which afforded to my Eyes the finest Landskapes I had ever seen, my Companion said to me: About six Years ago I pass'd by this Place. At that time an old Hermit made use of it for a solitary Recess. He gave me a very cha-

charitable Reception, and imparted to me what Stores he had laid up. I remember he was a Holy Man, and his Discourse had like to have wean'd me from the World. I don't know but he may be yet alive; I'll see if he be or no. With this, the inquisitive *Ambrose* alighted from his Mule, and goes into the Hermitage. After some Moments stay he return'd and calling to me, Come hither, Don *Raphael* said he, Come hither, and behold a very moving Spectacle. I presently dismounted, and after we had ty'd our Mules to a Tree, I follow'd *Lorenzo* into the Cavern, where I saw an ancient Hermit pale as Death, and just giving up the Ghost. He lay at full length upon a sorry Bed. His Breast was cover'd all over with a white bushy Beard, and his two Hands gasp'd a large Pair of Beads. Our treading made him open his Eyes, which the Hand of Death was just going to close forever. After he had look'd at us a Moment, *Whoever ye be*, said he, *my Brethren, make right use of this Spectacle now before ye. Forty Years I spent in the World, and Three more in this Solitude. The former I bestow'd on my Pleasures, the latter I consecrated to Penitence. How long, alas, how long does the one Now seem to me, and how short the other! The*

Austerities exercis'd by Friar John, *have not, I'm afraid, made sufficient Atonement for the Sins committed by the Licentiate Doctor* John de Solis. He had scarce uttered these Words but he expir'd. We were struck at this unexpected Accident. Such like Objects will make some Impression upon the greatest Libertines themselves: But it soon went off again with us. We presently forgot what he had spoken to us, and fell to taking an Inventory of the Things he had left behind him: Which was no prodigious hard Talk to do: All his Goods consisting of what you might have observ'd in the Grotto. Friar *John* was not only ill-furnish'd, but his Kitchin too was sadly deficient. All the Provisions we found in't were a few Small-Nuts, and some hard Crusts of Barly-bread, which the good Man's Gums were unable to penetrate. I say his Gums, for Tooth he had none. Every thing that was contain'd in this lonely Cell, every thing that we saw round about us contributed to inspire into us an awful Opinion of the old Man's Sanctity. One thing was indeed a Stumbling-block to us: We found a Paper folded up Letter-wise lying upon his Table: In this Paper he desires him into whose Hands it shou'd fall, to carry his Beads and Sandals

to

to the Bishop of *Cuenca*. We were at a loss to think what sort of Spirit this Ascetic cou'd be of, that desir'd to make his Bishop such a Present. This Step, we thought, was contrary to the Nature of Humility, and it look'd like setting up for a *Beato*. Tho' perhaps after all 'twas done out of mere Simplicity. Be it as 'twill, while we were thus taken up, a pleasant Thought came into *Lucinda*'s Noddle. Gads, says he, let's e'en continue in this Hermitage: Let us disguise our selves like Anchorets. We'll bury Friar *John*. You shall pass for Him, whilst I, by the Name of Friar *Anthony* will go and gather Alms in the adjacent Towns. Besides our being safe against the Corregidor's Enquiries (for he can never think of looking for us here) I have some old Acquaintance at *Cuenca* which we may revive and cultivate. I approv'd of this odd Proposal, not so much for the Reasons urg'd by *Ambrose* as for the Whim on't, and for the sake of acting a Part in this Farce. Thirty or Forty Paces from the Grotto we dug a Hole and very decently interr'd the old Anchoret, after we had divested him of his Cloaths, that is to say, a plain Gown which was fasten'd round him with a Leather Girdle. We likewise cut off his Beard, to make there-

with a false one for me, and at length after his Funeral Rites were perform'd we took Possession of the Hermitage.

We far'd but indifferently the first Day. We were fain to live upon the Provisions of the Defunct: But the next Morning before Day-break, *Lamela* set forwards for *Peralba*, where he sold the Two Mules and return'd in the Evening laden with Victuals and other Things he had bought. He likewise brought along with him every Thing that could contribute to our Disguise. He made himself a Frock of coarse dark-colour'd Cloth, and a little red Beard of Horse-Hair, which he so cleverly fasten'd to his Ears, that you would have sworn it was natural. There is not a more dextrous Lad this Day under the Copes of Heaven. He likewise wove Friar *John*'s Beard, and fix'd it to my Face. My Cap of brown-colour'd Wool help'd to cover the Artifice. In short nothing was wanting to our Transformation. We both of us made such comical Figures, that we could not without laughing look at each other thro' this Dress, which to speak Truth, did not over well become us. Together with Friar *John*'s Gown, I had his Beads and Sandals, of which I made no Scruple to deprive the Bishop of *Cuenca*.

We had now been three Days in the Hermitage without seeing Man, Woman, or Child near us: But on the fourth Day, there came in two Countrymen, with Bread, Cheese, and Onions for the Deceas'd, whom they thought to be still living. As soon as I set Eye on 'em I threw my self on the Bed, and found it no hard Matter to deceive 'em. Besides the Darkness of the Place which hinder'd 'em from distinguishing my Features, I mimick'd as well as I cou'd the Tone of Friar *John*'s Voice which I had taken notice of when he spoke his last dying Words to us: The Peasants had not the least Suspicion of their being put upon. Only they wonder'd to meet with another Hermit in the Place: But *Lamela* observing their Surprize, said to them with an Hypocritical Air. Brethren, be not astonish'd to see me here. I left a Hermitage I had in *Arragon* to come hither to assist the venerable and discreet Friar *John*, who because of his extreme Age can't well do without somebody to help him in his Necessities. The Bumkins extoll'd to the Skies this Charity of *Ambrose*, and declar'd themselves very happy in being able to boast of having two such holy Persons in their Neighbourhood.

Lamela, laden with a large Wallet which he took care to purchaſe, went out for the firſt Time a begging to the Town of *Cuenca*, which is not above a League from the Hermitage. What with a pious outſide which he naturally had, and the Art of making the moſt on't, which he likewiſe poſſeſt in an eminent Degree, he did not fail of ſtirring up well-diſpos'd Chriſtians to beſtow Alms on him. He cram'd his Wallet with their Benefactions. Maſter *Ambroſe*, quoth I to him at his Return, I congratulate the happy Talent you have of begetting Compaſſion in the Souls of Mankind. Let me die if you wou'd not ſerve for Alms-gatherer to the Capuchins. Pſhaw, ſays he, I have done ſomething elſe beſides filling my Wallet. Know that I have diſcover'd a certain Nymph named *Barba* whom I was formerly in love with. I found her mightily alter'd: She too like us is fall'n into the devout Way. She lives with two or three other She Saints, who edify the World in publick, and play the Whore in Private. At firſt ſhe did not know me: How's this, Madam *Barba*, ſaid I to her, is it poſſible you can't call to Mind your old Friend and Servant *Ambroſe*: Faith, Signior *Lamela*, cry'd ſhe, I cou'd never ha' thought to have

have ſeen you again, at leaſt in that Equipage. How comes it that you're turn'd Hermit. I have not time to tell you now, reply'd I. The Story is a little too long; but to morrow Night I'll come and ſatisfy your Curioſity, and will likewiſe bring along with me Fryar *John* my Comrade. Fryar *John*, interrupted ſhe, that good Hermit that lives hard by! You jeſt ſure: Why they ſay he's above a Hundred Years old. 'Tis true, anſwer'd I, he was ſo old, but he's grown mighty young again within theſe few Days. He's no older than my ſelf. Well, bring him, reply'd *Barba*, I perceive there's ſome Waggery ſtirring.

We did not fail, next Day Evening, to go to thoſe pretended Saints, who for our better Reception, had prepar'd a noble Collation. We preſently pull'd off our Beards and Hermits Accoutrements, and without Ceremony made our ſelves known to thoſe Princeſſes, who, not to be behindhand with us in Frankneſs, did in their Turn ſhew us what your Hypocrites are capable of doing, when they lay aſide Grimace. We ſpent almoſt the whole Night in Revelling, and got to our Grotto but a Moment before Day-break. We ſoon after paid them another Viſit, or to ſay better, we did the ſame Thing for three

Months running; so that above two Thirds of our Commodities were eaten up in Company with those Nymphs. But a certain Jealous-pated Rascal who found us out, had given Information to the Magistrates, who this Day are to send their Officers to the *Hermitage*, to secure our sweet Persons. Yesterday *Ambrose*, as he was out a-begging at *Cuenca*, met one of the She-saints, who putting a Billet into his Hands, said to him: A Woman of my Acquaintance writ me this Letter which I was going to send to you by a special Messenger. Shew it to Brother *John*, and take your Measures accordingly. This, Gentlemen, is the Billet which *Lamela* gave me in your Presence, and which occasion'd us to leave our solitary Abode so abruptly.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of the Consultation held between Don Raphael *and his Auditors, and of the Adventure that befel them when they were going out of the Wood.*

WHEN Don *Raphael* had made an end of his Story, which I thought a little tedious, Don *Alphonso*, like a well-bred Person, declar'd it had highly diverted him. After this, Signior *Ambrose* spoke, and directing himself to the Companion of his Exploits, Don *Raphael*, said he to him, consider the Sun is going down. It were convenient, methinks, to consult what we have to do. You're in the right, answers his Comrade, we must pitch upon some Place to go to. For my Part, reply'd *Fabricio*, I think we had best be jogging on without any further loss of Time: Let us reach *Fuencha* to Night, and the next Day enter the Kingdom of *Valentia*, where we will give a Loose to our Ingenuity. Something whispers me we shall make a good hand on't there. His Comrade, who

look'd

look'd on his Preſages as infallible, concurr'd with his Opinion. As for Don *Alphonſo* and my ſelf, being reſolv'd to acquieſce in whatever was agreed to by thoſe two worthy Gentlemen, we ſilently waited the Reſult of the Conference.

It was in ſhort concluded that we ſhou'd take the Road to *Requena*, and accordingly we began to make our Diſpoſitions. We firſt eat a Meal like that in the Morning: We then loaded the Horſe with the Leather-bottle, and our other Proviſions. All this being done, and the Night lending us the Obſcurity we ſtood in need of for our ſecurer marching, we began to advance out of the Wood: But we had ſcarce gone a hundred Paces, when we diſcover'd among the Trees a Light, which fill'd us with a world of Apprehenſions. What's that, cry'd Don *Raphael*? Are not they, think ye, ſome Officers of Juſtice ſent to ferret us out? I rather think they are Travellers, quoth *Ambroſe*: And that being Benighted, they are got into this Wood till Day returns: But, added he, I may be under a Miſtake, I'll go and view them: Stay you Three here: I'll be back in a Moment. Upon this, he moves forward to the Light, which was not far off: He ſteals up to it as ſoft as Foot cou'd fall, and pry-

ing

ting aſide the Leaves and Branches which were in his Way, he looks with all the Care and Earneſtneſs that the Thing ſeem'd to him to deſerve. He ſaw upon the Graſs, round a Candle that was ſtuck in a clod of Clay, four Men ſitting, having juſt eat up a Paſty, and empty'd a ſwinging Leather-bottle of Wine. He likewiſe perceiv'd a few Paces from them, a Gentleman and a Lady ty'd to two Trees, and a little farther off a Calaſh, with two Mules richly Accoutred. He at firſt Sight concluded that the four Men muſt be Robbers, and their Diſcourſe, which he over-hear'd confirm'd him in his Conjecture. The four Rogues diſcover'd an equal Deſire to enjoy the Lady that was fal'n in their Clutches; at laſt they reſolv'd to draw Cuts for her. *Lamela*, upon this, returns to us, and made a faithful Report of all he had ſeen and heard. Who knows, ſaid Don *Alphonſo*, but that the Lady and Gentleman whom theſe Villains have ty'd to the Trees, may be Perſons of the moſt conſiderable Quality? Shall we ſtand ſtill and ſuffer them to fall a Sacrifice to the Barbarity and Beaſtlineſs of theſe Raſcals? No, let us fall upon them, and knock their Brains out. With all my Heart, quoth Don *Raphael*: I'm as ready to do a

good

good Action as an ill one. *Ambroſe*, for his Part, declar'd that he deſir'd no better Sport than to make one in an Enterprize, for which they were like to be ſo well pay'd, beſides the Laudableneſs of it. Nor do I lie when I aver, that on this Occaſion the Danger did make no Impreſſion upon my Worſhip, and that no Knight-Errant ever ſhew'd himſelf more ready to ſerve the Ladies. But to ſpeak the Truth without Vanity, the Danger was not great; for *Lamela* having inform'd us that the Rogues Arms were all in a Heap ten or a dozen Paces from them, it was no hard Task for us to execute our Deſign. We ty'd our Horſe to a Tree, and with as little Noiſe as poſſible, we approach'd to the Place where the Rogues were ſitting. They were talking with great Warmth, and made a Buſtle that aſſiſted us to ſurprize them. We ſeiz'd their Arms before they diſcover'd us: Then firing in their very Faces, we laid them all ſprawling upon the Spot. In doing this the Candle was extinguiſh'd, ſo that we remain'd in the Dark. For all that, we unty'd the Man and Woman, who were ſo frighted, that they had not Power to thank us for what we had done for them. 'Tis true they did not at firſt know what to think of us, nor whe-

ther

ther to look on us as their Deliverers, or as a Set of new Banditti, who wou'd use them no better than the former. But we hearten'd them up in telling them that we would conduct them to an Inn which *Ambrose* knew half a League off, and that there they might take all the necessary Measures for prosecuting their Journey to the Place they design'd to go to. After these Assurances, which reviv'd their Spirits exceedingly, we help'd them into their Calash, and led the Mules by the Bridle out of the Wood. The next Thing our Anchorets did, was to visit the Pockets of the Conquer'd. And then we went and took up Don *Alphonso*'s Horse. We likewise seiz'd the Rogues Horses which were ty'd to the Trees hard by the Field of Battle. Then taking with us all these Horses, we follow'd Brother *Anthony*, who was mounted on one of the Mules to lead the Calash to the Inn, which however we did not reach till two Hours after, tho' he had protested that it was not far from the Wood.

We thunder'd at the Door: Not a Soul but was fast asleep, from one end of the House to t'other. The Host and Hostess got up in Haste, and were by no Means angry that their Rest was broken by the Arrival of a Company that look'd as

if

if they wou'd ſpend more Money at their Houſe than they really did. In a Moment the whole Inn was Illuminated. Don *Alphonſo* and *Lucinda*'s illuſtrious Son lent the Gentleman and Lady their Hands to help em out of their Calaſh: Nay, they waited on them as their Gentlemen-Ushers to their very Chambers, where a world of Compliments were paſs'd on both Sides; and we were not a little ſurpriz'd when we were inform'd that it was no other than the Count *de Polan* himſelf, and his Daughter *Seraphina*, whom we had juſt reſcu'd. It is impoſſible to expreſs how much both the Lady and *Alphonſo* were aſtoniſh'd when they come to know each other again. The Count did not mind it, he was ſo taken up with other Things. He began and told us how the Thieves aſſaulted them, and how they had ſeiz'd his Daughter and himſelf, after they had kill'd his Poſtilion, a Page and a *Valet de Chambre*. He concluded with telling us that he had a lively Senſe of the Obligation we had laid on him, and that if we wou'd call on him at *Toledo*, where he ſhou'd be in a Months Time, we ſhou'd experience whether he was ungrateful or not.

Nor did the Daughter of that Lord forget to thank us for her happy Deliverance. *Raphael* and my ſelf judging that we ſhou'd do *Alphonſo* a ſingular Favour if we gave him an Opportunity to talk a Moment in private with that young Widow, we accordingly made it our Buſineſs to amuſe the Count *de Polan*. Charming *Seraphina*, ſaid Don *Alphonſo* to the Lady in a low Accent, I no longer complain of Fortune that conſtrains me to live like a baniſh'd Man, ſince I have had the Happineſs to contribute to the ſolid Service that has been done ye. How, anſwer'd ſhe, ſighing, was it you that ſav'd my Life and Honour! Is it you that my Father and I are ſo much oblig'd to! Alas, Don *Alphonſo*, why did ye kill my Brother? She ſaid no more: But he ſufficiently underſtood by thoſe Words, and her manner of pronouncing them, that if he was deſperately in Love with *Seraphina*, he was little leſs belov'd by her.

THE

THE HISTORY OF GIL BLAS OF SANTILLANE.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

What Gil Blas and his Companions did after they had left the Count de Polan: Of the important Project which Ambrose form'd, and in what manner it was executed.

THE Count *de Polan*, after having ſpent the better half of the Night in returning us Thanks, and in giving us repeated Aſſurances that we might depend upon his Acknowledgment, call'd up the Hoſt to conſult

consult with him upon the means of getting safely to *Tavira*, to which Place his Journey was directed. We left that Lord to take his Measures thereupon. We went out of the Inn, and follow'd the Road which *Lamela* was pleased to chuse for us.

After two Hours travelling, the Day o'ertook us near *Campillo*. We made directly to the Mountains which are between that Town and *Requena*. There we past the Day in taking our Repose, and in telling over our Cash, which the Plunder of the Thieves had very much increased, for we had found in their Pockets above three hundred Pistoles. We renewed our March in the beginning of the Night, and next Morning we enter'd into the Kingdom of *Valencia*. We retired into the first Wood that we could lay our Eyes on. We went into the very thickest part of it, and came to a Place where ran a Stream of Chrystaline Water, which glided slowly into the River *Guadalaviar*. The agreeable Shade which the Trees lent us, and the Grass with which the Place abundantly supplied our Horses, would have enclined us to stay there, had we not already been resolved to do it.

Here

Here then we alighted, and prepared to ſpend the Day very agreeably; but when we went to break our faſt we found but very little Victuals in our Budget. Our Bread began to grow ſhort, and our Leathern Bottle was become a Body without a Soul. Gentlemen, ſays *Ambroſe* to us, the moſt charming Retreats are not at all to my Tooth without *Bacchus* and *Ceres*. We muſt recruit our Proviſions: I'll go to *Kelva* for this purpoſe. 'Tis a pretty Town not above two Leagues off. I ſhall ſoon diſpatch this little Journey. With this, he laid the Budget and the Bottle upon a Horſe, leapt into the Saddle, and rid out of the Wood with ſuch ſpeed, as promiſed a very quick Return.

But he did not come back ſo ſoon as we expected. The better part of the Day paſt: Night it ſelf prepared already to cover the Trees with her ſable Wings, when we ſaw our Purveyor, whoſe long ſtay began to give us ſome Uneaſineſs. He deceived our Expectations by the Load of Things which he brought with him. He was laden not only with the Leathern Bottle full of excellent Wine, and the Budget with Bread and all ſorts of roaſt Fowl: there was likewiſe upon the Horſe a great Bundle of Things, which we viewed with abundance

of

of Attention. He observ'd it, and said to us smiling: I defy Don *Raphael*, and the whole World put together, to guess why I have bought these things. In saying this he open'd the Bundle to shew us one by one the Things we had only seen in gross. He spread out a Cloak, and a very long black Gown; two Doublets with their Breeches; an Inkhorn with Pens and Ink; a Quire of fine white Paper, a Padlock, with a great Seal, and some green Wax: And when he had exhibited to us all his Wares, Don *Raphael* said to him joking; Faith, Monsieur *Ambrose*, you have made a pretty Purchase there: Might one be so bold as to ask what use you mean to put it to? An admirable good one, reply'd *Lamela*. All these things cost me but Ten Dubloons, and I dare engage we make Five Hundred of them. You may depend upon what I say. I seldom load my self with Things that are of no use; and to convince you that I was no Fool for making this Purchase, I will communicate to you a Project which I have form'd.

After having stock'd my self with Bread, continued he, I went into a Cook's Shop, where I order'd them to lay down to the Fire Six Partridges, and as many Pullets and young Rabbets. While these were roasting,

roasting, there enters a Man in a very great Passion, who complaining loudly against the Usage that a Tradesman of the Town had given him, said to the Cook: By St. *Jago*, *Samuel Simon* is the impudent'st Fellow in all *Xelna*. He just now affronted me in his open Shop. The Rascal wou'd not trust me with Six Ells of Cloth. Yet he knows that I am a very creditable Tradesman my self, and that there is no danger in trusting me. Don't you wonder at this Fellow's Temper. He'll trust you a Person of Quality with all his Heart. He had rather run a risque with them, than oblige an honest Neighbour with whom there is none to run, like a *Jew* as he is! May it fall upon him double, I say, and I'll warrant it will before 'tis long. There are a great many Tradesmen of my Mind.

Hearing him say this and a great deal more, there was something within me as it were, which told me I shou'd cheat this *Samuel Simon*. Friend, says I to the Man, who complain'd of that Tradesman, of what Character is the Person you speak of? Of a very ill one, reply'd he bluntly. He's a damn'd griping Usurer as any this Day in *Spain*, tho' he affects to be thought an honest conscientious Man. He was formerly

merly a *Jew*, but is turn'd Catholick; tho' in his Soul he is still as great a *Jew* as *Pilate* himself, and abjured his Religion only for Interest.

I lent a very attentive Ear to all this, and when I went out of the Cook's Shop did not fail to enquire out the Habitation of *Samuel Simon*. A Man shew'd it me. I view'd his Shop very narrowly, and my Imagination, always ready at a Pinch, produced a Plot worthy the Valet of Signior *Gil Blas*. I went to a Broker's Shop where I bought these Habits which you see, one to play the part of an Inquisitor in, the other that of a Register, and the third to personate an *Alguazil*.

Oh my dear *Ambrose*, interrupted Don *Raphael*, transported with Joy, what a glorious Idea presents it self! What a beautiful Plan! I am jealous of the Invention. I wou'd give the greatest Master-piece of my Life, to have been the Author of so happy a Thought. Yes, *Lamela*, continued he, I conceive, my Friend, the whole Richness of thy Design. You need not be uneasy about the Execution of it. You will want Two good Actors to back you, and here they are. Thou hast a Hypocritical Face of thy own, and wilt play the Inquisitor to admiration. I will be the Register,

giſter; and Signor *Gil Blas* ſhall, if he pleaſe, repreſent the *Alguazil*. The Parts you ſee are given out already; to morrow we will act the Farce; and I'll warrant the ſucceſs of it, unleſs there interferes ſome of thoſe Croſs-bites, which ſometimes daſh to pieces the beſt-concerted Deſigns in the World.

I had as yet but a very confuſed Idea of the Project which Don *Raphael* ſo much admired; but at Supper they explain'd it more fully to me, and then I began to like it my ſelf. After having diſpatch'd part of our Meat, and given a vigorous Attack to the Leathern Bottle, we ſtretch'd our ſelves out upon the Graſs, and ſoon fell to ſleep. Up, up, cry'd Signor *Ambroſe* at break of Day! People that have great Undertakings to execute ought not to be ſo ſluggiſh. How alert you are, Mr. Inquiſitor, cries Don *Raphael* gaping! This bodes no good to Monſieur *Simon*. I own it, reply'd *Lerida*. Nay, which is more, added he laughing, I dreamt in the Night that I was twitching Hairs out of his Beard. This is but a ſcurvy Dream for him, is not it, Mr. Regiſter? Theſe Pleaſantries were follow'd by a thouſand more, which put us into a very good Humour. We breakfaſted merrily, and afterwards fell to preparing

out

our ſelves to act our Parts. *Ambroſe* put on the long Gown and Cloak, ſo that he look'd exactly like a Commiſſary of the Holy Office. Don *Raphael* and my ſelf too dreſs'd our ſelves in ſuch a manner that we were not very unlike a Regiſter and an *Alguazil*. We ſpent a good deal of time in diſguiſing our ſelves, and it was paſt two o' Clock in the Afternoon when we got out of the Wood in our way to *Xelva*. 'Tis true, there was no great haſte, for we were not to begin the Play till towards Night; therefore we travell'd but ſlowly, and ſtopt at the Gates of the Town to wait for Evening.

When that was come, we left our Horſes there under the guard of Don *Alphonſo*, who was very glad he had no other Part to act in this Buſineſs. Don *Raphael*, *Ambroſe* and my ſelf, did not go directly to *Samuel Simon's*, but to a Tavern hard by his Houſe. Mr. Inquiſitor march'd firſt. He enters and ſays gravely to the Landlord: Maſter, I wou'd talk with you a little in private. The Hoſt carries us into a Parlour, where *Lamela* ſeeing him alone with us, ſays to him; I am a Commiſſary of the Holy Office, and am come hither upon a very important Affair. At theſe Words, the Man of the Houſe turn'd pale; and

answer'd with a trembling Voice, that he did not know he had given the Holy Inquisition any Cause of Complaint against him. Neither does she mean You any harm, reply'd *Ambrose* in a gentle Voice. God forbid she should not make a distinction between Guilt and Innocence. She is severe, but never unjust. In a word, no body feels the Weight of her Anger but those who have deserved it. It is not upon your Account that I am come to *Xelva*. It is upon that of a certain Tradesman call'd *Samuel Simon*. We have had a very ill Character of him. They say he is still a *Jew* and has embraced Christianity only for secular Ends. I charge you, on the part of the Holy Office to tell me what you know of that Man. Take care you don't go about to excuse him, as being his Neighbour, and perhaps his Friend; for let me tell you, if I see the least Prevarication in your Evidence, you are ruined your self. Come, Register, continued he, turning to *Raphael*, do your Duty.

Mr. Register upon this pulls out his Inkhorn, opens his Paper, sits down to a Table, and prepares with the most serious Face in the World to write down the Deposition of the Landlord, who on his side protested that he would tell nothing but the

the Truth. Well then, ſays the Inquiſitor to him, let us begin. All you are to do is to anſwer the Queſtions I ſhall put to you. Does *Samuel Simon* go to Church? Truly I never minded, ſays the Tavern-Man. I don't remember I ever ſaw him at Church. Good, cry'd the Inquiſitor. Write down that he was never ſeen in a Church. I don't ſay that, Mr. Commiſſary, cry'd the Hoſt. I only ſay that I my ſelf never ſaw him there. He may be in a Church where I am and I not ſee him. Friend, reply'd *Lamela*, you forget that you are not to excuſe *Samuel Simon* in your Anſwers. I have told you the Conſequences of ſo doing. You are only to tell thoſe things which make againſt him, and not a Word in his Favour. If ſo, Signor *Licenciate*, anſwer'd the Hoſt, you won't learn much by my Depoſition. I am not acquainted with the Man; I know neither good nor ill of him; but if you wou'd be inform'd how he lives in his own Houſe, I will call you his Man *Gaſpar*, and you may interrogate him. He drinks now and then at my Houſe. An eternal Talker! He'll tell you his Maſter's whole Life. I'll warrant him he makes work enough for your Regiſter.

I like your Freedom, says *Ambrosa*, and I see you are zealous for the Holy Office by your telling me of one who is acquainted with the Manners of *Samuel Simon*. I shall inform the Inquisition of it. I Make haste then, continued he, and call this *Gaspar* you tell us of: But do Things with discretion; don't let his Master know a Tittle of what has past. The Tavern-Man acquitted himself of his Commission with a great deal of Secrecy and Dispatch. He brought the Servant along with him. It was just such a talkative young Fellow, as we wanted. You are welcome, my Lad, says *Lamela* to him. You behold in me an Inquisitor commission'd by the Holy Office to take Informations against *Samuel Simon*, who is accused of Judaizing. You live with him; and consequently are witness to most of his Actions. I don't think 'tis necessary to tell you that you are obliged to declare all you know of him, when I command you to do it on the part of the Holy Inquisition. Signior *Licenciate*, reply'd the young Fellow, I shou'd be ready to satisfy you upon this Head, even tho' you did not command me to do it, on the part of the Holy Office. If my Master were to give me a Character, I dare swear he would not spare me; no more will I him: First and foremost,

foremoſt, therefore, be inform'd that he is ſuch a ſurly old Cuff there's no knowing where to have him; that he affects the appearance of a Saint, tho' at the bottom the Devil a bit of Vertue is he poſſeſs'd of. He goes every Night to a Trull that ——— I am very glad to hear this, interrupted *Ambroſe*, I find by what you ſay that he is a Man of an ill Life. But anſwer directly to the Queſtions I ſhall put to you. 'Tis chiefly Religion that I am to diſcover his Opinions in. Tell me: Do you eat any Pork in your Houſe? I don't think, reply'd *Gaſpar*, We have had it above twice in the whole Year I have lived with him. Very well, ſaid Mr. Inquiſitor, write down Regiſter, that they never eat a Bit of Pork in *Samuel Simon*'s Family. But then, continued he, no doubt you have Lamb ſometimes? Yes ſometimes, reply'd the young Fellow; for Example, we had a whole one laſt *Eaſter*. The Date is very lucky, cry'd the Commiſſary; Write down, Regiſter, that *Simon* obſerves the Paſſover. So far ſo good. Theſe Informations will come to ſomething I ſee.

Tell me further, Friend, continued *Lamela*, Did you never ſee your Maſter careſs and fondle young Children? A thouſand times, reply'd *Gaſpar*. Whenever he

ſees a little Boy going by the Shop, if he is but indifferently pretty, he preſently ſtops him, and makes much of him. Write down, Regiſter, interrupted the Inquiſitor, that *Samuel Simon* is violently ſuſpected of wheadling the Children of Chriſtians into his Houſe, in order to murther them. A brave Proſelyte this! The Holy Office, Mr. *Simon*, will have a Word or two with you, I dare ſwear. Don't imagine that ſhe will ſuffer you to perform your bloody Sacrifices with Impunity. Go on, honeſt *Gaſpar*, ſays he to the Servant, and declare all: Demonſtrate to us unanſwerably that this falſe Catholick is more ſtrict than ever in obſerving the Cuſtoms and Ceremonies of the *Jews*. Is not he one Day in the Week in a perfect Inaction? No, reply'd *Gaſpar*, I cannot ſay that: I only know that there are Days on which he locks himſelf up in his Cloſet where he ſtays a long while. There's the Thing, cry'd the Commiſſary; he keeps the Sabbath, or I am no Inquiſitor. Set down, Regiſter, ſet down that he is a rigid Obſerver of the Faſt of the Sabbath. Abominable Wretch! I have but one Queſtion more. Does not he often talk of *Jeruſalem*? Very often reply'd the young Fellow. He tells us the Hiſtory of the

Jews,

Jews, and how the Temple of *Jeruſalem* was deſtroy'd. Right, Right, reply'd *Ambroſe*. Regiſter, be ſure you don't forget this Particular: Write in Capital Letters, that *Samuel Simon* thinks of nothing but the Reſtoration of the Temple, and that he is plotting Day and Night how to re-eſtabliſh the Nation of the *Jews*. I'll hear no more; there's no occaſion for any further Queſtions. The Depoſition of the veracious *Gaſpar* is enough to burn a whole Jewry.

When Mr. Commiſſary of the Holy Office had finiſh'd his Interrogatory, he told *Simon*'s Man he might be gone, but charged him not to ſay a Word to his Maſter of what had happen'd. *Gaſpar* promiſed to obey and went his ways. We were not long after him. We march'd out of the Tavern with the ſame Gravity as we came in, and went and knock'd at the Door of *Samuel Simon*. He himſelf open'd it to us, and was very much ſurprized at the ſight of three ſuch Figures as we made; but he was much more ſo, when *Lamela*, who was the Spokeſman, ſa'd to him in a haughty Tone: Maſter *Samuel*, I command you, on the part of the Holy Inquiſition, whoſe Commiſſary I have the honour to be, to give me this Moment the

Key of your Closet. I will see if I cannot find there something that may justify the Accusations which have been presented to us against you.

Samuel Simon, horridly terrify'd at these Words, started two Steps backwards, as if somebody had given him a Punch in the Stomach. Far from suspecting any Trick in us, he really imagined that some secret Enemy had informed against him to the Holy Office, and perhaps, knowing himself to be no very good Catholick, he had reason to apprehend such an Information. Be that as 'twill, I never saw Man so disturb'd. He obey'd without the least resistance, and with all the Respect it is possible for one to have who dreads the Inquisition. He open'd us his Closet. However, says *Ambrose* going in, I am glad to find that you receive the Commands of the Holy Office without being obstreperous: but, added he, retire into another Room, and leave me to do my Duty. *Samuel* opposed this Order no more than he did the first. He stay'd in his Shop, and we all three enter'd into his Closet, where without losing our time we fell to ransacking for his Cash. We soon found it. It was in an open Coffer, where there was a great deal more than we cou'd carry off. It consisted in a great many

Bags

Bags heap'd one upon another; but all in Silver. We shou'd have been better pleased with Gold; but Things being as they were, we were forced to be satisfyed with what we cou'd get.

We fill'd our Pockets with Ducats. We cramm'd them into our Breeches and every where else, where we thought they wou'd be private enough. In short, we loaded our selves soundly, and hid our Booty so cleverly that there was no perceiving any thing of the Matter; which was done by the Art of *Ambrose* and Don *Raphael*, who thereby convinced me that there's nothing like being a Master of one's Profession.

We came out of the Closet, after having made so rare a Hand on't; and then, for Reasons which the Reader will very easily guess, Mr. *Inquisitor* drew out his Padlock, and fix'd it himself upon the Door. Afterwards he put the Seal upon it. Then he said to *Simon*: Master *Samuel*, I command you, on the Part of the Holy Inquisition, not to dare to touch this Padlock, nor the Seal that's upon it, which you ought to respect, since 'tis the proper Seal of the Holy Office. I shall be here again To-morrow at the same Hour, to take it off and bring you further Orders.

With these Words he order'd the Door to be open'd, and out we march'd transported with Joy. When we were got about fifty Steps from the House, we began to go on with so much Speed and Lightness that we scarce touch'd the Ground, notwithstanding the Load we had about us. We soon got out of the Town, and mounting our Horses, spurr'd on to *Segorbe*, returning Thanks to God *Mercury* for our happy Success.

CHAP. II.

Of the Resolution which Don Alphonso and Gil Blas took after this Adventure.

WE travell'd all Night according to our laudable Custom, and at the Rising of *Aurora* we found ourselves near a little Village about two Leagues from *Segorbe*. Being all very much fatigued, we gladly quitted the common Road to go to some Willows which we spy'd

spy'd at the Foot of a Hill ten or twelve hundred Paces off the Village, at which we did not think proper to stop. We found that these Willows gave an agreeable Shade, and that a purling Stream wash'd the Foot of those Trees. We liked the Place, and resolved to pass the Day there. We alighted therefore. We unbridled our Horses that they might feed, and we lay down upon the Grass. There we rested our selves a little, and then we quite empty'd our Budget and our Bottles. After a hearty Breakfast we fell to telling over all the Money we had taken from *Samuel Simon*. It amounted to three thousand Ducats. So that with this Sum, and that which we had before, we might boast of not being very much out of Cash.

As we were obliged to think of getting more Provisions, *Ambrose* and Don *Raphael*, after having quitted their Habits of Inquisitor and Register, said they were to take that Care upon them selves; that the Adventure of *Xeres* had only given them a greater Relish for more, and that they were very desirous to go to *Seguibe*, to feel whether any Occasion would offer of making another Prize. As for you, adds the Son of *Lucinda*, you may stay for us under

these

these Willows. We shall be with you again in the twinkling of a Bed-staff. Signior Don *Raphael*, cry'd I laughing, if once you get out of our Sight, we may stay long enough if we stay till you come to us again! This Suspicion is very offensive, reply'd Signior *Ambrose*; but we deserve it from you. You are excusable in distrusting us, after what we did for you at *Valladolid*; and 'tis therefore no wonder you shou'd imagine we will make no more Bones of leaving you than the Comrades whom we gave the Slip to in that City. But yet you are deceived. The Gang which we quitted there, was made up of Fellows of very ill Tempers, and whose Society began to grow insupportable to us. All the World must do this Justice to Men of our Profession, that there are very few Societies in civil Life seldomer divided by Interest than we are: But when there is no Conformity of Inclinations among us, our good Intelligence may be broken like that of the rest of Mankind. Therefore, Signior *Gil Blas*, continued *Lamela*, I beg you and Signior Don *Alphonso* to have a little more Confidence in us, and to be entirely at ease as to my having a Mind to go to *Segorbe* with Don *Raphael*.

But

But we may quickly remove the very Cause of their Uneasiness, says Don *Raphael*. Let them have the Money in their own Hands. They will then have a very good Security for our returning. You see, Signior *Gil Blas*, added he, I come directly to the Point. By this means you will be safe; and as for *Ambrose* and my self, I'll assure you we shall be in no Apprehension of your carrying off the Cash. Won't you trust us after such a Mark as this of our *bona Fides*? Yes, yes, Gentlemen, reply'd I; you may now go where you please. They went their ways that Moment, taking with them the Leathern Bottle and the Budget, and left me under the Willows with Don *Alphonso*, who said to me after their Departure; Signior *Gil Blas*, I cannot help unbosoming my self to you. I abhor my self for having had so much Complaisance as to come thus far with these two Rogues. You cannot imagine how often I have repented it already. Yesterday Night, while I watch'd the Horses, I made a thousand mortifying Reflections; I consider'd that it is not agreeable to the Principles of Honour I imbibed in my Infancy, to live with such vicious Fellows as Don *Raphael* and *Lamela*; that if, which may

very

very easily happen, the success of a Cheat shou'd unluckily prove to be such as to bring us into the Hands of Justice; I shall then have the Shame to be punish'd with them as a Thief. These Images are incessantly offering themselves to my Mind, and I must needs own to you I have taken a Resolution to part with them, that I may no longer be an Accomplice in their ill Actions. I dare say, continues he, you don't disapprove my Design. Far from it, reply'd I. Tho' I acted the Part of an Alguazil in the Farce of *Samuel Simon*, yet I wou'd not have you imagine that I like such Performances. I call Heaven to witness that while I was playing this honourable Part, I said to my self, Faith, Monsieur *Gil Blas*, if a true Alguazil shou'd come now and take you by the Collar, you wou'd richly deserve the Reward you wou'd go near to meet with. So that really, Signior Don *Alphonso*, I have no more Inclination than you to stay in this honest Company: If you please, I'll go with you. When those Gentlemen return, we will demand our Share of the Stock; and To-morrow Morning, or this very Night, we will bid them Farewel.

The

The Lover of the charming *Scraphina* agreed to my Proposal. Let us go to *Valentia*, says he, and embark for *Italy*, where we may enter our selves into the Service of the Republick of *Venice*. Is it not better to bear Arms, than to lead the base ignoble Life which we now lead? We shall be in a Condition to make a tolerable good Figure with the Money we have. Not that I make use of such ill-gotten Wealth, adds he, without a great deal of Remorse: But besides that Necessity forces me to do it, if ever I have the least good Fortune in the Wars, I swear I will reimburse *Samuel Simon* the Money we have wrong'd him of. I assured Don *Alphonso* that my Sentiments jump'd exactly with his, and we resolved to leave our Comrades the very next Morning before break of Day. We were not in the least tempted to take Advantage of their Absence, I mean to go off with the Money: The Confidence they had reposed in us in leaving it in our Power, did not suffer us to have so much as a Thought of doing it.

Ambrose and Don *Raphael* came back from *Segorbe* about Evening. The first Thing they said to us was, that their Jour-

Journey had been very successful; that they had laid the Foundations of a Trick, which in all Appearance wou'd be more profitable to us than the former. With this the Son of *Lucinda* was going to give us a full Account of it; but Don *Alphonso* interrupted him, and declared the Resolution he had taken to leave them. I, on my Side, let them know that I had embraced the same Design. They used all their Arguments to persuade us to accompany them in their Expeditions; but in vain: We took our Leaves of them the very next Morning, after having made an equal Partition of our Stock, and directed our Course to *Valencia*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III. and Laſt.

The diſagreeable Accident after which Don Alphonſo *attained to the height of his Wiſhes, and* Gil Blas *a very happy Circumſtances.*

WE travell'd on briskly to *Bunol*, where a Misfortune obliged us to ſtop ſhort. Don *Alphonſo* fell Sick. He was taken with a violent Fever, with ſuch frequent Repetitions that I began to fear his Life. But by good Luck there were no Phyſicians hereabouts, and ſo I eſcap'd with only a little Fear. He was out of Danger at the end of three Days, and my Care ſet him quite upon his Legs again ſoon after. He was extremely ſenſible of all that I had done for him, and as we had a reciprocal Kindneſs for each other, we ſwore an eternal Friendſhip between us.

We renew'd our Journey, ſtill reſolved, when we came to *Valencia*, to catch hold of the firſt Opportunity that offer'd of paſſing

passing into *Italy*. But Heaven disposed of us otherwise. We saw at the Gates of a fine Castle several Peasants of both Sexes Dancing in a Ring, and making Merry. We drew near to them, in order to see their Sports; but Don *Alphonso* little expected the Surprize with which he was suddenly struck. He perceiv'd the Baron *de Steinbach*, who knowing him again, ran to him with open Arms, and said to him in a Transport of Joy: Ah Don *Alphonso*, is it you! Agreeable Accident! While you are search'd for over the whole Kingdom, Chance presents you to my Eyes, where you were least expected.

My Companion leap'd immediately from his Horse, and ran to embrace the Baron, whose Joy seem'd immoderate. Come, my Son, says the Good Old Man to him, you shall now know who you are, and enjoy a happy Destiny. Having said this, he led him into the Castle. I enter'd with them; for while they were embracing, I lit from my Horse and ty'd him to a Tree together with that of Don *Alphonso*. The Master of the Castle was the first we met. He was about Fifty Years old, and of a graceful Aspect: My Lord, says the Baron *de Steinbach* presenting him

him Don *Alphonſo*, you ſee your Son. At theſe Words, Don *Ceſar de Leyva*, which was the Name of the Maſter of the Caſtle, threw his Arms about Don *Alphonſo*'s Neck, and ſhedding Tears of Joy: My dear Son, ſaid he, know in me the Author of your Birth. If I have left you ignorant of your Quality thus long, believe that I did my ſelf in it the moſt cruel Violence. I have a thouſand times ſigh'd for Grief at my being forc'd to do ſo; but I cou'd not poſſibly help it. I marry'd your Mother for Love: She was of a Birth very much inferior to mine. I lived under the Authority of a harſh Father, which obliged me to keep ſecret a Marriage contracted without his Conſent. The Baron *de Steinbach* was the only Perſon I truſted with this Secret, and he brought you up at my Deſire. At length, my Father is dead, and I may now own you for my Heir. This is not all, adds he: I intend to marry you with a young Lady, whoſe Nobility equals my own. My Lord, interrupted Don *Alphonſo*, do not make me pay too dear for the Happineſs you have inform'd me of. Can I not know that I have the Honour of being your Son, without hearing at the ſame time, that you intend-

intend to make me miserable. Ah, my Lord, be not more cruel than your own Father! If he did not approve your Love, at least he did not force you to marry against your Will. My Son, reply'd Don *Cæsar*, I don't intend to play the Tyrant over your Desires. But be so complaisant as to see the Lady I design'd for you. This is all I require from your Obedience. Though she is a very beautiful Woman, and would be an advantageous Match, yet I give you my Promise not to constrain you to marry her. She is now in the House. Follow me. You your self shall own that nothing can be more lovely. So saying, he conducted Don *Alphonso* into an Apartment, into which too I crowded with the Baron *de Steinbach*.

Here we found the Count *de Polan*, with his two Daughters, *Seraphina* and *Julia*, and his Son-in-Law, Don *Fernando de Leyva*, who was Nephew to Don *Cæsar*. There were other Ladies and Gentlemen in the Room. Don *Fernando*, as was said before, had run away with *Julia*, and it was upon occasion of the Marriage of these two Lovers, that the Peasants of the Neighbourhood were got together to make Merry. So soon as Don *Alphonso* appear'd.

pear'd, and his Father had preſented him to the Company, the Count *de Polan* got up, crying out, welcome my Deliverer. Don *Alphonſo*, continued he, behold the Power which Vertue has over generous Souls: If you kill'd my Son, you alſo ſaved my Life. I ſacrifice my Reſentment, and give you this *Seraphina*, whoſe Honour you have preſerved. This is the Return I make for the Obligations I lie under to you. The Son of Don *Ceſar* did not fail to let the Count *de Polan* know how ſenſible he was of all his Favours; and I believe he rejoyced leſs at having diſcover'd his Birth, than at hearing he ſhou'd have *Seraphina* for his Wife. And indeed, this Marriage was ty'd faſt ſome Days afterwards, to the great Content of the Perſons moſt concern'd in it.

As I too was one of the Count *de Polan*'s Deliverers, that Lord, who knew me again, ſaid he wou'd take upon himſelf the Care of making my Fortune: But I thank'd him for his Generoſity, and choſe rather to ſtay with Don *Alphonſo*, who made me his Steward, and honour'd me with his Confidence. He was hardly well marry'd, when having at Heart the Trick

Trick which had been put upon *Samuel Simon*, he sent me to carry him all the Money we had robb'd him off. I went to *Elva* therefore to make this Restitution, which was beginning the Office of a Steward where it ought to end.

FINIS.